

# PHOTOPLAY

*combined with Movie Mirror*

15¢

*May*

HEDY LAMARR  
BY PAUL HESSE

The Truth  
about  
THE STARS  
IN SERVICE-

Facts on  
Alan Ladd,  
Tony Martin,  
John Payne,  
Glenn Ford





# You'll win **Softer, Smoother Skin** with just One Cake of Camay!



*Mrs. Alexander Carver Jr.*

OF FOREST HILLS, N. Y.

"I was so happy—to discover how much lovelier my complexion looked with my first cake of Camay," says this lovely bride. "Camay's *mild* care seems to soften my skin . . . leave it more velvety."



## Yes! Complexion tests prove Camay is really mild!

Fresher! Softer! Sweeter! That's how your skin can be—with just *one cake* of Camay—when you change from improper care to regular mild cleansing—to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Skin specialists tested this care on over 100 complexions. And most complexions simply bloomed—noticeably softer, fresher, clearer—with the *first* cake of Camay!



## . . . it cleanses without irritation!

These tests proved Camay's *mildness* . . . proved it can benefit skin! "Camay is *really mild*," said the specialists, "*it cleansed skin without irritation*." Remember this—and change to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet . . . to bring new, softer charm to your skin.



## Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

Night and morning, cream Camay over face—nose, chin. How *mild* it feels! Now—rinse warm. Touch *dry skins* with cream. Give *oily skins* a lively C-O-L-D splash! Simple, isn't it?—and your very *first* cake of Camay means lovelier skin!

## ★ ★ ★ CHERISH CAMAY

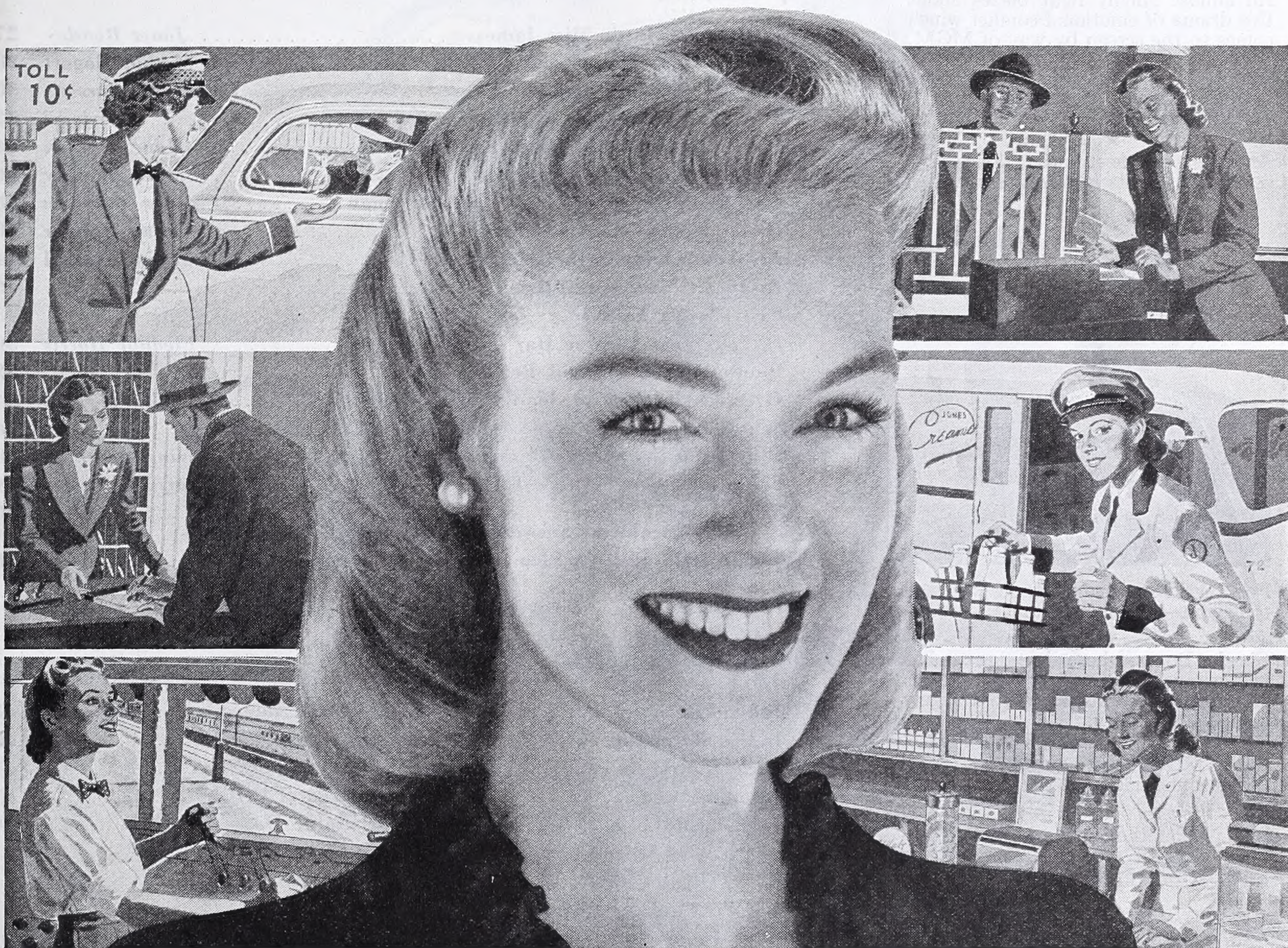
Precious materials go into Camay, so make your cake last—2 or 3 weeks

1. Use just enough Camay for good lather.
2. Don't let Camay stand in water when not in use.
3. Wet soap dishes waste soap. Keep a cloth handy to wipe yours dry.
4. Put Camay slivers in a bathmit—get grand lather!



# After Hours—

hearts surrender to a radiant, sparkling smile!



Smiles are brighter when gums are firmer. Guard against "pink tooth brush"—use Ipana and massage.

**Y**OU'RE helping to end this war sooner and you're proud and glad to be doing it. But *after hours*—comes fun—comes laughter—comes romance!

So put on your best bib and tucker. Take a last peek in the mirror and—smile. Hold on—was that a bright smile? Sparkling? The kind of smile that warms hearts?

If you can smile like THAT—you don't need great beauty! Just look at the popular girls you know. Many aren't beauties at all! But we'll bet they've got a dazzling

smile! So let *your* smile be that kind of smile—gleaming, alive! Just remember sparkling teeth depend largely on firm, healthy gums.

## Never ignore "pink tooth brush"!

If your tooth brush "shows pink", *see your dentist!* He may say your gums are tender—robbed of exercise by today's creamy foods. And, like so many dentists, he may suggest Ipana and massage.

For Ipana is designed not only to clean

teeth but, with massage, to aid the gums. Let Ipana and massage help you to firmer gums, brighter teeth, a winning smile.



Product of Bristol-Myers

**Start today with Ipana AND massage**

## Your Country needs you in a vital job!

A million women are needed to serve on the home front—to carry on the tasks of men gone to war—to release more men for wartime duties.

Jobs of every kind—in offices, stores and schools—as well as in defense plants—are *war jobs* now. What can you do? *More than you think!*

If your finger can press a button, you can run an elevator or a packaging machine! If you can keep house, you've got ability that hotels and restaurants are looking for!

Check the Help Wanted ads. Or see your local U. S. Employment Service.





"Gaslight" is no gentle flicker.

An almost unholy light blazes about this drama of emotional conflict which comes to the screen by way of MGM.

Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman and Joseph Cotten are the incandescent threesome.

And theirs is a most unusual love story, set against a dark design for living.



For Ingrid Bergman—those bells will toll again—with a clamour of applause.

Charles Boyer, whose gleaming eye has held many a feminine heart in mid-beat, adds to his strong fascination, a strangely compelling quality.

Credit MGM for bringing out the sinister facet and adding to the Boyer drawing power.

And put another halo around the brilliant head of George Cukor for his splendid interpretation of "Gaslight".

It's the kind of direction you'd expect from the man who guided "Philadelphia Story", and many other MGM triumphs.

Something else to look forward to: Dame May Whitty's performance and that of newcomer Angela Lansbury (she's luscious but *not* angelic).

While we're laurel-tossing, we present one to Arthur Hornblow, Jr., producer, and another to John Van Druten, who adapted the screen play from the stage hit.

"Gaslight" holds the mysterious, threatening quality of a dark thought on a black night.

The under-currents will sweep you along excitedly to the stirring end, says...

—Lea



# PHOTOPLAY

*Presents for May*

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M-G-M presents  
CHARLES BOYER • INGRID BERGMAN • JOSEPH COTTEN

in  
**Gaslight**



A melodrama of  
**A STRANGE  
LOVE !**

with

DAME MAY WHITTY • ANGELA LANSBURY • BARBARA EVEREST

Screen Play by John Van Druten, Walter Reisch and John L. Balderston • Based upon the Play by Patrick Hamilton  
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture • Directed by GEORGE CUKOR • Produced by ARTHUR HORNBLow, JR.



# Unbelievable



*The mysteries of life and love—bared for a fleeting instant in the eyes of a beautiful woman! A truly unusual drama!*

**VERA HRUBA RALSTON**

**RICHARD ARLEN**

**ERICH VON STROHEIM**

*in*  
**THE Lady AND THE Monster**

with

**HELEN VINSON  
SIDNEY BLACKMER**

**GEORGE SHERMAN** Director

Based on the novel  
"DONOVAN'S BRAIN" by CURT SIODMAK

**A REPUBLIC PICTURE**



## Speak FOR YOURSELF

Frankie a "Swoon Goon"? A serviceman speaks his Sinatra piece

### \$10.00 PRIZE An Ally Protests!

**L**AST week "Stage Door Canteen" was showing at the local cinema here, and so a few pals and myself went along to see it. The film itself was first class and we thoroughly enjoyed it, but we have a big grouse.

Not only are we disgusted at Hollywood's conception of British people, but we think that something should be done about it. The Chinese were cheered, the Russians made heroes of, but what happened to the R.A.F. and British Army? Just this—they were made the laughing-stock of the picture. Please take it from me that the average Britisher does not get up and say in a swanky tongue, "Topping party, what." Such blokes as these back home are considered menaces, and if any such characters exist in the Air Force, well, we have a name for them.

Another misrepresentation—one would hardly expect any of our crowd to stand up stiffly and shake hands with one of the beautiful girls who had acted as his hostess all evening.

Please, Hollywood, give us British service men a break. We are not cold-hearted or unromantic. We are just ordinary human beings possessed of the same faults as you Americans or anyone else. So if anyone ever tells you we are reserved tell them they are thirty years behind.

Frank Hogg,  
Ottawa, Ontario, Canada

### \$5.00 PRIZE Betrayal

**A** PROMINENT radio commentator recently related on his broadcast that Danielle Darrieux had been sentenced to death by the French Underground for assisting Germany in her war effort.

Had that commentator jumped from the radio and slapped me, the jolt would have been no greater. You see, I only saw

Danielle in one picture, but she was a lovely thing with apparent ability. I was sorry when she sailed back to "her" France, as I had enjoyed that one picture immensely and wished for more like it. It was a delightful comedy in which she shared honors with Douglas Fairbanks Jr.

After I recovered from the blow the news had dealt me, I found myself comparing the extent to which Douglas Fairbanks Jr. is serving his United States and the extent to which Miss Darrieux has betrayed her France, who so desperately and pitifully needed the effort of each of her people.

Mrs. B. A. Battles,  
Oklahoma City 7, Okla.

### \$1.00 PRIZE "Swoon Goon"

**T**O me it looks like the nations' woman-power has gone stark, raving mad over a baby-face, skinny 4-Fer who is already a happy papa and a happy husband! I just saw the Swoon Goon (the G.I. handle given to Frank Sinatra) in his first full-length mistake and agree with the WACs, "We want Crosby!" The picture "Higher And Higher" was, underneath it all, a nice picture. It was a dirty shame Miss Morgan  
(Continued on page 108)

**PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR** awards \$10 first prize, \$5 second prize and \$1 each to every other letter published in full. Your letters about stars or movies in less than 200 words are judged on the basis of clarity and originality. Do not submit previously published material or material that you are sending to other publications. Plagiarism will be punished to the full extent of the law. Retain a copy of material submitted as we regret we are not able to return unaccepted material. Address your letter to "Speak For Yourself," Photoplay-Movie Mirror, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.



The Author of  
"Of Human  
Bondage" and  
"The Letter"  
Paints His Most  
Savage Portrait  
of a Dangerous  
Woman!

She used his love to wreck his  
life... this dangerous, ruthless  
woman whose relentless will  
would stop at nothing! See  
VERONICA LAKE in a role that  
tops even her performance  
in "So Proudly We Hail"!

Paramounts

# "The Hour Before the Dawn"

From the famous best-seller and Redbook sensation by  
W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

starring

VERONICA LAKE • FRANCHOT TONE

with

JOHN SUTTON • BINNIE BARNES  
Henry Stephenson • Philip Merivale • Nils Asther

Directed by Frank Tuttle • Screen Play by Michael Hogan • Adaptation by Lesser Samuels • A Paramount Picture



# Inside Stuff

## CAL YORK'S GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMIÉ FINK

**AROUND TOWN:** Vic Mature returned again to Hollywood so quietly the town scarcely knew he was here. And certainly Anne Shirley didn't seem to be aware of his presence. The two, after all the romantic thundering of his previous visit, were never seen together.

A certain Army officer (former movie star), however, lost a bit of his stature by being seen with too many blonde beauties in too short a time.

And that star who just emerged from a nasty scandal with another pending, is heading headlong into still another mess and we don't mean Chaplin.

Harry James and his trumpet headed for the Army, leaving wife Betty Grable and her nursery all alone in their elaborate new home.

Lon McCallister took off for Fort MacArthur after a series of farewell parties and actor Keenan Wynn, who stole honors as the gangster in "Lost Angel" and the chiseling *Private Mulvehill* in "See Here, Private Hargrove," bade his wife farewell to become an actual private.

Marlene Dietrich killed the people by flying off to New York to bid a long, lingering farewell to Jean Gabin who sailed off to join the Free French and returned with her husband, Rudolph Seiber, of all unexpected people, on her arm. And Marlene herself nursed him all through the illness he suffered shortly after his return.

Deanna Durbin created a flurry by signing off a radio program with "good night, Dickie boy," a little message intended for her nephew Dickie Heckman and which, for some ridiculous reason, the town assumed was meant for Dick Powell. Incidentally, the Powell-Joan Blondell rift remains at a deadlock with Joan in the East homesick for the children Dick intends keeping with him. Such a tragedy couldn't happen to two nicer people.

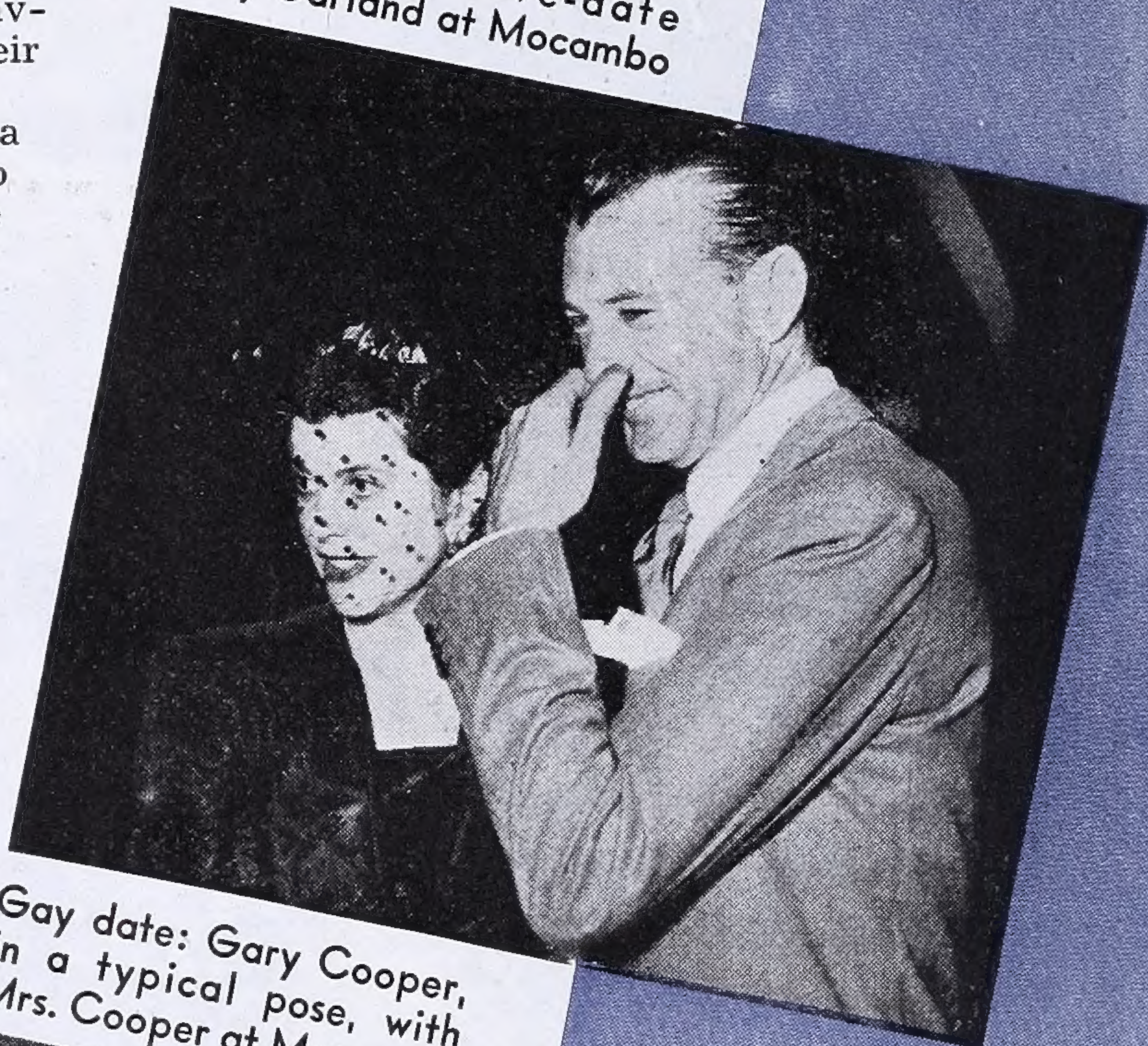
**Sued:** Gene Autry, now in service, was named defendant in a \$75,000 damage suit filed in Superior Court against him and an asserted employee by Arthur Elliott, who alleges the latter was struck and seriously injured by a car driven by Autry's employee. Captain Clark Gable was named defendant in a similar suit recently.

Betty Jane Greer, who became Rudy Vallee's bride last December, filed suit in Superior Court for declaratory relief from working for Producer Howard Hughes on the ground that Hughes falsely and fraudulently "induced her to sign a movie pact by promising to give her screen parts which was never done." Remember Jane Russell? After one picture with Hughes, "The Outlaw," she, too, failed to make another film or be loaned for one. Unhappy little Hughes starlets.

A Superior Court suit brought by theatrical agent George A. Durgom against singer Richard Haymes, better known as Dick Haymes of screen and radio (wait till you see him in "Four Jills And a Jeep"), contends that he was retained by the singer for five years for a (Continued on page 8)



Surprise twosome: Lt. Bob Stack with leave-date Judy Garland at Mocambo



Gay date: Gary Cooper, in a typical pose, with Mrs. Cooper at Mocambo



Tiptop threesome: Steve Crane, wife Lana Turner and Sinatra at the Clover Club





## TO HELP HIM GROW UP TO HIS HAT

**A**S THAT YOUNGSTER of yours grows to manhood in a peaceful post-war world there will be countless little ways in which Listerine Antiseptic can be of help to him . . . many a time when its quick germicidal action will help to safeguard his health.

In boyhood, when carefree days and hearty play take their toll of scratches and abrasions, he'll find Listerine Antiseptic ready, effective and willing, just as you did. Remember?

In his self-conscious teens he'll come

to rely on its help to overcome non-systemic cases of offensive breath which might humiliate him in the eyes of his girl.

And, if he takes the experience of others and the advice of Mother and Dad, he'll gargle with it at the first symptom of a cold.

It won't take him long to realize its value—to appreciate what tests during 12 years of research have shown:

That regular twice-a-day users of Listerine Antiseptic had fewer colds,

milder colds, and fewer sore throats than non-users.

This, we believe, is because Listerine Antiseptic kills so many of the mouth and throat surface germs called "secondary invaders"—types now believed, by many authorities, to be the cause of much of the misery and discomfort of colds.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

**BECAUSE OF WARTIME** restrictions you may not always be able to get Listerine Antiseptic in your favorite size. Most drug counters will, however, have it generally available in *some* size.

FOR COUNTLESS LITTLE EMERGENCIES **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC** IN SERVICE 60 YEARS



Confidences: Veronica Lake  
harks to Jean Negulesco at Mocambo



(Continued from page 6)

compensation of from fifteen to twenty percent of Haymes' gross earnings but that warbling Dickie instead got himself another agent and refuses to make an accounting. Oh, well, it's nice to have enough do-re-me to quarrel over, we always say!

**You Might Like To Know:** Helmut Dantine and Mickey Rooney are killing the people at Hollywood parties with their Charlie McCarthy-Edgar Bergen act with Mickey sitting on Helmut's knee. Wonder why the boys don't take it around the camps?

The funniest scene in "Road To Utopia" will never be shown on the screen and it happened when Bob Hope, playing an old man of seventy, accidentally got his chewing gum entangled with the walrus mustache he was wearing and couldn't open his mouth. They had to carry Crosby from the set.

Frank Sinatra won't give out any magazine articles that refer to him as a swooner-crooner knockout. He insists on being written up as a family man but after the Jennifer Jones-Robert Walker fracas the magazines are afraid to take a chance. Especially with all those Sinatra rumors flying around.

The most fantastic plot devised out of movies was perpetrated against Kathryn Grayson by John March, twenty-one, who threatened the life of the beautiful young actress if she did not obtain for him certain military secrets from her husband Army Captain John Price (John Shelton of the screen). The lad was arrested by the New York police.

Sorry we can't mention names but the reason a certain beautiful and talented star is talking of retiring from the screen is because the producer with whom she is signed is making her life a dreary Hades on earth.

**Cupid This Month:** Helmut Dantine is seeing an awful lot of Judy Garland, it seems to old Cal.

Public showing, ten-in-one, for "Lady In The Dark" premiere. Left to right, row by row are Irene Dunne, Loretta Young, the Reginald Gardiners, Helmut Dantine and Mary Parker, the Fred MacMurrays and Hedy and John Loder



After-the-premiere picture: Irene Dunne and Dr. Griffin at Mocambo

Betty Hutton may lift Clark Gable's morale but Kay Williams keeps the old pulse pounding.

Paulette Goddard, now overseas, is the beloved of a Hollywood director at present estranged from his wife.

Remember Lana Turner's and Dottie Lamour's former heartbeat, Greg Bautzer? He's now married to Buff Chapman, young granddaughter of author Irvin S. Cobb. Bautzer, a Hollywood attorney, is now a lieutenant in the U.S.N.R.

Rumors are floating about that Maria Manton, Dietrich's daughter, is unhappy in her marriage that took place so suddenly. Cal hopes these rumors float on false air waves.

## Cal's Hollywood Directory—Female:

The woman who has done the least for the boys in camps or in service—Garbo.

The woman most grateful to the press for every kind word—Joan Crawford.

The girl who changed most since en-

tering pictures—Judy Garland.

The woman least understood in Hollywood and a honey—Olivia de Havilland.

The girl easiest to know—Alexis Smith.

The girl best liked by the press—Rita Hayworth.

The girl least liked—Ginger again.

The girl with the most charm—Ingrid Bergman.

The best-dressed woman in town—Martha Kemp (Mature).

The girl with the most sex appeal—Lana Turner.

The most indifferent girl in town—Ann Sheridan.

The woman least affected—Barbara Stanwyck.

The shrewdest women in town—Goddard and Henie.

The woman most likely to be this year's flash in the pan—Veronica Lake.

**Cal's Hollywood Directory—Male:** The man who has done the least for the boys in camps (Continued on page 10)



# Are You in the Know?



Could be they're doing —

- ☐ A Square Dance
- ☐ The Conga
- ☐ A Rhumba

"Are you kidding?" you ask us. "Only a mothball wouldn't know *that!*" And now, maybe you're remembering *your* first Conga Line. Drums and maraccas! Sizzling rhythm! It was out of this world! But it's something some girls *still* haven't known—because they're out of the fun. Girls who haven't learned how to sidestep calendar cares—haven't discovered how *confidence* follows the comfort of Kotex sanitary napkins!

What is it?

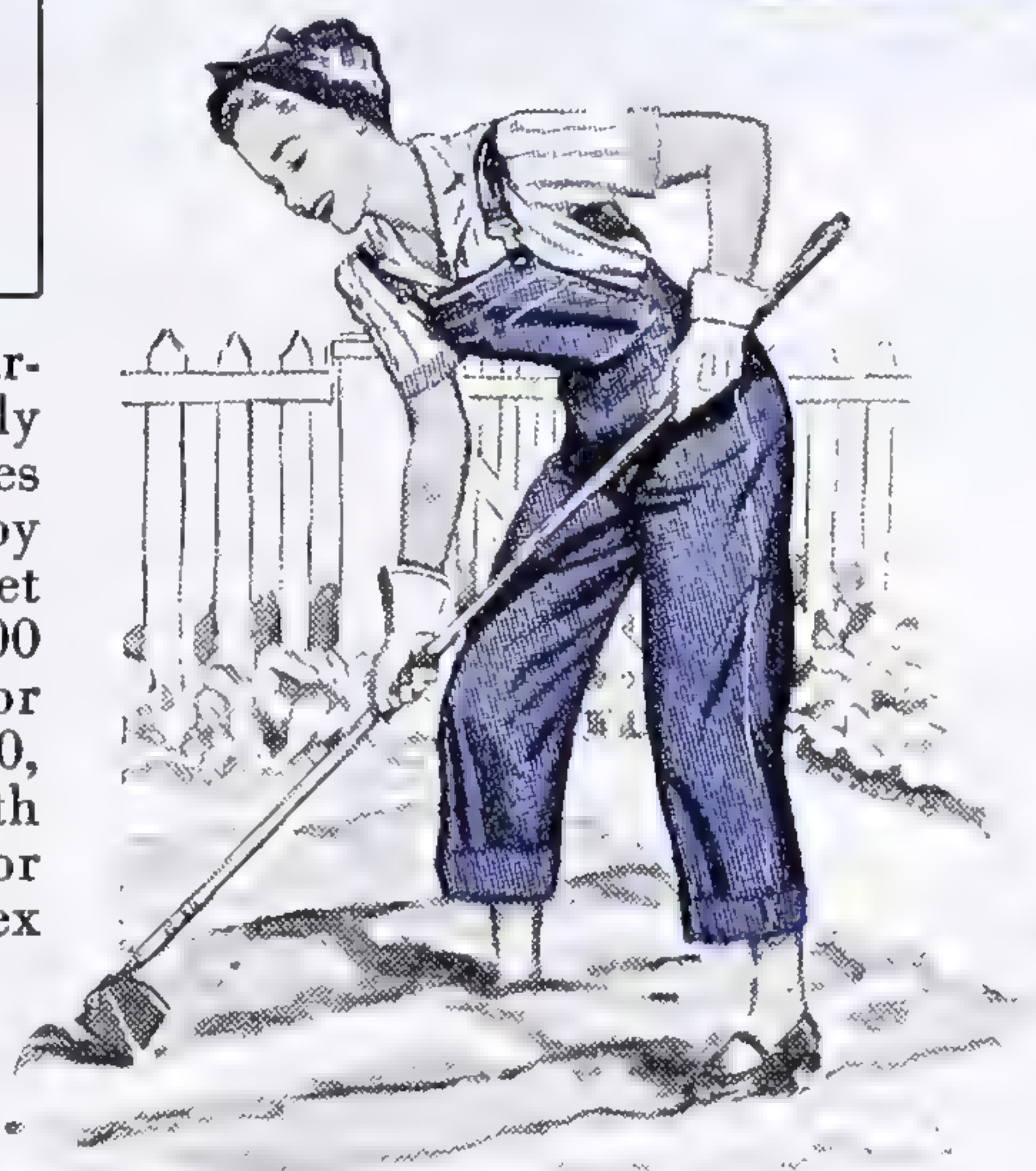
- ☐ A Sniper's Suit
- ☐ Paratrooper's Uniform
- ☐ A Commando Outfit

Meet the little man who isn't there! His safety depends on *concealment*. So this soldier blends with desert sands and shrubs in his burlap Sniper's Suit. It's an art—camouflage. Useful at home, too. For it's sharp strategy to hide your feelings at times . . . "certain" times, especially. Then, be gay! "Dress to kill" in your fetchingest frock! And let Kotex help to hoodwink your public—with those concealing, flat pressed ends that show no outlines, tell no tales.

Is the little lady —

- ☐ Digging for fishing worms
- ☐ Searching for Treasure
- ☐ Hoeing for Victory

Right! She's one of Uncle Sam's gardeners—millions who've been gleefully munching their own home-grown vittles all winter. They're a proud, happy clan! And if you're an outsider—get hep! Add *your* plot to the 20,000,000 Victory Gardens planted last year. For *this* year your country needs 22,000,000, and now's the time to start! *Stay* with the job, too, come sun or cloud—or problem days. Just remember: Kotex *stays soft while wearing!*



You hear it on which radio program?

- ☐ Beat the Band
- ☐ Red Skelton
- ☐ Fibber McGee and Molly

You ought to "det a whippin'" if you don't guess this! Yes, it's the Red Skelton program. And for you, perhaps the fun takes on a special glow, tonight. Because the crowd's at *your* house and the party's been swell. Games, gags, "eats" and all. You're thankful you didn't call things off . . . on account of the time of the month. You found you *needn't*, for Kotex *stays soft while wearing* . . . and that special Kotex safety center never betrays a girl's confidence!



## Girls in the know choose KOTEX

Yes, more girls choose KOTEX\* than all other brands of pads put together.

\*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



**IT'S A WISE GIRL** who knows that a *powder* deodorant is best for sanitary napkins. Quest\* Powder, the Kotex deodorant, was created expressly for this use. See how completely Quest *destroys* odors. It's unscented, safe, *sure* protection.



**STOP GUESSING!** ☐ Check here if you're teen age and want *free* booklet "As One Girl To Another." Learn do's and don'ts for difficult days.

☐ Check here if you're a war worker and want *free* new booklet "That Day Is Here Again." Gives facts for "problem" days.

Address: Post Office Box 3434, Chicago 54, Ill.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



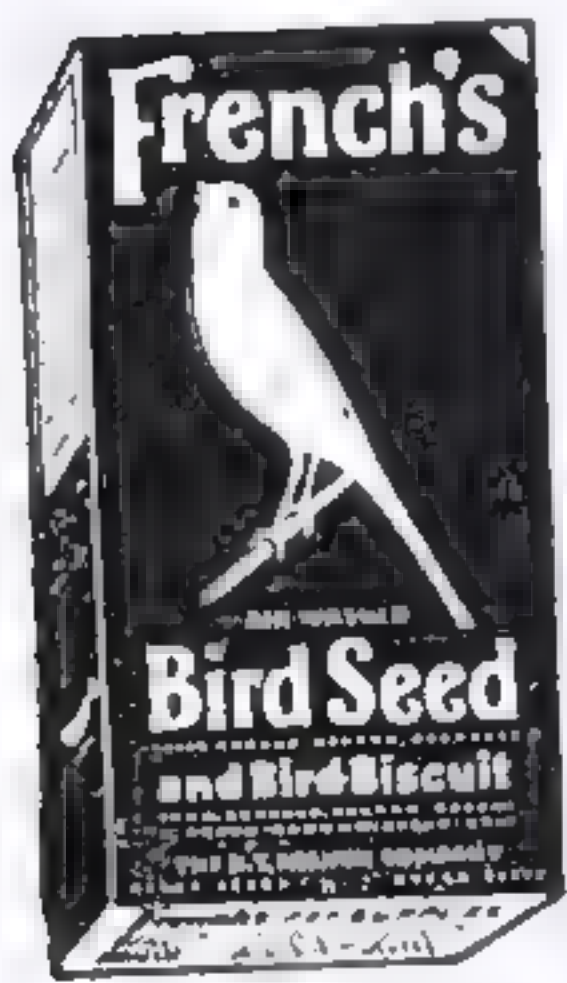


**BONITA GRANVILLE**, Starring in "ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN?", an RKO Radio Production, finds her pet canary another of her many "admirers."

## Have a bit of Hollywood right in Your Home

Canaries continue to be four-star hits in Hollywood while, more and more, the hobby captivates America. Why not have a "Hollywood corner" in your home with one of these lovable, golden-voiced little creatures? They're easily cared for and will bring you no end of cheer. And, as 4 out of 5 Hollywood canary owners do, let

French's Bird Seed (with Bird Biscuit) help keep your canary a happy singer.



**OWN A CANARY**  
The only Pet that Sings

### GOOD NEWS FOR PET LOVERS!

French's brand-new canary book is ready! 36 pages of information, superb color illustrations, pictures of canaries raising a family, and intimate photos of famous Hollywood stars with their canaries. Here's proof of the fun you're missing if there isn't a canary in your home! Mail the coupon below, **IT'S FREE!** today, and get your copy.

R. T. FRENCH COMPANY  
2572 Mustard Street  
Rochester 9, N. Y.

Kindly send me, without charge, a copy of the new French's Canary Book, "Keep a Song in Your Home."

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

(Paste on penny postal card and mail)



Three couples equal three happy marriages. Mr. and Mrs. Paul Henreid dance at Mocambo . . .



. . . Lucille Ball and husband Desi Arnaz do the same for the Clover Club crowd.



. . . and Lt. and M. Van Heflin get interested in a quiet corner of Mocambo.

(Continued from page 8) or in service—Charles Chaplin.

The man most grateful to the press for every kind word—Alan Ladd.

The man who seeks, through appearing often in social places, to get the greatest publicity for himself—Jess Barker.

The man who gives of himself completely to our cause and the boys behind it—Joe E. Brown.

The man least known to Hollywood—Nelson Eddy.

The man known only too well—Mickey Rooney.

The man least liked by the press—Bing Crosby.

The man best liked—Cary Grant.

The man most envied—Bob Hope.

The man too big in scope and talent for the Hollywood scene—Orson Welles.

The man with the greatest charm—Walter Pidgeon.

The best dressed man in town—Bill Powell.

The man easiest to know—Robert Taylor.

The man who eclipses all Hollywood male stars and do they know it—André Eglevsky of the Ballet Theatre.

**Odds and Ends:** The Red Skelton Muriel Morris romance is o'er and more. Red now has brown eyes and Marjorie Morgan among others.

Whispers have it that the hasty London marriage between Carole Landis and Captain Thomas Wallace is heading toward the last round-up, but whispers can sometimes be wrong.

Lana Turner, much more beautiful since the birth of her baby, seen to have gained in poise and dignity.

Rita Hayworth, for some reason looking mighty unactressy these days back in town with Orson Welles who said to be planning a political career. Pulling Harry Hopkins out of a situation, probably.

Remember little Cora Sue Collier, pert child actress? She is now M. Ivan Stauffer, if you please.

Donald O'Connor's studio, Universal, will pay him \$350 weekly every week he's in the Army. Not bad for a young bridegroom.

**Sinatra Lore:** The set of "Manhattan Serenade" over at RKO became so crowded the director finally stopped shooting.

"Who are (Continued on page 1)



FROM BURLESQUE TO BIG TIME!

# "SHOW BUSINESS"

Eddie CANTOR George MURPHY Joan DAVIS  
Nancy KELLY Constance MOORE

with Don Douglas • Directed by Edwin L. Marin  
plus dozens and dozens of gorgeous girls  
Screen play by Joseph Quillen & Dorothy Bennett

Here it is from A to Z  
... Amateur Night to  
Ziegfeld! The romance  
of American Entertain-  
ment... as sung, danced  
and joked to fame by  
the folks who built it  
from the Bowery to  
Broadway Big Time!

SONGS YOU CAN'T FORGET!  
"It Had to Be You,"  
"Whoopie," "I Don't Want  
to Get Well," "Dinah,"  
"I Want a Girl," "Alabamy  
Bound," "They're Wearing  
'Em Higher in Hawaii"  
and that new hit!  
"You May Not Remember"

Another of  
the great  
R K O  
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## Stronger Grip

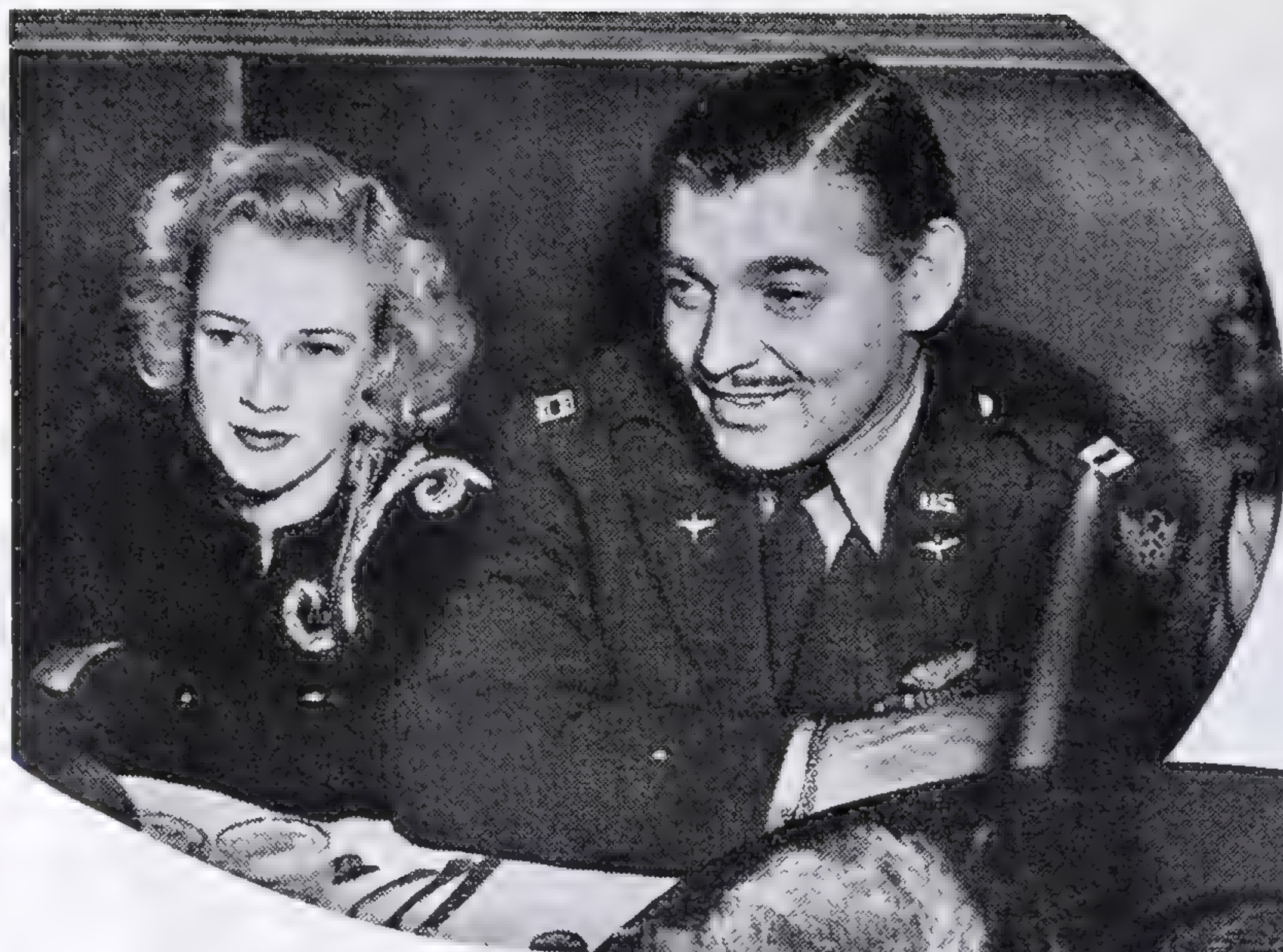


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First point of interest—Captain Gable; second, blonde Kay Williams, who helped keep Gable smiling at Charles Foy's this night

Girl looking at Hymie Fink's camera at Mocambo is Mary Constant; man looking at girl is Bob Cummings



(Continued from page 10) these people?" he demanded. "Surely they aren't all visitors."

"No, sir," he was told, "they're stenographers and secretaries on the lot. They're here to see Frankie Sinatra." Whereupon the director ordered the set closed.

But that didn't stop Sinatra, who can be one of the nicest guys in the world. Between every scene he now rushes outside and holds open house for one and all who want to see or chat with the singer or ask for autographs.

And when you find an actor like that, my friends, you've found something. The town hopes he'll never change. And something tells Cal he won't.

**Joe E. Brown Reports:** When Joe E. Brown arrived in New York from his tour overseas he completed more than 150,000 miles of hazardous flying to battlefronts around the world, from Alaska, the Aleutians, the Solomons, South America to India, China and you name it.

"In India I ran into Joel McCrea," Joe told Cal. "It was the most forlorn spot in the world and brother were we glad to see each other."

There was the day in India that Joe E. ran into Commander John Ford, movie director, and his own adopted son Mike Frankovitch, married now to Binnie Barnes.

It happened somewhere in Burma that a lad walked up to Brown and said hesitatingly, "Mr. Brown, my name is Bob Anderson. I went to Beverly Hills High School with your

## CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Don." Don was Captain Don Brown who was killed in an air crash near Palm Springs.

Tears stood in the eyes of the comedian and the eyes of the American soldier as they grabbed hands.

In China Joe ran headlong into the former football star Lieutenant Tommy Harmon, now in New York on a leave. To diverge a bit, Elyse Knox, Hollywood heartbeat of Harmon's, went to New York to greet Harmon and decide about John Payne who also loves the little beauty.

In Calcutta Captain Melvyn Douglas, in special service, waved to Joe E. on passing. Joe had paused to lunch with Lord Louis Mountbatten. In Persia everyone including the Shah was preparing for Nelson Eddy's visit which also included the countries of Africa and Arabia.

Six, seven, eight shows a day or Joe with four or five thousand kids at each show has made our Army, Navy and Marines conscious of the fact that one man, a man named Joe E. Brown, can be a link in a chain of hope and courage and love between them and the folks back home.

**This and That:** Brenda Joyce who had been visiting her husband, Lieutenant Owen Ward, in Florida with her little girl, a year and a half old, intended returning to Hollywood before the arrival of her (Continued on page 12)



# Give Yourself A *Glamorous* **PERMANENT WAVE** *at Home!*

**Simple As Putting Up Your Hair  
In Curlers, Cool... Comfortable  
Lovely, Long-Lasting Results!**

Imagine being able to give yourself a permanent wave right in your own home... and have the waves come out soft and natural-looking. Think of the time and money you can save by giving yourself your own permanents. Your hair will have the sparkling luster and smart styling that is a "must" with every well-groomed woman. You need no hair-waving experience... yet you can give your hair all the glamorous appeal of shimmering waves and soft curls that usually a professional stylist only could create! No need to worry about straggling ends and "damp-weather" days any more. Now, long-lasting curls are at your very fingertips' command! This wonderful home permanent wave is successful on all types of hair—even if bleached or dyed!

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Each KIT Contains 40 Curlers,  
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There is nothing else to buy. Shampoo, Wave Set, and Permanent Wave solution are now included in each CHARM-KURL KIT. This amazing Kit comes to you complete in every detail. Get one today and see how truly delightful this remarkable buy is. You'll find full instructions that are so simple a child could follow them. Don't miss out on your share of beauty because of straight, stringy hair. Know the joy of having really lovely hair that is soft, glistening and full of life. Buy your CHARM-KURL KIT right now.

## 8 Reasons Why You Should Use CHARM-KURL

1. Safe—Easy to Use
2. No Harmful Chemicals
3. For Women and Children
4. No Experience Necessary
5. Contains No Ammonia
6. No Heat—No Electricity
7. No Machines or Dryers Required
8. Waves Dyed Hair as Beautifully as Natural Hair



**In 3 Quick Steps  
You Have a PERMANENT WAVE!**



**1. Shampoo.** Simply wash your hair as you always do, using the shampoo provided. See that your hair is free from dirt, rinse the soap out carefully and then...

**2. Put Up.** Use the paper foils, permanent wave solution and curlers as you are instructed in the directions. There are no harmful chemicals... the process is cool, comfortable, machineless.

**3. Set.** And now you are ready to set your hair in the fashionable style you like with the wave set that is included. When you comb out your hair, you'll be amazed at its soft loveliness... dazzling highlights... naturalness.

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**—Know the Joy of a Glamorous Permanent Wave... By Tonight!**

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**IMPORTANT—**You can order CHARM-KURL by mail, if your dealer cannot and will not supply it. One CHARM-KURL Permanent Wave Kit is 59c; two Kits, \$1.18; three Kits, \$1.77. If C.O.D. postage charges are extra. Send orders to CHARM-KURL CO., Dept. 199, 2459 University Ave., St. Paul 4, Minn.



**Complete...  
Nothing More to Buy**



(Continued from page 12) second child. But the baby, a little boy, was born prematurely in Gainesville, Florida.

Cal glimpsed Steve Crane, Lana Turner's handsome, dark-eyed, dark-haired husband, in Schwab's Drug Store the other eve happy as a lark over his new Columbia contract. He didn't make the grade at Lana's studio, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Jane Withers, grown tall and slender, has become a real glamour girl in looks and charm. What a lovely!

Susan Peters, who married Richard Quine, reports to old Cal that they are the happiest couple in all Hollywood and will we please tell everyone. Okay, kids, Cal dood it.

Kay Kyser suffers horribly with arthritis and must on occasion appear on crutches before his band. "How would you like to wear a shoe like this?" Kay asked Cal the other day. Glancing down we saw Kay's beautiful brown brogue shoe slit wide open in several places to relieve the pain. And yet he never misses a show. You've got to hand it to the "How ya all" fellow.

The latest lad to go slightly high-hat is none other than Charles McCarthy, who now has a brand-new coat of arms which he sports on everything. It reads, "E pluribus mow-'em-down."

**Remember the Boys in Service:** Lieutenant Billie Bakewell was in town for a short leave.

Richard Cromwell has been honorably discharged from the Navy.

Lieutenant Tom Brown has recently been sent overseas.

Preston Foster has joined the Coast Guard Reserve.

Lieutenant Tyrone Power left for New York to see his wife Annabella in "Jacobowski And The Colonel" after his graduation from a Texas camp for fliers.

Lieutenant Robert Preston said farewell in Hollywood to his wife Catherine Craig before leaving for overseas duties.

Lieutenant Commander Robert Montgomery reported once again for active duty.

Private Jackie Briggs of the Marines is doing a swell job in personnel work in Australia.

Lieutenant Bruce Cabot and Lieutenant John Carroll are still in Africa.

Robert Stack, stationed at the Naval gunnery school near San Francisco, has been promoted from ensign to lieutenant (j.g.).

**A Line or Two:** Director Gregory Ratoff was saddened by the death of his brother Peter, a technical sergeant killed in action in Italy.

Half the stars in Hollywood froze in the dark during the local power strike that shut off both heat and light. Ann Sheridan swears she kept warm by huddling near Clarabelle, her cow, and Errol Flynn's cook roasted weiners for the star's dinner over the living-room wood fire.

George Brent is so enamored of Janet Michael it may mean wedding bells

again in the near future.

Hear tell Turhan Bey has become so difficult now that he's back on his own lot they're calling him Turhan the Terrible Turk. Maybe Katie Hepburn in "Dragon Seed" threw him into tizzy.

Mrs. Wayne Morris (her husband is a lieutenant flight commander in the Navy) has returned to Hollywood to have her baby which will be born in April.

Reginald Owen, writing to an American soldier in a German prison camp had the letter returned from German unopened. Underscored on the envelope were the printed words, "Back To Attack—Buy War Bonds." Bet old Goebbels was burned!

**If I Were You Lads in Service:** I'd write to Warner Brothers for more pictures of Dolores Moran—from the waist up.

I'd try to find out from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer if it was true Captain Clark Gable was going back to inactive service after his present job in Hollywood because of his age. At least I'd want to know what cooks!

I'd write to Twentieth Century-Fox for head pictures of June Haver and cheesecake art on Anne Baxter—in a sweater.

I'd poke anyone in the nose who suggested the Chaplin case (Charles was indicted on a white slavery charge in the Joan Barry case) was typical of Hollywood. I'd remember those fine married couples out here with happy homes and happy children and stars.

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We dedicate to the  
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**IRRESISTIBLE** *air whipt* **FACE POWDER**

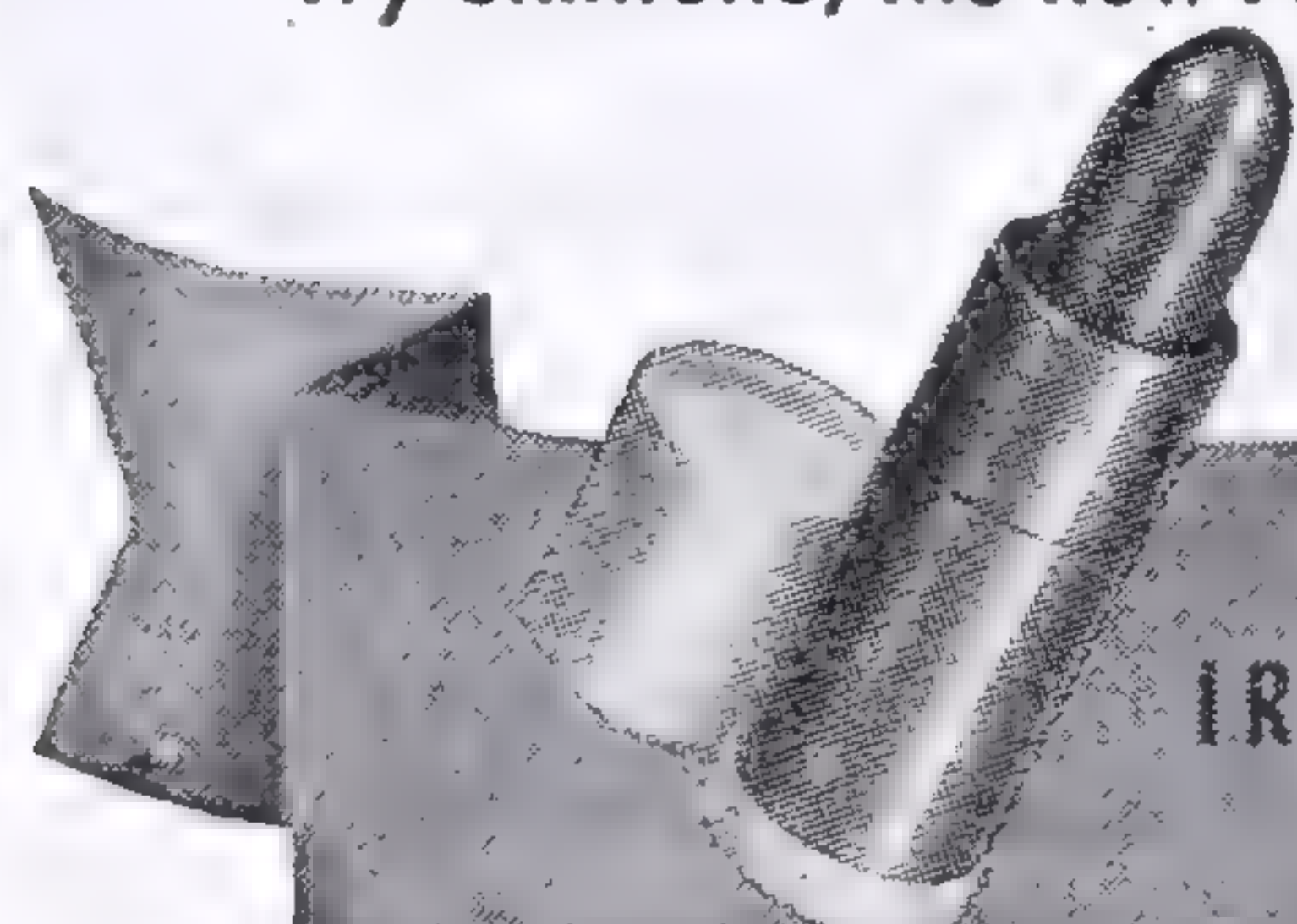
Achieve that fresh, alive, out-of-the-clouds look with the softer, lighter texture of Irresistible's new AIR-WHIPT Face Powder. Whipped into a delicate mist by mighty whirlwinds of pure, filtered air, Irresistible is non-drying, color-true. Clings longer too, giving your skin that mat-smooth, wonderfully clear finish that is today's badge of beauty. Try Skintone, the new Air-Whipt powder shade.

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That "Irresistible something"  
is IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME







"Marriage Is A Private Affair"; a birthday on the set isn't. James Craig, in a get-ready pose, watches Lana Turner cut her cake

slugging any chance I could. I'd get together and send a letter of thanks to all those stars and celebrities who come visiting to your fronts, for you should hear the wonderful things they say about you.

I'd wire Columbia Studio for figure art on Rita Hayworth—in a plain white form-fitting dress.

I'd get awfully intrigued over Paramount's sulky-mouthed Gail Russell. So different and so—er—well, different.

**Style Stuff:** When Kenneth Hopkins had his swanky hat showing at Romanoff's, who was sitting right there at the third table on the left but little old Cal—between two blonde lovelies who "ohed" and "ahed" at all this young hat designer's creations.

Along came Adrian's "ultra too too" showing of his newest frocks and there was Cal again to catch a glimpse of cute little Mary Pickford, K. T. Stevens, Gail Patrick, Eve Gabor, Ann Sothorn, Messrs. Bob Hope, Bob Montgomery, George Murphy and, of course, Adrian's wife, petite Janet Gaynor, all there to see the newest styles. The dresses all had names, too! For instance, there was "Not Your Daughter, I Thought You Were Sisters." And then there was "Had Lunch With The Nicest Soldier" and "People Will Say We're In Love" and "There Are Flies On The Pink Calf," and "Mary Had Some Little Roses" among others. Anyway, it was some show, what with the

## "...Just how do you land a Marine?"



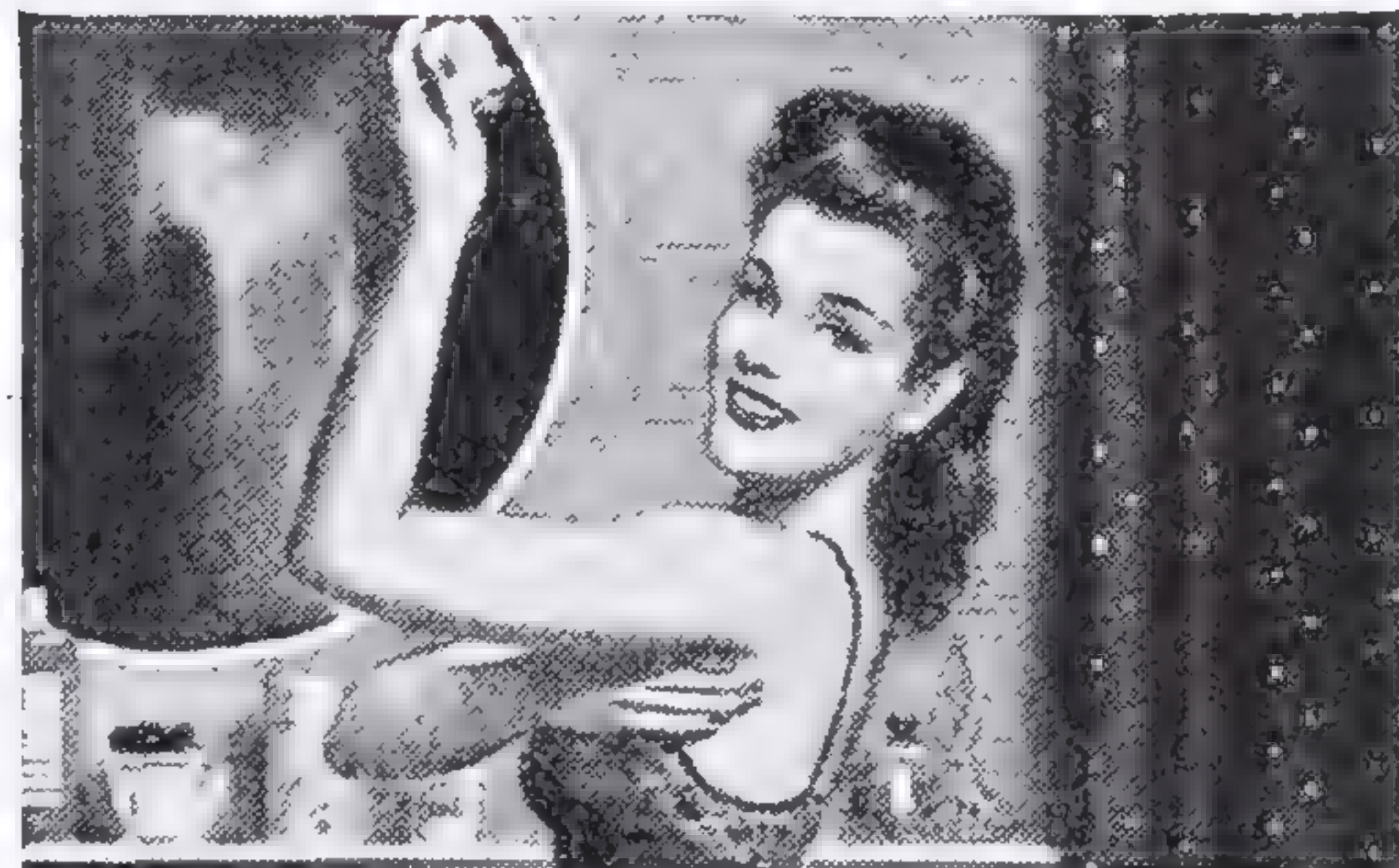
**Janet:** Listen, blonde and beautiful, I've got my eye on a Marine that I could go for . . . but he acts as if I didn't exist! I wish I knew how to nab him, Elsie.

**Elsie:** Use strategy, Janet! Leathernecks might halt for a pretty face—but they go "all out" for *charm*! You could have charm galore—but—



**Janet:** But *underarm* odor! Why, Elsie, I bathe every day!

**Elsie:** A daily bath only removes *past* perspiration. After every bath, I use Mum.



**Janet:** Tonight's a special date with my Marine—so thank goodness I learned about Mum. Now after my bath, I've Mum to protect *future* charm.



LET'S QUIT NOW, BEAUTIFUL. MY HEART WANTS TO TALK TO YOU!

(TO HERSELF)  
HE THINKS I'M SIMPLY SUPER—THANKS TO MUM!



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For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is so gentle, safe and dependable that thousands of women use it this way, too.

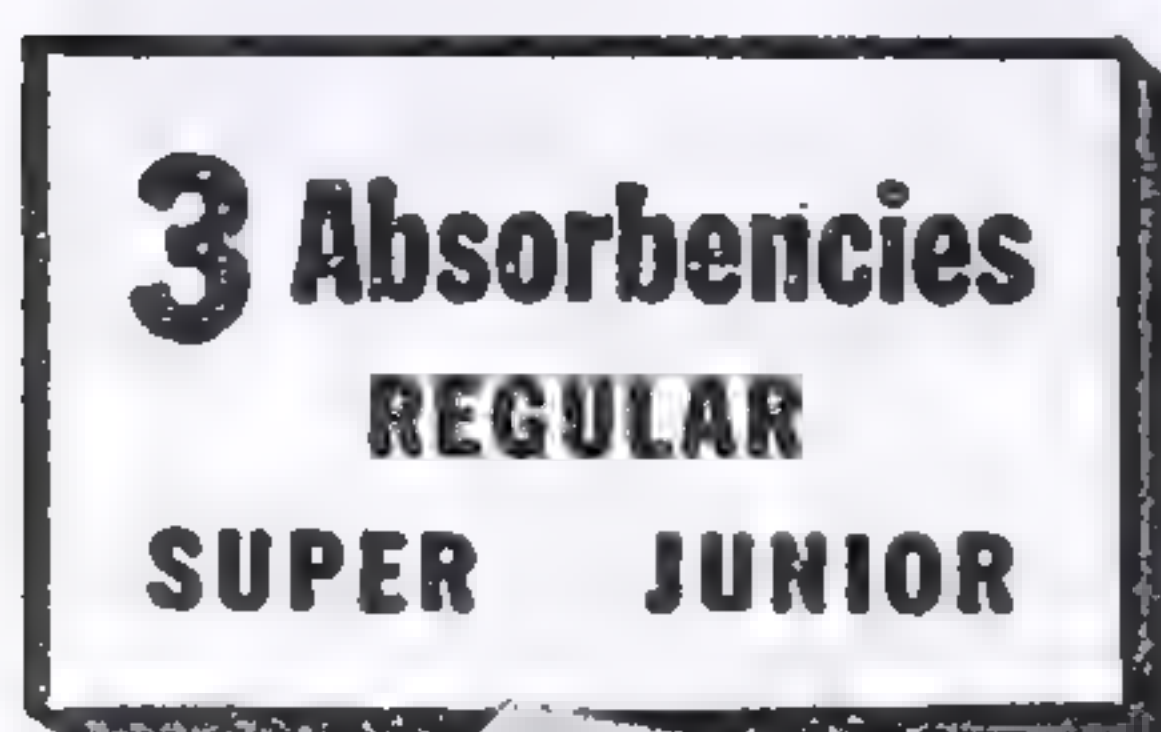




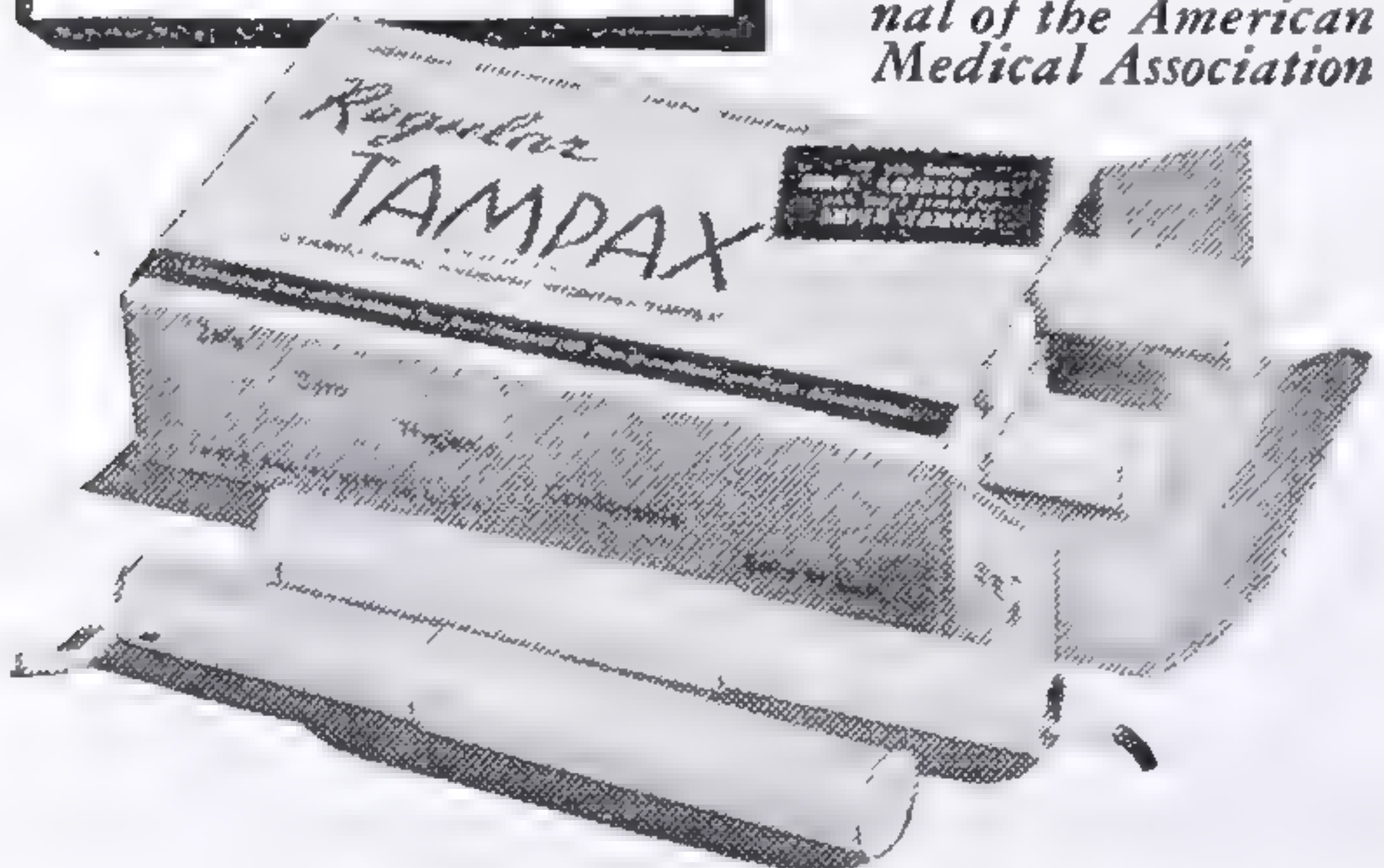
In every family there is usually somebody who wants to change and somebody who wants to "stay put" . . . New methods, new products, new habits—they all meet resistance at first, but nevertheless *improvements will happen!*

**TAKE THE CASE OF TAMPAX** (an internal method for monthly sanitary protection) . . . Nobody has taken it up more quickly than the students in the big women's colleges. Then *they* in turn have told their mothers and friends back home—how Tampax needs no belts, pins or external pads, how it can cause no bulges or ridges.

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Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association



Four Oscars in the right hands: Winners of the Academy Awards Paul Lukas, Jennifer Jones, Katina Paxinou and Charles Coburn. Left: The Lukases beam a happy "thank you"

CAL YORK'S  
*Inside Stuff*

gingham dresses with bustles, a black evening dress with one leg protruding at the knee, short black dinner dresses and trim typical Adrian suits.

Looks as though our town is gradually becoming the style center of the world, no two ways about it.

**It's Oscar Time Again:** The lights seemed brighter, the thrill that ran through the crowds more electric as the Academy Award program moved, for the first time, from a downtown hotel with its banquet and speeches to the Chinese Theater in the very heart of Hollywood.

Shirley Temple, young and beautiful, came with her new beau Dare Harris, and Mickey Rooney with his ma. Indeed, as the events unfolded, the whole happy evening seemed a blending of youth and age with Jennifer Jones, her Oscar won for her performance in "The Song Of Bernadette" standing smiling at Charles Coburn and his Oscar, won for his role in "The More The Merrier."

The sincerity of Paul Lukas as he accepted his statuette for his comeback film, "Watch On The Rhine," was felt

by everyone.

The choice of Katina Paxinou in her role of Pilar in "For Whom The Bell Tolls" as the best supporting actress was completely unanimous. Like Jennifer, Katina is a newcomer whom Hollywood is proud to acclaim.

That the picture "Casablanca" won over several more elaborate productions proves Hollywood joins the world in its belief that entertainment is the aim and goal of every picture. And the universal appeal of "Casablanca" proved its entertainment value.

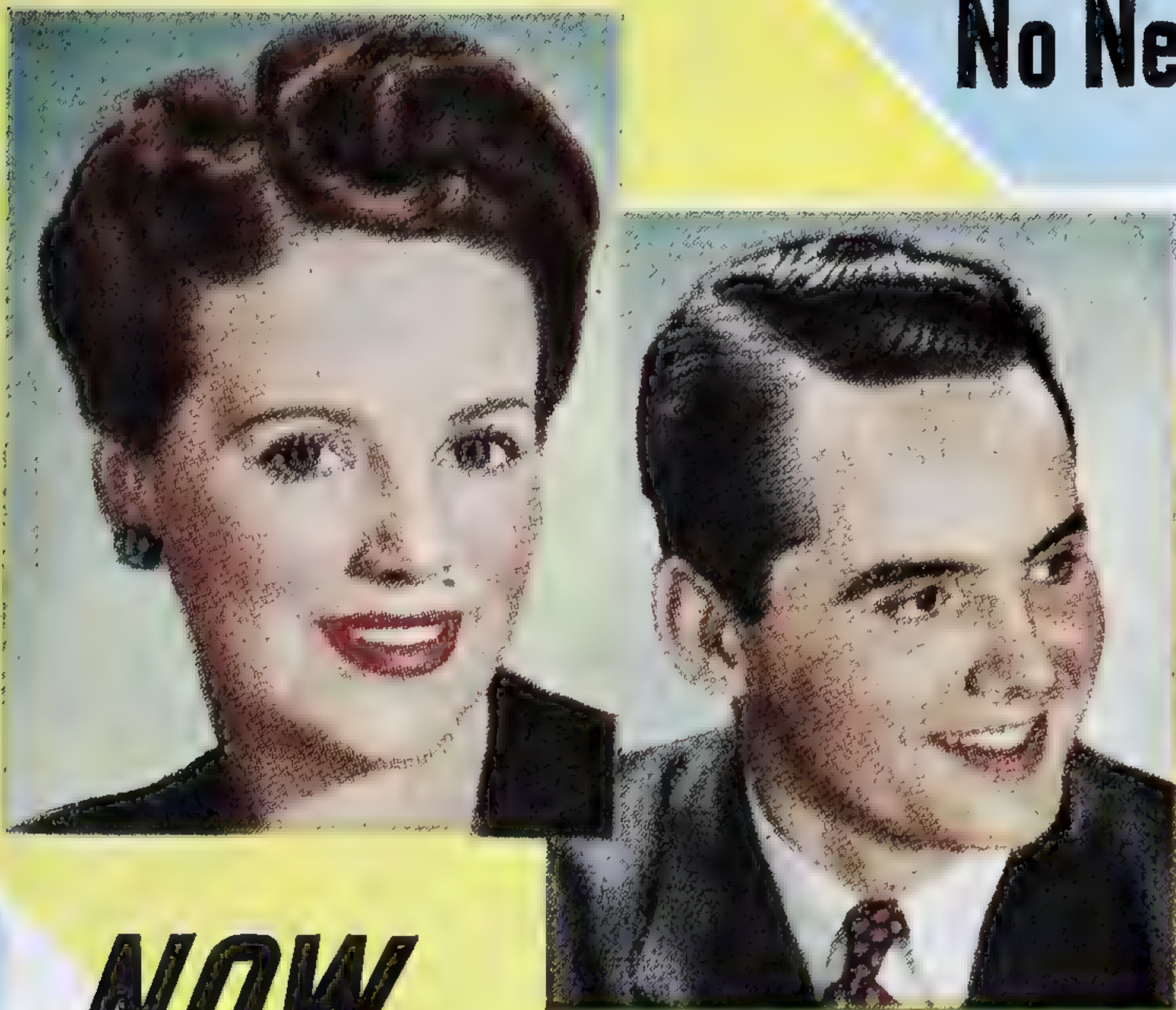
From his box high on the right of the theater, Edgar Bergen and his Charlie opened the proceedings with caustic comments upon the audience and event in general.

The singing of the "Star Spangled Banner" by Susanna Foster and the glorious effect of row upon row of WAVES, WACS, Marines and SPARs lined up on the stage as a monumental frame for Kay Kyser's music were the highlights of the evening—a gala and great evening, chosen by Hollywood to bestow honor and acclaim upon its own.



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### Comb Away Gray This Easy Way NEW

Attention!—all you folks who have gray hair! Did you know that in many occupations a more youthful appearance is a necessity, and that just a whole lot of people are let out of work every year because gray hair makes them look older than they really are? Now, you don't want that to happen to you, do you? Then, why not try KOLOR-BAK, that marvelous solution for artificially coloring gray hair that imparts color and charm to gray hair and makes you look years younger? All you have to do is to follow the simple, easy directions and sprinkle a few drops on your comb and comb it through your hair. If you would like to easily overcome your gray hair worries and handicaps, then decide at once to

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more attractive, or your money will be paid back in full. Make this wonderful no-risk Kolor-Bak test without delay, and see if you too are not quickly rewarded with hair that has color and charm, and free of the tell-tale gray that may now worry you.

**Solution for Artificially Coloring Gray Hair**



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Evelyn Keyes in "NINE GIRLS" A COLUMBIA PICTURE



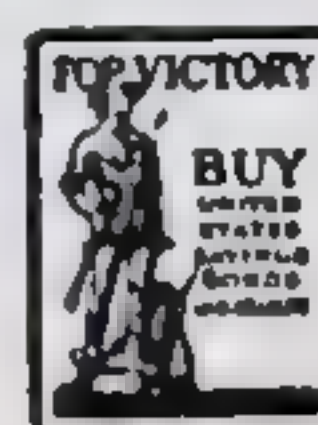
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Accent the beauty of your type...whether blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead...with your color harmony shade of *Max Factor Hollywood Powder*. It gives your skin the look of youthful loveliness...it creates a satin-smooth make-up...it stays on for extra hours. Try it today... *Max Factor Hollywood Face Powder*, one dollar.



**MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP  
...FACE POWDER, ROUGE AND TRU-COLOR LIPSTICK**





# The Shadow Stage

BY SARA HAMILTON

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, very good; three checks, outstanding



Strong dose: Farley Granger and Richard Loo in "The Purple Heart"

## ✓✓ The Purple Heart (Twentieth Century-Fox)

**B**EFORE our government announced the fate of the American fliers captured in Japan after their raid on Tokyo, Producer Darryl F. Zanuck took a terrific chance in picturing the horrors and final execution of our boys by the Japs. The result, now that the truth is known, is a movie shocking to the senses and one that must prove doubly so to those who have boys in Jap prison camps. But it's a movie we feel had to be made to rock us into the bitter realization of the true character of our yellow enemy.

From the moment our boys, led by their captain, Dana Andrews, walk into the Japanese civil court for trial, the story takes on strength, force and power due, in

part, to the magnificent performances of the boys (including Andrews, Farley Granger, Richard Conte, Kevin O'Shea, Donald Barry, Sam Levene, Charles Russell and John Craven) and in part to the superb direction and story construction.

Never once does one of the lads stray one inch from his character role. And never have supporting players rendered such service to a picture. Richard Loo heads the Chinese contingent portraying Japanese. Key Chang, Benson Fong and Tala Birell are all perfect in their contribution to this horribly realistic but superbly conceived movie.

Your Reviewer Says: Can you take it?

## ✓✓ See Here, Private Hargrove (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

**T**HAT best seller of Sergeant Marion Hargrove, now overseas with Uncle Sam's forces, is amusingly translated to the screen with Robert Walker in the title role and doing a bang-up job of it. There are many wholesome laughs and chuckles over the camp troubles of *Private Hargrove*, but there could have been even more if the story translators had adhered more closely to camp life and less to the love-in-the-big-city angle. However, the very novelty of a war story bearing to the comic side and *not*, thank the powers that be, having our hero a regenerated heel

through star-spangled mess duty, is worth three cheers and a rousing goody-goody from movie-goers.

Walker is really charming as the rookie who never seems to be able to get off his garbage-pail-cleaning detail. As a soldier he's a fine civilian. Keenan Wynn, who chisels his way through the writing efforts of *Private Hargrove*, is so good. Wynn is now a real private in Uncle Sam's forces. Donna Reed, as the girl in Hargrove's life, Robert Benchley, as her father, Ray Collins and Chill Wills add to a picture that we bet money will prove a hit.

Your Reviewer Says: At last, the funny side of it all.



Gay chuckler: Donna Reed, Bob Walker in "See Here, Private Hargrove"



Magnificent Western: Maureen O'Hara and Joel McCrea in "Buffalo Bill"

## ✓✓ Buffalo Bill (Twentieth Century-Fox)

**B**UFFALOES roamed the plains in those days, the Cherokees and the Sioux killed and plundered in revenge, the white man pushed farther and farther to the West and young Bill Cody, known as Buffalo Bill, roamed the canyons and the plains, at home in the West he knew and loved. And then came Louisa Frederici into his life with her senator father who had journeyed West to aid Eastern millionaires in their determination to take Indian lands for their railroads. Always believing in the Indian's rights, Cody nevertheless falls in love with and marries the Senator's daughter, played so well by Maureen O'Hara. His decision to fight with the United States Reserves against the Indians and leave her and their young son behind causes a separation between

the two, she journeying East with the baby.

Cody soon follows to receive the Congressional Medal from the President and receives instead defeat and humiliation at the hands of the scheming Easterners. The idea of his great Wild-West show, conceived by his friend, newspaperman Thomas Mitchell, leads him into an entirely new life, one that takes him all over the world.

The color, the most natural seen in many a day, the breath-taking beauty of our great West, the magnitude and scope of the production along with the fine performances of Joel McCrea, Linda Darnell, Edgar Buchanan and Anthony Quinn make it just about the best Western film we've witnessed since "Stage Coach."

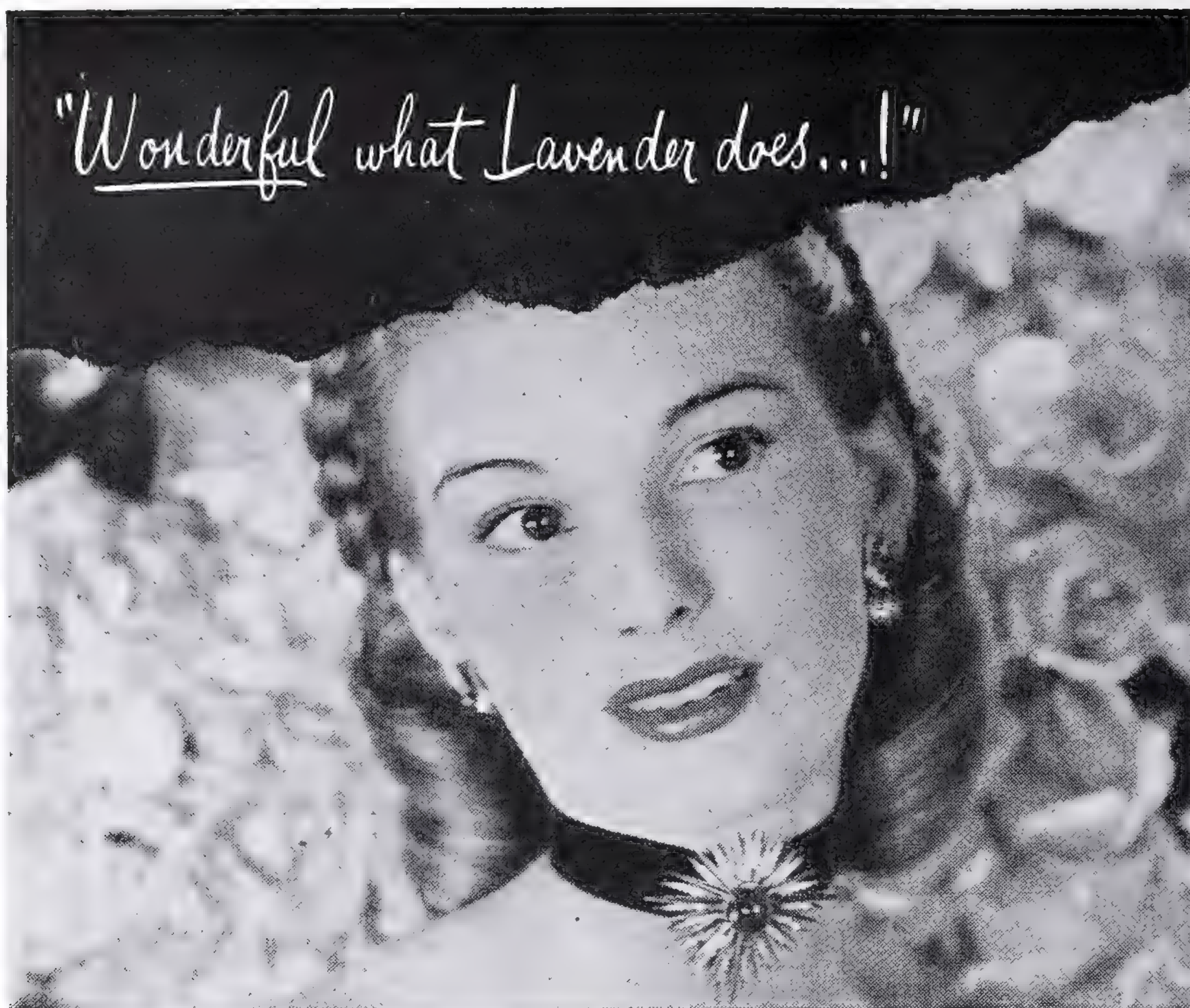
Your Reviewer Says: Magnificent.

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 22

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 118

For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 24





"Wonderful what Lavender does...!"

... lingers like the memory of a lovely,  
whirling waltz...  
lends a lifting touch to the most  
casual costume.  
Unaffected?  
Yes, but oh...  
Yardley English Lavender has all  
the wiles of a charmer's smile!

Yardley English Lavender, the lovable fragrance, \$3.75, \$2.50, \$1.50

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## ✓✓ The Negro Soldier (U. S. War Department)

**P**ROVING that we fight Hitlerism at home when we show that we are "one for all," this excellent picture made by the War Department under Frank Capra's banner presents one aspect of our country that gives Hitler the lie. It starts with the peace of a Sunday morning and the people walking sedately to church. The congregation is a cross section of the Negroes of the United States, from the old and devout to the young and eager, all listening intently to the little minister, splendidly played by Carlton Moss, who looks at the Service flag and takes as his text, "The Negro Soldier."

Beginning with Crispus Attucks, the first man to be killed in the Revolution, the historical drama rolls along, through the Spanish American War on to World War I, the 369th going over the top "with not a prisoner being taken," and so on down to Dorie Miller, the hero messman of Pearl Harbor and Sergeant Joe Louis leading his men in hurdle training.

The picture has a quiet humor and much dignity. It is accurate and beautiful and ends on a thunderous note of shouting music and marching men which makes your spine tingle and makes you proud of being an American.

Your Reviewer Says: Don't miss it!

## ✓ In Our Time (Warner Brothers)

**T**HE performances of Ida Lupino and Paul Henreid (especially Lupino) literally lift this story by its own bootstraps into a fairly engrossing tale. The first half of the story—which tells of Ida, secretary to an English antique dealer, meeting a young nobleman, Paul Henreid, in his native Poland—is charming and most attractive to the emotional senses. But after their marriage that brings on a flood of social and family problems, the story grows a paunch and settles down in carpet-slipped contentment to the usual fare of war and its effects on the various lives of the characters involved. We could have stood more love and less tragedy.

Again, we repeat, Lupino is superb, Henreid excellent, and Mary Boland, as the delightfully vulgar antique purchaser, a wow. Nancy Coleman as Henreid's sister and bearer of the old and antiquated standards of aristocracy is a first-class bore. Victor Francen, Nazimova and Michael Chekhov are wonderful people to have around, even in Poland.

Your Reviewer Says: Pretty slow going.

## The Bridge Of San Luis Rey (Bogaus-United Artists)

**F**OR two outstanding performances that occasionally highlight this heavy and wearisome story we gave our thanks. To Louis Calhern as *The Viceroy* and Akim Tamiroff as *Uncle Pio* we expressed appreciation for occasionally lifting the burden of a too long, too involved story of five people who were plunged to death when the bridge of San Luis Rey, after a century of endurance, suddenly gave way.

The priest, Donald Woods, who investigates the lives of the five victims, leaves his search exactly where he found it—with no solution. Lynn Bari isn't quite up to the role of *Micaela* nor does Francis Lederer qualify in a dual role. Nazimova, however, is excellent.

Your Reviewer Says: Too much water under the bridge.



## Weekend Pass (Universal)

IT'S light and floaty, this silly little dilly, like a champagne headache, but means no harm and renders none. It tells the story of a shipyard worker (Noah Beery Jr.) who, after eighteen months' strict adherence to duty, is given a weekend pass. After having lived in a shipyard barracks for all those months, he dreams of a soft bed and hot tub and just when he's about to achieve his dream, along comes Martha O'Driscoll running away from a grandfather who insists she join the WAVES when she wants to become a WAC. Poor Beery is dragged into the fracas time after time, never quite getting back to his bed and his bath.

Music wends its merry way into the melee with Martha and the Delta Rhythm Boys singing tunefully. George Barbier as the grandfather and Lotte Stein in a maid role are very good.

Your Reviewer Says: It's just one of those unpreventable things.

## ✓ Action In Arabia (RKO)

GEORGE SANDERS, who is English as crumpets, plays an American foreign correspondent whose friend is found slain in a Damascus camel market. (Could it have been the odor we wonder?) Right away George remembers several suspicious characters he has seen lurking about Damascus and, putting two and two together, with Virginia Bruce in the middle, he uncovers a plot hatched up by the Swastika boys to incite the Arabs against the Allies. His investigation takes him to the high sheik himself with, of course, Virginia along just for the heck of it.

Robert Armstrong as the American who pitches into the fracas for fun is amazingly good. Gene Lockhart is the fat old traitor, of course, and Lenore Aubert the shapely sheikess. It's all a lot of milarky, really, and not to be taken seriously under any circumstances.

Your Reviewer Says: We enjoyed it.

## ✓ Chip Off The Old Block (Universal)

ANYTHING Donald O'Connor appears in these days seems to take on a certain bouncing gaiety no matter how dull it really is underneath and, confidentially and between you and me, this is really a dully at heart.

It tells about Donald, a student at a military academy, meeting up with cutie-pie Ann Blyth, member of a theatrical family who have (unbeknown to the youngsters) always been allergic to the men in Donald's family. The attempts of the grandmother, Helen Broderick, and the mother, Helen Vinson, to keep Ann away from Donald form the basis for the story. Of course, there are the usual stage rehearsals dragged in by the heels with Peggy Ryan mugging, and tugging, and slugging it out with Donald. Miss Blyth sings quaintly but not too well. Arthur Treacher is the butler, naturally, and Minna Gombell the maid. Patric Knowles is très handsome as Donald's papa. But O'Connor himself is the show. What a bundle of jumping beans.

Your Reviewer Says: Not the best, nor the worst little comedy.

## Curse Of The Cat People (RKO)

MAMA, that cat lady is here again! But, alas, the charming meower, we are sorry to report, has tamed down to the extent where she is now playmate to a



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*Mrs. Ernest L. Biddle*



**Make-up "scuffed up"**—You know how scaly bits of dead skin scuff up and spoil your make-up. But did you ever realize what *dirt-catchers* those little roughnesses can be? Enough to dull and coarsen your whole complexion!



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**Fresher look . . . softer feel!** "My complexion seems brighter after a 1-Minute Mask!" exclaims Mrs. Biddle, of Philadelphia's youngest married crowd. "I love its lighter, finer textured look. And my face has a smoother finish, too—ready and waiting for clinging make-up!"

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THE MORE WOMEN AT WORK—THE SOONER WE WIN!

little girl (Ann Carter) who is perfectly entranced with the idea of a woman's turning into a cat (pooh, we've done that ourselves), but whose parents, Kent Smith and Jane Randolph, are horrified at the idea. We can see their point.

Simone Simon still plays *Irena*, the role she originated in the first story, "Cat People," which was a far, far better story than this little hocus-pocus.

Your Reviewer Says: Seven more lives to go, friends.

## Million Dollar Kid (Monogram)

**L**ITTLE Mr. Rich Boy runs around with a lot of hoodlums, among them Leo Gorcey, Huntz Hall and Gabriel Dell of those not yet dead Dead-End Kids, who perform all sorts of good deeds in their own little repugnant way; such as saving the kid's father from a slugging, exposing a faker posing as a French officer and teaching the lad himself, ably played by Johnny Duncan, the danger of traipsing about in bad company. Billy Benedict, who has joined the D. E. boys, Iris Adrian as a jealous sweetheart, and Louise Currie as the boy's sister, are pretty good.

Your Reviewer Says: Will this never stop?

## ✓ Passage To Marseille (Warner Brothers)

**H**ERE is a tale with action, force, drama and some of the best acting in a dog's age, with such players as Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Helmut Dantine, Philip Dorn, Peter Lorre and George Tobias united in an effort to tell their story to the best of their ability. And tell it they do. That the tale lacks the punch and innards to put it over the top best in war pictures is certainly not the fault of these performers, who are burdened down right from the start with endless Devil's

## Best Pictures of the Month

*The Purple Heart*

*See Here, Private Hargrove*

*Buffalo Bill*

*The Negro Soldier*

*Cover Girl*

*Going My Way*

## Best Performances

*Dana Andrews in "The Purple Heart"*

*Robert Walker in "See Here, Private Hargrove"*

*Joel McCrea in "Buffalo Bill"*

*Bing Crosby in "Going My Way"*

*Gene Kelly in "Cover Girl"*

*Barry Fitzgerald in "Going My Way"*



Island sequences. The story is told in flash-back fashion by Commander Claude Rains, at a camouflaged airport in England, to John Loder, newspaperman, and concerns the experiences of five men who escaped from Devil's Island to fight for the Free French. The men are picked up by a French freighter. Aboard is Sydney Greenstreet, a French colonel with Fascist leanings, Claude Rains, the strictly anti-Fascist officer, and Victor Francen, the ship's captain.

En route to Marseille, word is received aboard the ship that France has fallen. Mutiny and hand-to-hand fighting ensue among the men with Dantine, Bogart, Lorre, Dorn and Tobias on the side of the Captain who finally overcomes Colonel Greenstreet and takes his ship to England where the cargo, en masse, joins the R.A.F.

Every single actor is outstanding. Michele Morgan appears briefly in flash-backs as Bogart's wife.

Your Reviewer Says: Fine performances override the story.

### The Voodoo Man (Monogram)

**P**OOOR Bela Lugosi, doomed for life to play bogeymen in Hollywood horror pictures! He must wake up screaming at times. Anyway, in this one he's another mad doctor, the kind the Hollywoods are full of, who attempts to bring back his young wife, a zombie for twenty-two years, to real life by capturing pretty young girls and, by means of voodoo, transferring their will and spirits to mama zombie. You never heard such silly drum beating and voodoo chanting as George Zucco gives out with.

Wanda McKay and Louise Currie are pretty victims. Ellen Hall as the zombie wife is most attractive, dead or alive.

Your Reviewer Says: Tell me, do zombies pay income taxes?

### The Impostor (Universal)

**H**ERE'S a story that gets off to an impressive start and builds up gradually to a terrific letdown. Just what exactly does happen to "The Impostor" is difficult to say except that it suddenly leaves off entertaining to become a gosh darned bore despite the impressive personality of Monsieur Jean Gabin and the talented players including Richard Whorf, Allyn Joslyn, Ellen Drew and Peter Van Eyck.

The story has Gabin awaiting execution in a French prison when suddenly the prison is bombed by the Germans and Gabin escapes, dressed in the uniform of a French sergeant (killed in action). Using the sergeant's papers he works his way to a French seaport and takes a freighter to Dakar. At sea the stirring De Gaulle broadcast is heard by these men who join the Free French, as does Gabin. Eventually he becomes regenerated through patriotic loyalty and wouldn't you know it?

Ellen Drew, who threatens to expose Gabin (he eventually does stand trial) is very good. But the proceedings are too long drawn out for audiences to appreciate any individual performances. And honest, in our opinion, that's a fact.

Your Reviewer Says: Something happened back there at the crossroads.

### ✓ Knickerbocker Holiday (Producers' Corp. of America-United Artists)

**T**HE stage play that cheered New York audiences a season or two ago has been lifted bodily to the screen and the results  
(Continued on page 111)



*Doing your Bit...  
and a Little Bit More?*

**Trust a Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick  
to give life to your lips!**



**BY CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN**  
HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF TANGEE

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Lipstick WILL save you precious time — by bringing your lips an entirely new SATIN-FINISH...a soft, exquisite smoothness that lasts longer despite weather or work!

There's no need to ration yourself...on LOVELINESS. Choose the glorious Tangee shade that suits you best... Tangee Red-Red, Tangee Theatrical Red, Tangee Medium-Red, or Tangee Natural...And be sure to wear it together with its matching rouge...and your own right shade of the new Tangee PETAL-FINISH Face Powder.

**TANGEE** *Lipsticks*  
with the new Satin-Finish

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with the new Petal-Finish

NEEDLE HITLER WITH YOUR PIN MONEY — BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



# BRIEF REVIEWS

**Which  
Deodorant  
wins  
your vote?**

☐ CREAM? ☐ POWDER? ☐ LIQUID?

For ordinary uses, you may prefer one type of deodorant, your neighbor another. But for *one* purpose—important to *you* and to every woman—there's no room for argument.

## Use Powder for Sanitary Napkins

For while creams and liquids are suitable for general use, a *powder* is best for sanitary napkins. That's because a powder has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't retard napkin absorption.

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... created especially for this purpose—QUEST\* POWDER—soft, soothing, safe. It's the Kotex\* Deodorant, approved by the Kotex laboratories. Being unscented, it doesn't merely cover up one odor with another. Quest Powder destroys napkin odor completely. It's your *sure* way to avoid offending.



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POWDER**

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REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY  
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Good Housekeeping  
IF DEFECTIVE OR  
NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

**CRAMPS?**

Curb them each  
month with ...

**Kurb  
TABLETS**



COMPOUNDED ESPECIALLY FOR THIS USE!  
Take KURB tablets only as directed on the  
package and see how KURB can help you!  
Good for headaches, too



Two on a love match: Irene Dunne, Alan Marshall in "The White Cliffs"

✓✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED

✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE RATED "VERY GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

✓ INDICATES PICTURE RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

✓**ALI BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES**—Universal: You can relax at this little number that must have been made just for the fun of it. Jon Hall is the young Caliph of Baghdad who joins the band of Forty Thieves and leads them in their daring deeds against the cruel Mongol Khan. Maria Montez is the beauty who's supposed to marry the Khan but instead is captured by Hall. Turhan Bey is the faithful slave. (April.)

✓**AROUND THE WORLD**—RKO: Kay Kyser hasn't had a better vehicle than this picture of a camp tour, with his troupe including Mischa Auer, Joan Davis, Marcy McGuire, Wally Brown, Ivan Lebedeff and Georgia Carroll. Joan's routines are varied and funny. Marcy sings, and Kay's orchestra provides some swell music. (Feb.)

✓✓**BROADWAY RHYTHM**—M-G-M: A lavish musical, with George Murphy's dancing, Ginny Simms' singing, Rochester's clowning, Lena Horne's warbling, Tommy Dorsey's tooting, Gloria De Haven's trekking to stardom and Dean Murphy's impersonations. The songs are very good and so is everybody, but we could use a little more story and a few less people. (April.)

**CAREER GIRL**—P.R.C.: Frances Langford, stage-struck singer from Kansas City, is about to give up trying to crash Broadway and marry Craig Woods when her girl friends decide to finance her career for another try. She clicks, of course, and carries off Eddie Norris, playboy businessman, in the clicking. (March.)

✓**CASANOVA IN BURLESQUE**—Republic: Joe E. Brown, who teaches Shakespearean drama in an exclusive college by day, performs as a low comedian in burlesque at night. All goes well until the burlesque queen threatens to expose him just as he's about to launch his Shakespearean festival. June Havoc, Ian Keith and Marjorie Gateson join in the fun. (April.)

**CHARLIE CHAN IN THE SECRET SERVICE**—Monogram: Charlie Chan, the Chinese detective, played well by Sidney Toler, is in Washington this time to solve the murder mystery of the noted inventor of an infernal machine destined to end the U-boat menace. Gwen Kenyon, Marianne Quon and Benson Fong are also in the cast. (April.)

✓✓**CROSS OF LORRAINE, THE**—M-G-M: A

group of Frenchmen from every walk of life surrender to the Germans and find themselves in a concentration camp, where their bodies and spirits are slowly broken. Jean Pierre Aumont, Hume Cronyn as the collaborationist, Gene Kelly as the taxi driver, Richard Whorf as the interned doctor, and Joseph Calleia all do forceful work. (Feb.)

(Continued on page 114)

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# "Want to be a girl with **Date Appeal?**"

"This  
Beauty Care  
really makes skin  
lovelier"

**RITA  
HAYWORTH**

Star of Columbia Pictures  
"OVER GIRL"



MY **LUX SOAP** FACIALS  
MAKE SKIN **SMOOTHER!**  
COVER YOUR FACE  
GENEROUSLY WITH THE  
RICH LATHER, WORK  
IT IN THOROUGHLY.  
RINSE WITH WARM  
WATER, THEN COLD. PAT  
TO DRY.



**Rita Hayworth** gives you  
a tip you'll want to follow. In a  
recent test of this beauty care  
screen stars recommend, actu-  
ally 3 out of 4 complexions im-  
proved in a short time. Active-  
Lather Facials are quick and  
easy—and they really *work!*  
See if Lux Toilet Soap doesn't  
make *your* skin smoother,  
softer—more adorable!

## **DON'T WASTE SOAP!**

It's patriotic to help save soap.  
Use only what you need. Don't  
let your cake of Lux Toilet Soap  
stand in water. After using,  
place it in a dry soap dish.  
Moisten last sliver and press  
against new cake.

*You* want the loveliness that wins Romance. Screen  
stars know men always respond to the charm of skin  
that's smooth, adorable. Give *your* precious skin gentle  
Lux Toilet Soap care! You'll find it pays!

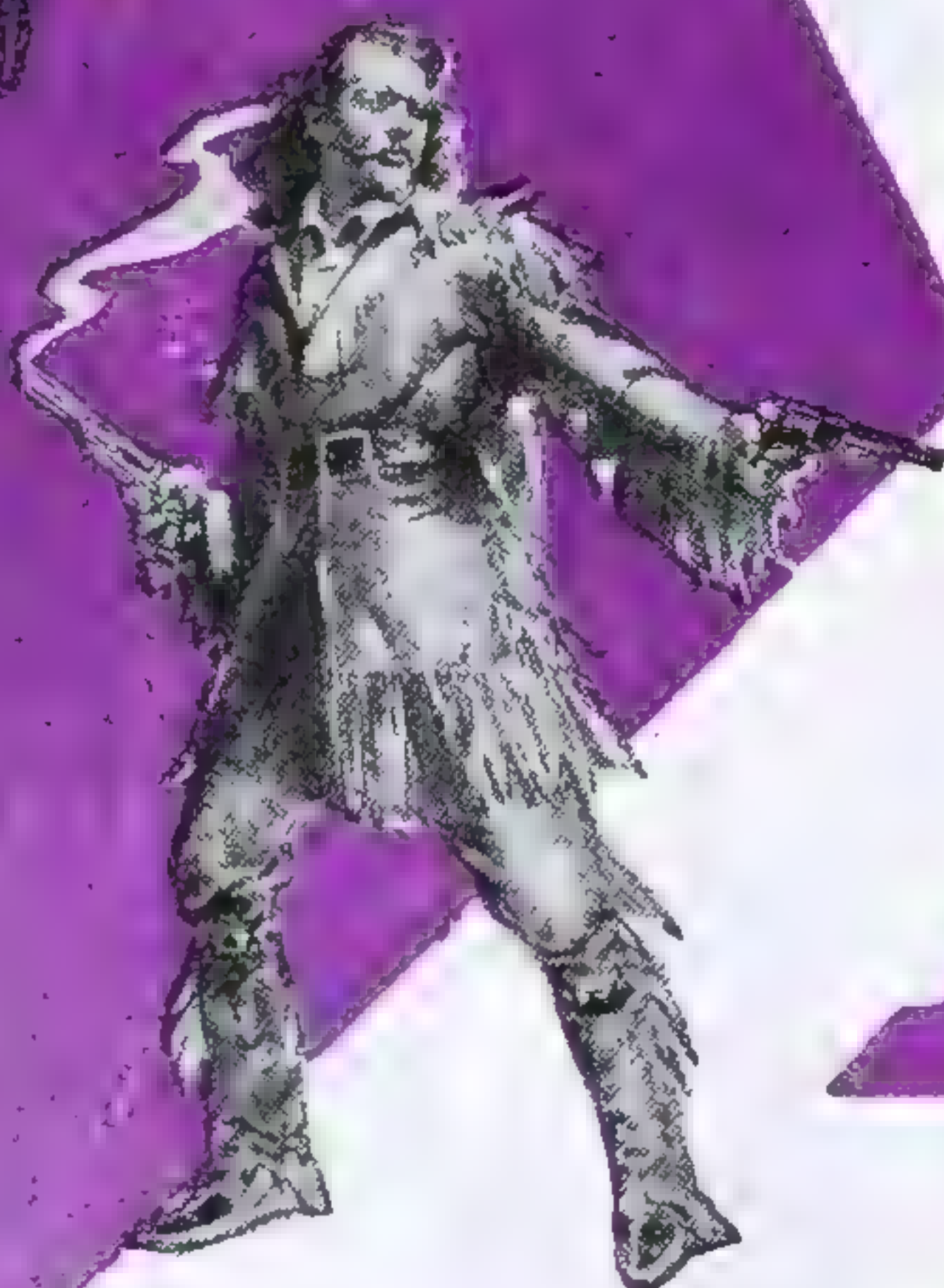
**Lux Toilet Soap L-A-S-T-S...It's hard-milled! 9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it**



# 20th

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## in **BUFFALO BILL** IN TECHNICOLOR



with Thomas Mitchell • Edgar Buchanan • Anthony Quinn

Directed by WILLIAM A. WELLMAN • Produced by  
HARRY A. SHERMAN • Screen Play by Aeneas MacKenzie, Clements Ripley and Cecile Kramer

DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S PRODUCTION OF

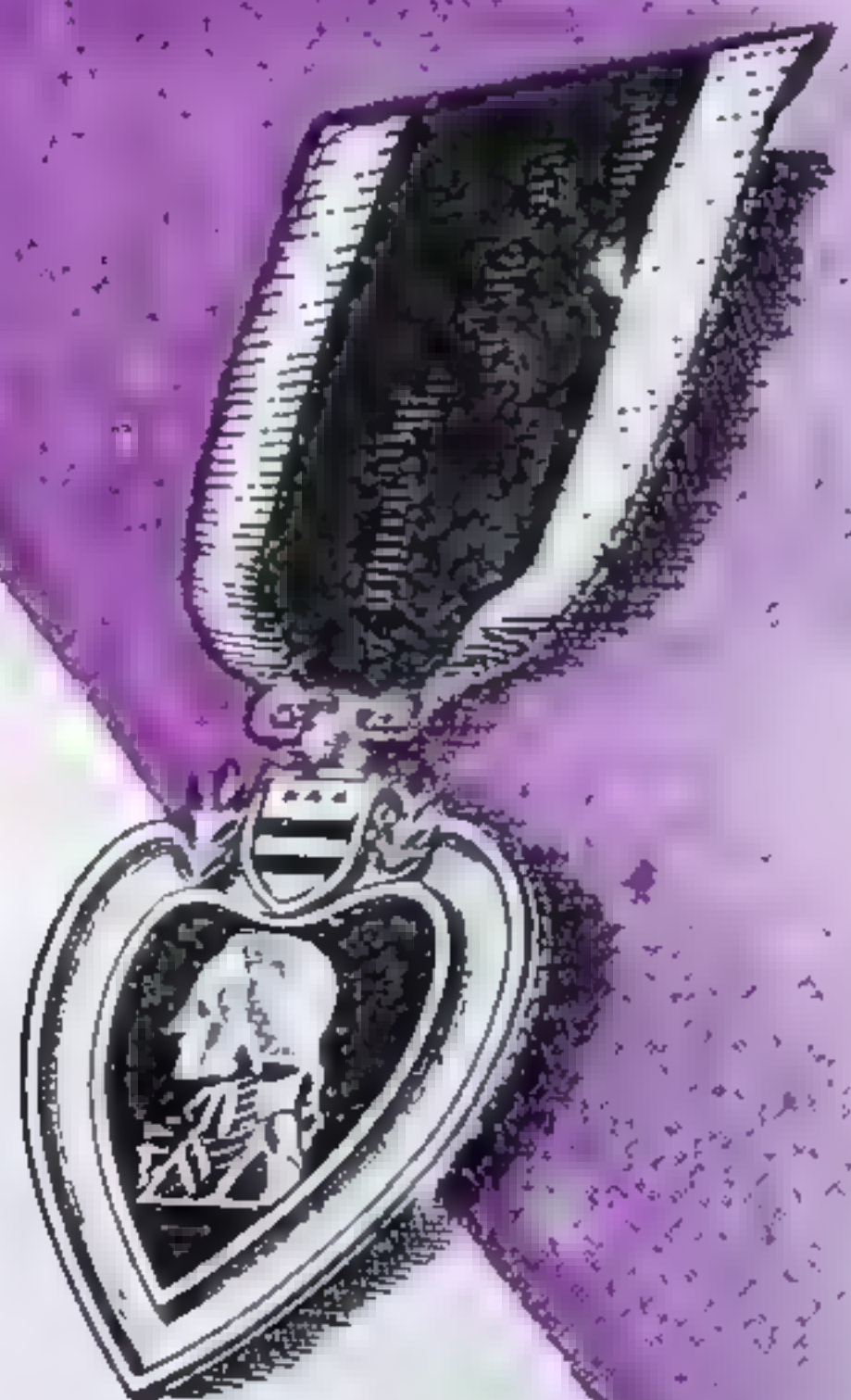
## **THE PURPLE HEART**



Directed by LEWIS MILESTONE

with  
DANA ANDREWS • RICHARD CONTE • FARLEY GRANGER • KEVIN  
O'SHEA • DONALD BARRY • TRUDY MARSHALL • SAM LEVENE  
Written for the Screen by Jerome Cady • Technical Adviser Otto Tolischus

*Yanks Bomb Tokyo!*



*Hollywood goes  
"Over There!"*



## **FOUR JILLS IN A JEEP**

Featuring

Kay Francis • Carole Landis • Martha Raye  
Mitzi Mayfair with Jimmy Dorsey and His Orchestra  
John Harvey • Phil Silvers • DICK HAYMES

and the  
Guest Stars ALICE FAYE • BETTY GRABLE  
CARMEN MIRANDA • GEORGE JESSEL



WATCH FOR THESE AND OTHER BIG HITS FROM **20th** CENTURY-FOX



## LITTLE MISS JAMES

*Scoop!* Ten days before the first photographer was allowed to enter Betty Grable's hospital room Photoplay stopped its presses to give you this account of the birth of Hollywood's newest princess

BY JANET BENTLEY

BETTY GRABLE and Harry James have become the parents of a baby girl whose coming into the world has caused more nation-wide interest than any other baby since the last royal birth.

The baby's name is Victoria Elizabeth James—Victoria because Betty was named Vicki in the picture, "Springtime In The Rockies," in which she and Harry James met. If the baby had been a boy, his name would have been Robert Anthony James, after Harry's father. Victoria was born on March 3 at 4:55 in the morning, weighing seven pounds and twelve ounces; and she was nineteen inches long. She was finally delivered by a Caesarian operation after her mother had been in labor for almost seventeen hours.

The day before, everything was going along as usual in the James household. Betty and Harry had had a late evening at home playing cards with friends, which has been their customary evening pastime for the last few months. Betty fixed breakfast for herself and Harry as always—since, like many another American wife, she had been without servants for some months. She had hardly finished washing the breakfast dishes before she went slowly into the library where Harry was reading the papers.

"Harry," she said, "I think I'd better go to the hospital . . . and I'm scared stiff!"

That was all Harry had to hear. He jumped for the telephone and twenty minutes later (at noon sharp) the quiet neighborhood was roused by an ambulance siren. Betty was carried off to the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital, with Harry right behind in his station wagon. Completely forgotten was her carefully chosen hospital wardrobe—including pastel fingertip nightgowns which she had bought in

satin and chiffon to wear in bed. They are something new: A combination bedjacket and nightgown with wrist-length full sleeves and skirt that is cut off two inches above the knees. Betty had intended to wear hers throughout her confinement. Instead, she was soon dressed in the cotton invalid nightgown of the hospital—and she was too sick to care.

THE seventeen-hour vigil was spent by Harry and Mr. and Mrs. Grable in a miserable huddle, augmented at nightfall by Henry Rogers, Harry's publicity agent. Harry let the others do the pacing; he spent the entire seventeen hours sitting in a chair with his white face in his hands—except for three breaks in the pattern. At 4:15 in the afternoon and at 8:15 at night he had to rush off to his radio broadcasts; and at four in the morning he finally left the hospital with Henry Rogers long enough to go to a drive-in where he ate his first meal in sixteen hours—ham and eggs and coffee. The two men brought cartons of hot coffee and wrapped sandwiches back to Betty's parents and continued sitting until Dr. George Harris came out to ask Harry's permission to perform a Caesarian. Shortly after the operation started the baby was born; and an hour later Betty was off the delivery table.

Her first words to the doctor, after she learned it was a girl, were: "How much did she weigh?" and her first words to her husband and mother were, "I'm lucky again."

By which she meant that she was lucky it was a girl, which she had dearly wanted. Also, she had wanted, as she had often told Harry, "a fat little girl—not a skinny one." So she was completely happy. Besides, a week-old hunch that it

would be a girl had come true. Because of the hunch, she had bought pink yarn so that she could knit a little dress at the hospital.

Not that Victoria needs any new clothes, or new toys, or new anything at all except some furniture. For three weeks before her birth she was the subject of a baby shower to end all baby showers. It was given by Mrs. Darryl Zanuck, at her huge Santa Monica home, and twenty girls were invited. To it Betty wore a blue gabardine butcher-boy suit and white shoes, and left her blonde hair hanging long and straight to her shoulders—the way Harry likes it best. The minute she walked in she got the worst case of stage fright she had ever had, simply over the loveliness of the party in her honor.

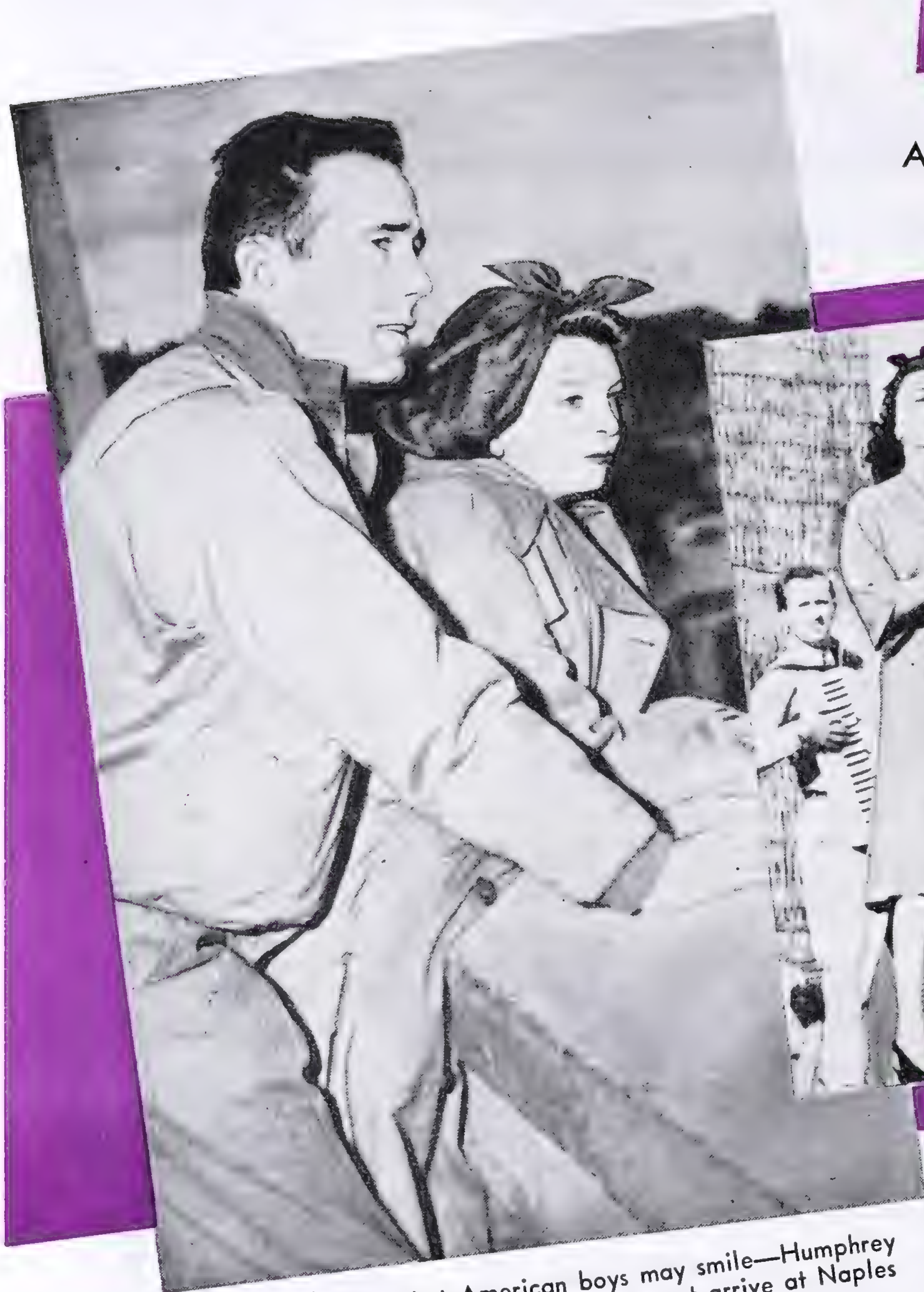
ALL the smaller presents were hanging on a tiny tree like a Christmas tree which stood in the center of the great living room. On it were a pair of white boxing gloves, some woolly child's toys, rattles and small packages. And beside it, on the floor, was a huge pink beach umbrella opened up and lined in satin. This held all the larger gifts, a high chair in white, pink and blue; a bathroom set donated by the three Zanuck children and consisting of a tray filled with crystal bottles trimmed in pink and blue. Mrs. Zanuck herself had given Betty two sets of baby-and-mother twin bed-jackets, one in pink and one in blue. Then, for good measure, she'd added a rubber bathinette.

But that was hardly all. Mary Livingston Benny was there with a pink and blue comforter and two fluffy lace pillows. Mrs. Jack Warner presented her with a miniature brush and comb set. Lynn Bari needed help to carry in a play-pen with blue pads tufted with pink. Mrs. Mac (Continued on page 74)



# Bogie—

Another Photoplay scoop! Ten



That American boys may smile—Humphrey and Mayo Bogart arrive at Naples



"We played in all kinds of places..." The Bogarts give their show on a rough wicker platform

BY MAYO

**B**OGIE and I have just come back from Africa and Italy. At the very first opportunity we would like to do it again. Not necessarily to the same places, but anywhere where our boys are sweating and bleeding and dying, and being wonderful all the time.

It's no picnic, going on those entertainment trips, and don't let anyone tell you it is. We slept in blankets on floors, we bounced in jeeps for endless hours over incredibly rough roads, we trudged through mud, and still did our stuff—meaning we gave shows—when we could hardly hold our heads up from fatigue. It was the greatest thing that has ever happened to us. It was an eye-opener and a heart-opener.

It makes me laugh—and it's a pretty bitter laugh I might add—

when people ask Bogie and me if we had a tough time. I would like to be able to give them an idea of what "tough" really means. I wish I could take some of my friends into the hospital tents where we were taken, a few miles behind the lines, and let them see the expression on the faces of these boys in one particular tent when they opened their eyes and saw Bogie standing by the bed. They looked up and smiled. Before we entered the doctor whispered to us, "These are the bad cases. A good many will be dead tomorrow." Yet they looked up and smiled!

I don't want to sound dramatic. I don't want to preach to anyone. All I want to do is to give some kind of a report on what we saw and heard and felt, because I think there must be a lot of you who aren't so

lucky as we were who will want to know what these boys—our boys—are thinking and feeling and saying.

And when I say boys I don't mean them exclusively. I mean the women, too; the Red Cross workers and the Army nurses and all the others who are in there.

Take the Army nurses, for example. I hadn't read much about them in the papers or heard others talk about them. I had some sort of vague idea they just flitted in and around the hospitals or played pinochle with the convalescents.

Well, let me tell you this. I met nurses who wore as many as four landing stars on their blouses. Do you know how you get a landing star? You get it in an invasion when you go along with the boys in the landing boats, when you are shot at



# Over There!

thrilling weeks with Humphrey Bogart behind the front lines as told by his wife

Below: An interview in Algiers



Center of attraction in the center of the town—Mayo and Bogie look over the Casablanca signpost



Above: "Hello, America" to the Bogarts from a Casablanca group

## METHOT BOGART

and bombed and machine-gunned, when you jump over the side of the boat into the surf up to your chest in water and wade ashore so that you can be on hand to take care of the wounded as they fall. Four landing stars I've seen on these nurses. I've seen them behind the lines in the hospital tents, working in eight and ten and twelve-hour shifts at the operating tables, and I've seen them sitting patiently by the side of some cot writing letters home for a boy who has no arms, or reading to them; or just sitting and saying nothing because some boy wants to feel their presence.

In one of the hospital tents we stopped by the bed of one kid. A nurse was writing a letter for him. The kid was wide-eyed when he saw Bogie. He had the biggest blue eyes

you ever saw. The nurse told us she was writing to this kid's girl. They had become engaged when he left for overseas. Now he was writing to her, but he was worried. He had a problem. Should he tell her? The nurse was trying to persuade him to tell her. "Tell her what?" I asked. Then it was explained. The kid had lost both legs and one arm. He was afraid to tell his girl.

We went to work on that boy. Bogie said, "Do you think it's going to make any difference to her? She loves you and the only thing that matters is that you come home." The boy smiled. He asked us shyly if we would write our autographs on the letters. I wrote a note on the letter. I wrote, "Bogart and I are here and your fiance is fine. He is having the best of care and will be

home to you soon." Bogie and I both signed it. The kid decided to tell her the truth.

Things like that make you never forget. And while I'm on the subject of writing letters I wish I could make every girl who has a boy friend overseas realize how terribly important it is to write to them, often, all the time. Write, write, write. These boys must know that they'll be welcome when they get back, no matter what shape they're in. They need that reassurance, so give it to them.

"Home" is the constant topic of conversation among the boys, wounded or otherwise. Naturally this is an even more engrossing subject among those whose wives have had babies since they went overseas. At one (Continued on page 86)



# *The art of being Arthur*



The simple truth about that "complex" Jean Arthur, told by the famous writer who really knows how to approach a "difficult" star





The very night the papers announce Jean Arthur and husband Frank Ross never go out, you'll find them having a gay time together in a night club

by *Louella O. Parsons*



WHEN Paramount was first casting around for a star for "Lady In The Dark" a barbed-tongued Hollywood femme said: "Jean Arthur should do it. She needs that free psychoanalysis more than Ginger Rogers!"

It was a nasty crack—but in a sense it indicated the way a great many people in Hollywood felt about Jean. Because they didn't know or understand her, she was down in many little black books as difficult, temperamental, aloof, hard to deal with and, at the kindest, "eccentric."

All of which didn't make a darned bit of difference to Jean. She just kept going her own way, which consisted of minding her own business, making good movies and appearing minus make-up and with her hair uncurled when she felt like it.

Sometimes one of her few close friends rushed to her rescue by saying she suffered from an "inferiority complex." Personally, I could never swallow that one about any actress. Acting is the career of an extrovert—to use another good ten-dollar psychiatric word. I've never been able to see why any girl who goes out in the world and gets to the top of her profession, particularly a profession which requires her to face the public and brook public criticism, should be painted as a shy little violet suffering the pangs of "inferiority." If glamorous, beautiful movie stars suffer from "inferiority," what, for heaven's sake, must

the rest of us be suffering from?

But, no doubt about it, Jean didn't conform. For one thing she hated publicity. She was harder to "get" than Garbo. Yet, out of the blue she might grant a surprised scribe a whale of a story! Other writers, thinking Jean might have had a change of heart, would put in their bids. But by this time she would have lapsed back into "aloofness" again.

She has repeatedly turned down invitations to parties, even the swankiest and most social. And then for no particular reason she popped up at a masquerade party at the Tennis Club one Halloween, done up like Sis Hopkins in pigtails—and had the time of her life.

It has been printed that she and her husband Frank Ross never go to night clubs. But the very day that flat statement breaks in print Jean is just as liable as not to be ringside at the Mocambo with Frank, letting the candid camera boys snap informal pictures of her by the dozens!

A certain stylist once said that Jean Arthur was the most carelessly dressed woman in Hollywood. She has a mania for slacks and bandanas. And yet I have seen her walk in unexpectedly at Romanoffs looking like a fashion plate.

No, I have never believed that Jean Arthur suffered from any kind of a complex—unless you want to call doing exactly what you want to do at exactly the time you

feel like doing it a "complex."

In Hollywood we have known each other casually for many years—but I don't believe I got an inkling of what makes Jean tick until we both happened to be in New York about the same time several months ago. One of my scouts on the Coast had passed on the "hot" tip that Jean and Frank might be having matrimonial trouble and thought I should double-check it.

I knew she was staying at the Hampshire House, a bit of information I had picked up from my newspaper pals in New York who were pretty hot under the collar at her. It was the same old complaint—Jean wouldn't give interviews or co-operate. They had dealt through press agents and the usual ambassadors and were getting exactly nowhere.

So I thought I would try a different approach. I merely picked up a telephone, called the Hampshire House, asked for Jean—and got her without going through a secretary!

I began: "I'd like to see you a little while this afternoon, Jean—"

"Well, then," came back that guileless little-girl voice that all her movie fans know so well, "why don't you come on over? I'll order up some sandwiches and cake for us."

You never know your luck!

She was waiting for me in her suite when I arrived an hour later, looking extremely smart in a tailored suit, her soft blonde hair falling almost to (Continued on page 98)



# THE TRUTH ABOUT THE

A thought-provoking report on whether Hollywood



Glenn Ford was going along fine at boot camp until the evening that movie was shown



Honorably discharged because of ill health, Alan Ladd may still return to Army duties



What Jimmy Stewart promised in London is a sure indication of how he's fighting the war

THIS report begins with an evening at Mocambo where men from all branches of the service—the majority with heavy duty behind them and orders in their pockets calling for more ahead—are savoring for a few hours the music, lights and laughter of a civilized world.

A group of photographers cluster about a young lieutenant. Flash bulbs explode light. At one of the tables a senior officer stops a cameraman.

"Who," asks the senior officer, "is the much-bephotographed young man?"

"Why, that's Lieutenant Bob Stack, U. S. N. R.," explains the photographer. "He's one of our Hollywood boys."

"Ah-h!" rumbles the senior officer. "Fighting the war in the Mocambo!"

"Lieutenant Stack," says the photographer, "is on five days' leave, after sixteen months' active service!"

Is this small incident a true barometer of what is going on in the minds of uniformed men as well as civilians in connection with Hollywood's men in the armed forces?

"Find out the truth," instructed Photoplay's editors, "about the Hollywood actor in service. Does he get the breaks, or is he on the spot? Investigate the cases of screen-actor service men held, even temporarily,

in this country. Do all those cases show military necessity? Is it possible for any motion-picture company to exert influence about a valuable actor 'property'? What about actors discharged from the services for medical reasons? If there's anything wrong, we must find out."

Let's take this question first: "Does the Hollywood actor in the armed services get the breaks, or is he on the spot?"

From many sources comes the answer that, at least in the beginning, he is definitely on the spot.

The outstanding case of a Hollywood man's having to do it the hard way is Tony Martin. Tony, while in the Navy, was called as a witness in the court-martial of an officer accused of having persuaded young Navy men to give him presents—because he presumably could influence their careers.

You'd have thought from some of the headlines that Tony was on trial; actually, no charge was ever made against him. Four other witnesses also testified. They have gone on to

wherever their careers took them, without further spotlight, but Tony has been more or less pilloried by publicity ever since.

Tony wanted to get two facts into the official record: First, that his rating as chief specialist was given him in Washington; second that, far from having ever sought a "soft berth," as might have been inferred from his being a witness in this particular trial, he had from the start applied for overseas duty. Under strict court-martial procedure, neither of these facts was pertinent to the trial of the accused officer—and *Tony wasn't on trial*. Therefore, the testimony that would have cleared him was inadmissible. (Incidentally, the accused officer was not found guilty, so far as any announced findings went, but was transferred to the inactive list.)

Tony, nervous to the point of illness tried so desperately to get into the record the facts Fearless has here revealed that he may well have been considered a nuisance. Then, wanting a new chance where all this mix-up would be behind him, he ap-



# STARS IN SERVICE

stars get "different" treatment in the armed forces

BY

"*Fearless*"



A very different case from that of any other Hollywoodite in the service is John Payne's



Doug Fairbanks' recent actions have definitely stopped that under-cover talk of "tin soldiers"



Explained at last to a wondering public—the strange events in Tony Martin's service-man career

plied again for overseas duty and was denied. Once more, playing unsmart, he, according to rumor, cracked that he wanted to be out of the Navy and in the Army, unless given a real opportunity. The Navy obliged and honorably discharged him.

On leaving, Tony received the honor of a final lunch with the "Chiefs" with whom he had worked at Mare Island, and who knew him best. They sent him away with comradely good wishes. He was to receive an even greater testimonial.

On every man's record, when honorably discharged from the Navy, appears his "rating." The highest possible rating for any Navy man is 4.0. Men are considered definitely super if they achieve 3.8 or even 3.7. The other—4.0—compares to a boy who gets 100 in all his classes, is alert, has regard for, and the regard of, his fellows, plus irreproachable character! Tony Martin's discharge from the Navy (Fearless has seen the original document) bears that almost mythical perfect rating—4.0.

Tony then entered the Army as a buck private and, through military proficiency and excellent conduct, became eligible after six months for Officers' Candidate School. He appeared before a board of six officers, told frankly the whole Navy story and asked that, unless his record was considered thoroughly clear, he not be sent to O. C. S. A two-months investigation followed, at the end of which his entrance papers to the O. C. S. stated he was chosen because he "had the qualities essential to officer material."

At 6 p. m., January 7, 1944, the 500 cadets in that O. C. S. (at Miami) had turned in their old uniforms. Next morning they would receive their commissions. Shortly after six Tony received by messenger his graduation certificate and grades—he stood third in that class of 500! His soldierly qualities were evidenced by the fact that he had been a cadet officer since the first month in school. Notwithstanding all this, *he didn't get his commission.* He left Miami a corporal (as he had

arrived) and—his lips tightly buttoned—reported to Seymour Johnson Field, North Carolina. Behind him he left tumult and furor. Several cadets threatened to refuse their commissions because of what had happened to Tony, though they were later talked into sense, and a group of graduate cadets filed a written protest with General H. H. Arnold, head of the Army Air Force. Columnist Ed Sullivan sizzled in print on Tony's behalf and Walter Winchell suggested a Congressional investigation.

Within a month after reporting to his new post, Tony (this guy never gives up!) was promoted to staff sergeant.

Fearless now makes public a fact never hitherto printed: On February 5, 1944, the Seymour Field authorities issued Tony a citation setting forth that he, "as a reward for demonstrated ability through faithful and exact performance of duty, efficiency through capacity to produce desired results, and whose behavior has been such as to deserve emulation, is awarded the Good Conduct Medal." Such a medal, three white stripes on red, is awarded only on the basis of a full year's record, therefore, Tony's award must cover, among other periods, all the time he spent in the Miami O.C.S.

Fearless (Continued on page 91)

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M  
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# Our child must not hate

BY

Jane Wyman

A new "mother" code—one every man will support as strongly as Ronald Reagan

**M**Y three-year-old daughter, Maureen, was disciplining her doll. "She's a bad dolly," she announced, firmly. "I hate her!"

Something inside me turned cold at the word "hate." I know child psychologists nowadays tell us it's healthy for children to work off their frustrations by occasionally expressing "hate" for the concrete things around them. But I've never been able to sell myself on the idea that such a theory couldn't be carried too far.

When Ronnie came in a little later I was still disturbed. He understood instantly and presently we talked with the baby, gently and casually, about how "hate" might hurt her doll and how it would certainly hurt her—Maureen.

It wasn't that we made a mountain out of the remark of a baby, a remark which was undoubtedly a parrot repetition of something she had heard someone else say. It was simply that the word "hate" has an unbearable significance for me. Ronnie knew that and he agreed with me that it was something which must not be allowed to become a part of our child's life or consciousness.

For that matter, I think every modern mother must be thinking about these things just now when the world is filled with hatred; when normally cheerful, good-natured young men are being systematically taught to kill casually and efficiently. She must be wondering how she can equip her child mentally so that its mind won't be poisoned, its life warped by these things. And she probably begins, as I do, with personal experiences and emotions.

For every woman wants her child to grow up to be wise and cheerful and happy. Everyone wants to protect her baby from whatever bitterness and frustrations she suffered in her own childhood. I am determined that my child shall not grow up with hurt and bewilderment and hate in her heart!

I know I can't protect her from

Maureen Elizabeth, aged three, child of Jane Wyman and soldier Ronald Reagan

every hurt and disappointment. So I must try to make her ready to protect herself.

A dreadful thing happened to me when I was a child in school. Dreadful only because of what it did to me mentally. It wasn't important in itself. It had to do with a note which was passed to me by another girl at school and which was intercepted by the teacher. The teacher read it and gathered from it that the two of us were planning to run away from home. It seemed serious to her and presently we were called up to talk to the principal. Then our mothers were notified and in due course we were both suspended from school.

Family feuds grew out of it. Our mothers weren't speaking. The other little girl, whom I had considered my best friend, managed to put the blame squarely on me and no one had time to hear my version. I was bewildered and dreadfully frightened and I felt misunderstood and completely alone.

Actually I don't think we had the faintest notion of running away. All

children discuss it at one time or another. But there was so much confusion and recrimination, I felt that I could never trust or confide in anyone again. That is a dreadful conclusion for a little girl to reach!

It followed me through my formative years, poisoned my life and my whole outlook until I met and married Ronnie. I *must* teach my child to protect herself against distrust and disbelief in other people. That you have to do at home. Home must be the place where you talk things over and get them straight in your mind. It mustn't be a place where stern (Continued on page 83)



PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR'S  
COLOR PORTRAIT GALLERIES



Ronald Reagan



Father in khaki: Ronald Reagan, husband of Jane Wyman, father of Maureen Elizabeth





Miss Lamarr greets husband John Loder as he comes home from the studio. She likes to wear peasant-type clothes around the house



She likes desserts—and anything else husband John has happened to order from a cafe menu

# Handbook

**H**EDY LAMARR is the actress in Hollywood who has no servant problem. She has a maid, Mary, who simply adores her.

In fact, Mary gives her gifts. Often she will come home from work at the studio and find a neat little package on her dressing table waiting for her, or coming down to breakfast in the morning there will be a package. Opening it, she discovers that it is a gift from Mary.

"You shouldn't do that," says Hedy, over and over.

Mary doesn't do it because she is impressed by the fact that she is working for an actress. "I do it," Mary once told Hedy, "because I love to look at you."

She is lovely to look at. There's no argument about that. The movie fans will tell it to you, and so will the soldiers, sailors and Marines who visit the Hollywood Canteen. For this glamour girl, who used to eat from gold plates, now serves food to American service men at the Can-



She'll sit for hours listening to classical recordings, is a great friend of composer Antheil



She studies her lines by repeating them for John. She always rehearses her scenes at home with her husband



She writes poetry—secretly—mixes her own perfumes and designs jewelry as a hobby

on Hedy



## The Cover Girl BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

The noted writer and newspaper columnist

write on the pictures of their girl friends. The soldier replied, "Then we have a picture of our favorite girl and the signature of our favorite actress."

It was at the Canteen, in the typical American way, that she met her love and husband, John Loder.

It was on a Christmas Day at the Canteen and, after being introduced, Loder gave her the usual line: "What lovely hands you have!" They chatted. He took her home. Wanted to make a date with her. She replied, "See you next Friday night at the Canteen." She figured that if she got bored with him it would not be so bad at the Canteen. She didn't. The romance started.

They were both working in pictures when they decided to get married. She had to play a scene for "The Heavenly Body" before she rushed off to meet him. The script

called for Spring Byington to read her horoscope aloud to her during the shower bath. Miss Byington read: "Today's date is a momentous one for you. You have, tonight, a surprise in store for you."

John Loder's picture, "One More Tomorrow," had suspended production for rewriting. Loder, who wears a mustache in the picture, phoned the make-up department before the wedding and said: "Hedy insisted that I shave off my mustache. I understand the picture starts re-shooting in a few days. Make up a prop mustache for me. I'm getting married tonight and won't have time to grow one."

HER real name is Hedy Kiesler and she was born in Vienna on November 9, 1915. She is five feet seven inches tall, weighs 128 pounds, has dark brown hair, and her eyes, usually gray, change from that color to a pale green.

She doesn't (Cont'd on page 75)



# Thanks for today

Some expert ideas from a woman  
who has learned how to make people  
love her—the Nordic Ingrid Bergman

BY ELEANOR MORRISON



"Good wife"—  
Ingrid, married  
to Dr. Lindstrom

**A** FEW weeks before Christmas Ingrid Bergman sat beside her fire with Doctor Peter Lindstrom, her husband, and little five-year-old Pia.

"It must be awful," said Pia, "to be away from home at Christmas." Doctor Lindstrom rested his hand on Pia's small head. "Think how lonely it will be for all the soldiers who will be far from home this year," he said.

"If you had to be away, Mommie would be the one you would want to see most in all the world, wouldn't she?" Pia asked.

The doctor nodded. "Which brings me to something I've been thinking about . . . Don't you think, Pia, that we should let Mommie visit the soldiers this Christmas?"

"But what could I do to entertain them?" Ingrid asked. "I'm not a dancer or a singer."

"Tell them the stories you tell me!" suggested Pia excitedly.

Thus last Christmas Ingrid Bergman stood on an improvised platform in a hut somewhere in the frozen wastes of Alaska telling men—many of whom hadn't seen a woman in two years—the wonderful stories of Hans Christian Andersen.

"So it came to pass," she concluded, "that the ugly duckling grew up to be a beautiful swan and moved in white beauty over the lake's still waters. . . ."

The men crowded around her. Many had completely lost the weary look they had worn when they came in. All eyes were shining. Hands were outstretched eagerly.

"Thanks for today, Miss Bergman," they said. "Today has been wonderful."

Actually they voiced Ingrid's personal philosophy in those words. She is forever saying, in effect, "Thanks for today. Today has been wonderful." Tomorrow in her book is something you face when it becomes today. It isn't that she fears the future. She simply relishes the present and believes, wholeheartedly, that one day at a time is all anyone can be alive to. "Live in the future, live in the past," she says, "and the special happiness any single day brings is gone before you appreciate it."

A viewpoint worth looking into at any time, now especially. . . .

A viewpoint which has contributed much to the very special Bergman charm. For there's magic about Ingrid. People have a special feeling for her, even those who know her only on the screen. They smile when speaking of her. Whether she plays a bad girl or a good girl, she projects a personality that warms hearts.

This human quality could be no better illustrated than by what happened when, through a reversal in casting, she was given Zorina's role of *Maria* in "For Whom The Bell Tolls" after Zorina already had started work. Hemingway had wanted Ingrid for *Maria* from the first. Ingrid had also wanted the part, desperately. However, when the reversal in casting occurred, Ingrid's first thought was for Zorina. "That poor girl," she said. "My heart aches for her."

That might sound like pious hypocrisy. If you had ever met Ingrid, however, you would dump overboard any such suspicion. She lacks the feline quality attributed to women in general and actresses in particular. Dame Nature must have run out of claws the day Ingrid was made.

She has perspective. She gives the other fellow his due place in the scheme of things. She doesn't grab. She takes nothing for granted—not her success, not her happiness, not even tomorrow. These are all gifts to be grateful for. "Thank you so much for today," she says. "Today has been wonderful."

Today wasn't always wonderful . . . As a little girl Ingrid used to stand outside her school and, filled with envy and loneliness, (Continued on page 80)

Million-dollar  
star in a one-in-  
a-million pose







*Ingrid Bergman*

*Imported treasure: Ingrid Bergman of M-G-M's "Gaslight"*



# Orson Welles-



Welles, producer: "That's what he should do and that's what he wants to do."

Being the man "desperately in love," the "good sport," the romantic revolutionary

**T**O get a real picture of Orson Welles, the new sensation in "Jane Eyre," I'll begin with a recent letter I had from him:

"Dearest Hedda:

"I send you herewith a number of ancient Irish curses, all unprintable, even under the audacious banner of your own by-line.

"You were my family's only syndicated friend and now you are publicly on the side of the Savage of Gower Gulch.

"This is to remind you that the good God sees everything we do and that it is never too late to repent.

"I'm still a watery-kneed semi-invalid, but I'm just strong enough to raise a palsied fist and shake it in what I take to be your direction—of this I am sure: it is not presently on the side of the angels.

"I remain, wounded but adoring,

"Yours always,

(signed) "Orson."

That outburst came as a result of these two lines I had printed the day before in my Hollywood column: "Rita Hayworth hasn't been given a new Columbia contract. She's still on suspension and hasn't even bothered to let her studio know she's been in town for days."

There was something so honest about Orson's reaction in his letter that I decided to go out and have a talk with him. He was too sick to come to me, as he was weak as a cat after an attack of jaundice and had been told to spend six hours a day resting. So I hied me out to a furnished house, which he and Rita could get only for three months, and there he was sitting in the sun. After greeting me, he said, "Now don't pick on me, darling. I'm too weak to fight." That was all I needed, so we argued for four hours.

I learned that Rita hasn't been well. She worked for eleven months on "Cover Girl" and while she's one of the biggest box-office stars at Columbia Studio, she's been getting one of the smallest star salaries—\$1200—and literally didn't care whether she ever made another picture. And Orson's been with her the whole way. Now things are patched up and she will go back to Columbia to make "Tonight And Every Night."

Not until you see them together do you realize that they're desperately in love. Each is willing to give up his or her career for the sake of the other. Orson worked for years to get the kind of a contract he finally signed with Alexander Korda and M-G-M to do Tolstoy's "War And Peace" in England. For months he'd developed the idea. He had planned doing many of the background shots in Russia, had already gotten in touch with Shostakovich to have him compose the music, was all ready to go over when he discovered Rita



# Genus Genius

BY

*Nedda Harper*

couldn't go along. English laws wouldn't permit.

"So," said he, "I'd be at least two years over there, maybe longer. But it wouldn't mean anything without Rita—just a lot of work and no fun." Back he came to Hollywood, where he's started a new radio show, a comedy show this time, because, says he, it's much easier to do that than to write a dramatic show each week. And he's fed to the teeth with dramatized picture versions on the radio. He thinks they're old hat. Radio is such a marvelous medium it deserves original ideas and the best writing brains.

When I talked with him, he was still floundering for a format. By now he may have found one. I argued with him, telling him I didn't think he was a comedian and why, after scaring the pants off America in "The Man From Mars," didn't he try another dramatic bombshell? He said, "You know I could never repeat that. After that performance they made new radio laws so it could never happen again."

I asked about his reading the Bible to a symphony orchestra. I had heard Henry Ford was interested in that idea. As a matter of fact, I heard several records made. They were beautiful. Several sponsors were interested in it before the war came along, but now the headlines are too exciting. Those who were interested in the Bible before think it's too slow now.

LET'S go back to the beginning of this man who has too many talents. He was born a child prodigy and brought up in an atmosphere of culture, science, medicine and the arts. He lived in the home of his guardian, Dr. Maurice Bernstein, who was a friend of all the prominent stars who came through Chicago, especially the opera stars, actors and musicians. When Orson was six, he was going to opera every night, symphony orchestras, Art Institute exhibitions and all the stage plays. When he was eight, he used to sit up nightly reading Balzac. If he didn't come home for dinner, Dr. Bernstein would telephone the various public libraries, because Orson had a habit of hiding in them and spending the night there so he could finish the book he had started.

At nine he and two school friends and a teacher from the Hill School, which he attended, went on a walking tour through Italy. Orson had the habit of running away from his companions to see if he could attract a crowd alone. Once he did that in Milan and pretended to be asleep on a park bench when a policeman came along. They couldn't understand each other, but by the gestures, Orson knew he was about to be taken to jail. So he threw a fit and the policeman went through his pockets, found his name and address and delivered him safely to his hotel.

When he was thirteen, (Continued on page 67)



Welles, actor with Joan Fontaine in "Jane Eyre": "His love-making is interesting."





*Candidly speaking . . .*

*Turhan Bey (above) of Universal's  
"The Climax"*

*Bonita Granville (right, above) of  
RKO's "Are These Our Children?"*

*Kathryn Grayson (right) of M-G-M's  
"Thousands Cheer"*







## Camera Catch

*Caught casually . . .*

*Dick Powell (left) of Pressburger's  
"It Happened Tomorrow"*

*Joseph Cotten (lower left) of Selz-  
nick's "Since You Went Away"*

*Joan Leslie (below) of Warners'  
"Rhapsody In Blue"*





# Are you a Lady in

Give this to any man to read and watch his reaction. Then follow these gold-mine tips and you'll have him watching you!

BY LAWRENCE GOULD

Consulting Psychologist



RE you a "lady in the dark"?

If you're not sure what the symptoms are, just look at "Lady In The Dark" in which Ginger Rogers, in the role of

the successful but unhappy career woman, *Liza Elliott*, learns the truth about herself and so gets courage to reach out and take the thing she'd always wanted but believed she had no chance of getting.

Are you, also, "in the dark" about the most important thing in the world—yourself? Perhaps as so many girls do, you'd say: "I may not know much about a lot of other things, but I do know myself." And you might add, "—only too well!" Yet if you say this, there are ten chances to one that you are thinking about what you would call your faults or limitations. When you speak of "being honest with yourself," for instance, don't you generally mean telling yourself all the unkind and uncomplimentary things that you can think of? And yet even if these are true, they are not the *whole* truth, and the other part—the part that will encourage and inspire you—is what you need most to know.

Suppose—as so often happens—that you're "in the dark" about the good side of your nature and especially about all that you "have it in you" to accomplish. Suppose you don't realize how well you could look, or how popular you could be, or what happiness life may have in store for you. For while I'll admit that unless you're one in a hundred

thousand you may not be likely to star in the movies or be mistress of the White House, it is practically certain that you have it in you to be happy and to make life give you the things that you want most. And if this has not yet happened to you, it's a pretty safe bet that you either have quit trying too soon, or have gone about it in the wrong way.

Let's begin by trying to find out how much "in the dark" you are. On page 78 there are listed ten discouraging and pessimistic ideas which are apt to pop into almost any girl's mind—and perhaps remain there. They are ideas that need almost never be true and yet can be terribly convincing if you let them. Look at the chart and set down how you behave when any of these ideas occur to you—it will help you estimate how blind you are to your own possibilities and powers.

If your score is less than seventy-five—and the chances are it will be—it's time that you took yourself in hand and found the way to happier and more successful living. I shall try to show you how to do this, but first there are two things I would like you to remember:

1. There's absolutely no use in your trying to "resign yourself to your fate" and quit longing for the things you've made yourself believe there's no use thinking about. *Liza Elliott* did that, as you will remember, and all that it got her was a nervous breakdown. You cannot be healthy-minded or much good to anybody—yourself least of all—unless you're at least reasonably satisfied and happy.

2. The fact that you've tried once (or a hundred times) to get what you want, and missed, does not

mean that there is no hope for you. And this is particularly true of the things that you tried and failed in as a child.

And now, how are you to make yourself into the sort of person that you have it in you to be?

WELL, let's start with your appearance, which is always so important to a woman. The first thing is to stop "living in the past"—at any rate, if your past was unpleasant. Many girls who grow up very good to look at pass through a stage when they're like the ugly duckling in the fairy story. Maybe they are too plump, or so skinny they look all arms and legs; maybe they have adolescent acne ("pimples") or have to wear ugly braces in their mouths while having their teeth straightened. The snubs these afflictions bring on may leave scars that take a long time to heal. Or maybe you had to be around too much with someone who was so lovely she put you completely in the shade by contrast.

But the person you were when you got the idea that you never could be beautiful is gone forever. Time has blotted her out. Her place has been taken by someone else whom it's very likely you have never really seen—the person that you are now. I suggest you start by making a date with that person—a date to meet at your mirror.

Plan for this date as if it were with the most exciting man you can imagine—Alan Ladd, for instance. Even if it is a bit of an extravagance, get yourself that permanent you've needed so long, or try a fresh, more becoming hair-do. Have a new frock or a new hat, or both, and a (Continued on page 78)



*the dark?*



Symbol of what every girl can make herself: Ginger Rogers as Liza Elliott who learned the truth about herself in "Lady In The Dark"





# ESSAY ON MARGARET

This story is about a very little girl who lives in a place called Hollywood. Her name is Margaret O'Brien and she has pretty long brown hair. She does not like to have her hair cut so her mother, a beautiful lady who can dance just like a fairy princess does not make her go to the barber.

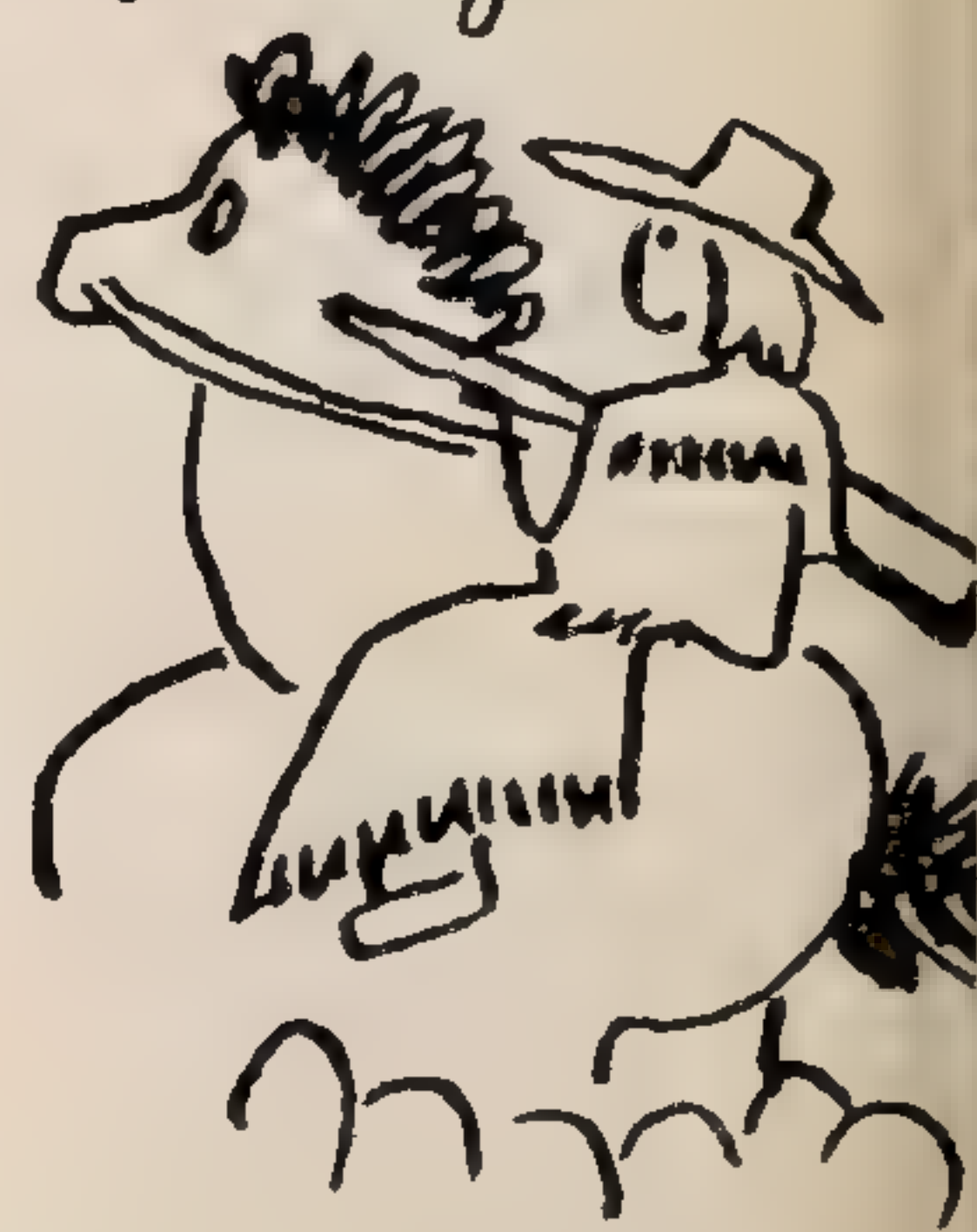


She likes to write with her pencil at school. But most of all she likes to play with her little dog Maggie who - imagine! - can stand right up and dance on its hind legs. Margaret taught her all by herself.



All the other little girls on the block like Margaret very much. They like to play facks with her and watch her play "Belle Star".

Did you ever hear about Belle Star? She was a lady bandit who lived long long ago. Margaret has a wooden rifle and she makes it shoot at things just like Belle Star would do.



Margaret likes to play make believe with the grown-up people while "Mr. Director" watches. Sometime they say big words like "marvelous" and "genius" and Margaret does not understand. But it must be something nice because they smile at her when they say it. And Margaret smiles back just like every other happy little girl in the world.







*"... a very little girl": Margaret O'Brien of M-G-M's "Lost Angel"*



# "This is

You may not need these thoughts now,

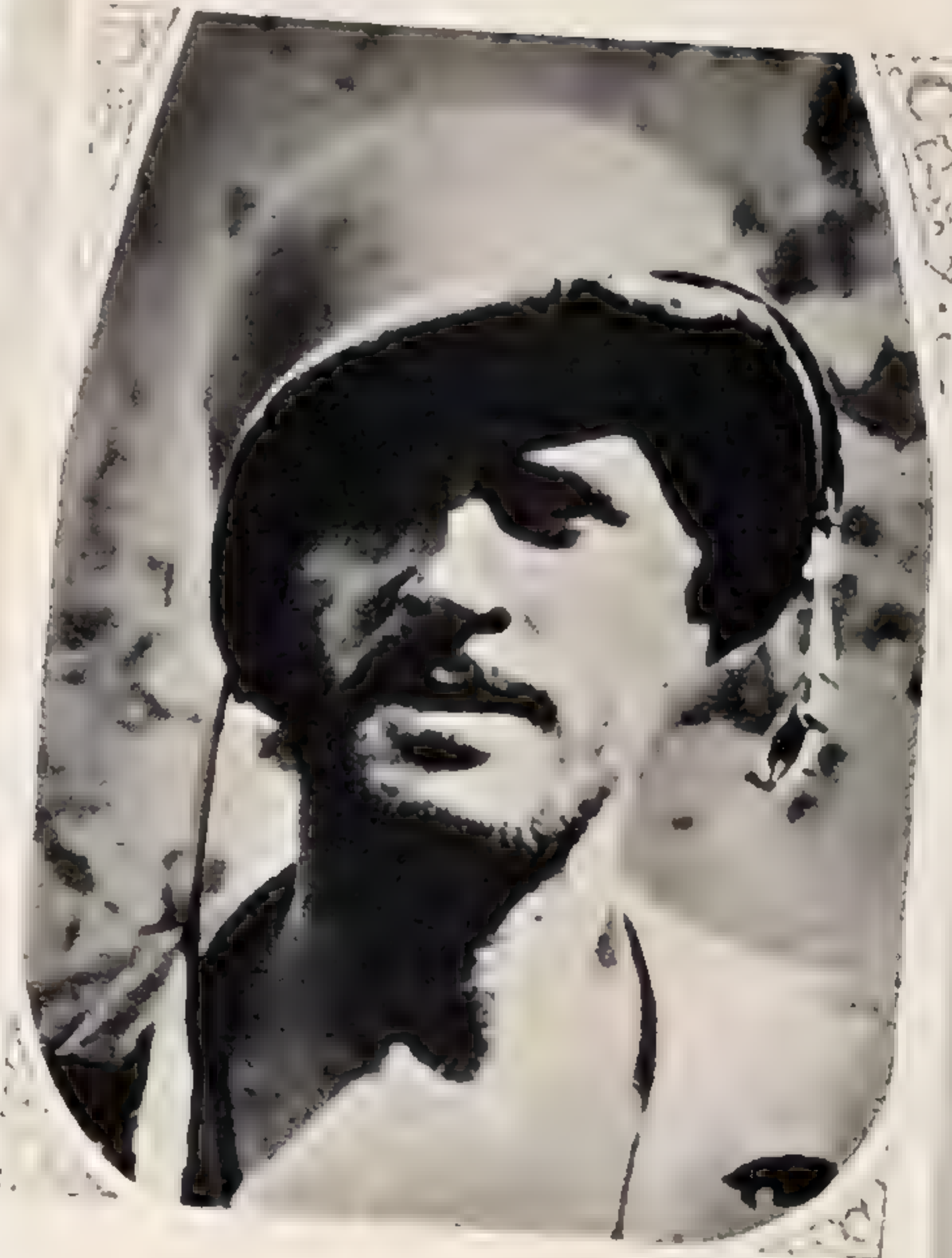


Jennifer Jones: She plays the inspired peasant girl in "The Song Of Bernadette"

"AS it is to every Catholic, my faith first is a supreme and comforting confidence in the teachings of the Church. Yet faith has a significance apart from religion. In one form or another it belongs to everyone, whatever his creed or race. How else in a war-ridden world could people find the courage and the will to carry on?"

"Everyone must work out his own conception of faith, of course, but ever since I met him years ago, I have tried to pattern my own after Father Donovan's faith. He had been telling me of his missionary work on a remote island in the Philippines and how his little parish had been caught in a cholera epidemic. No doctors were at hand, so Father Donovan set up a makeshift hospital in native huts. Day and night he ministered to his stricken people, serving as doctor, nurse, man of all work and father confessor, until finally the epidemic was checked with far less loss of life than had been expected."

"What of yourself?" I asked him. "Weren't you afraid of being stricken in that plague-infested place?" He answered quietly, "I was not. I was needed." That to me is a true example of faith. He was sure he would be spared because he had a reason to be sure. The faith within him wasn't blind; it was logical. That is the kind of faith I try to have."



Craig Reynolds: Wounded on Guadalcanal, he is starting his movie career again

"MY faith today is the faith of most of the guys who find themselves on the front lines of battle facing death and enduring unbelievable hardships while waiting for death. At first you say, 'What the hell is this all about and what am I doing here?' Then deep down within yourself you know it must be done, and the things you believe in are still right, even in the face of death. Your doubts are gone and once again there is clear faith that out of the bloody mess will come a better world for your children."

"I used to say fatalism was my faith and in a sense it still is, but with the added knowledge that something, some guiding power or force—call it God, Buddha or what you will—holds the reins and is guiding my destiny with a purpose."

"I remember one night the stuff was coming down like rain—light and heavy machine-gun fire, mortar shells and demolition stuff from overhead. Eight of us were in one bunch and we all had just a few ounces of water in our canteens. The other seven hoarded their water, fearful of when more would be available. I drank mine, sure in some strange way, that I would come through and get more the next morning. I did survive to get that water; the other seven were killed where they stood that night."



Ida Lupino: Typical of the thousands of women who wait for soldier husbands

"I BELIEVE life is a span of time in which I serve an apprenticeship as well as I am able, take a rest and pass on to something better. The measure of its success and value is not what I take out of it but what I put into it in personal integrity, human dignity and my relations with my fellow men."

"It is like a Victory garden; you cannot rely upon the man down the street to plant the seeds in your garden, you must plant your own if you would reap its harvest."

"My faith also dictates that I must not allow fear to enter into my life, for fear destroys and can bring about the very thing it seeks to prevent."

"Nine years ago, when I had poliomyelitis, I was deathly afraid I would be left paralyzed."

"Night after night I tossed sleeplessly on my bed, torturing myself with that fear. Suddenly, one night, I told myself it was just as easy to have faith in my complete recovery as to fear a horrible outcome. From that time I resolutely put fear behind me and from that time I began to get well. Just so I would not be afraid for Louis or anything happening to him out there; instead I kept the positive faith that he would return safely to me. And he has!"



# my Faith..."

but someday they may be your safeguard



Roddy McDowall: He has known firsthand the horror of the German bombings

"FAITH is a lovely word. It covers so much and means so much. It is believing and believing is the thing that lets us all live. My faith is a belief in my mother and father, who never have made me a promise I could not rely upon, or broke their word. My faith is a belief in prayer because prayer has always been the cause of any success I have had. Mummy always has said, 'Pray for it, dear,' and I think if you pray for what you want hard enough, you will get it, but you must have faith in your prayers.

"I remember—it seems a very long time ago but I remember it as if it had just happened yesterday—it was at the time of Dunkirk and King George appealed to the nation to set a certain Sunday aside for nation-wide prayer because we so needed God's help. And everybody responded. And anybody who is familiar with the Channel knows that it is one of the roughest strips of water in all the world, yet for three whole days it was calm enough for rowboats to cross, and I knew a man who had a motor launch and he tied four rowboats to the stern and got many men out. I have heard many people say it was only prayer that cleared the Channel, but the most important part of prayer is to have faith because then you know your prayers will be answered."



Joe E. Brown: Entertainer in farflung posts, he lost his son in the service

"MY faith is twofold. It is to try to understand the other fellow always, even his vicious acts, and not be too critical of him or them. Recently I saw that same faith beautifully exemplified by the natives of Fiji whom we presume to call savages. One morning I overheard a tough Army topkick verbally lashing a group of natives who were building a burra (native hut) under his supervision. When the sergeant had finished, the men picked up their shovels and went back to work. Five minutes later he was amazed to hear the entire group singing the lovely native song, 'Isa Lei.' He called the interpreter. 'Why the devil are those guys singing when I just gave them such a bawling out?' he asked. The native smiled. 'They want to make you happy, sir,' he said.

"My faith is to know and accept that God knows best. When Don was killed it was the end of the world for me. Never had there been such complete understanding as existed between us. I nearly went out of my mind.

"The second day something happened. I don't believe in miracles, but suddenly I felt God's arms around me and was comforted. Many times I had told other people that God knows best and then, when I needed it most, I found it was true for me, too. Don was gone but I could go on."



Charles Bickford: He plays the priest, Peyramale, in "The Song Of Bernadette"

"FAITH, to me, is a belief in the essential good of people and things. It is the conviction that a friend will stand by when the going gets tough; that if the breaks get too bad, there is certain to be a counter-balance of good breaks just around the corner; that even in the face of apparent certain disaster, you'll muddle through providing you do your best to handle it. In a sense it is a concurrence with the idea that 'the Lord helps those who help themselves.'

"Have I tested this faith of mine? There was the time I was clawed by a lion while making 'East Of Java.' I realized every-one thought I was done for by the horror I saw reflected on their faces. 'What's the score, Doc?' I asked my friend, Dr. Paul McGill, as he was preparing to operate. 'You'll be okay, kid,' he said confidently. Well, I believed him. After the operation most people still thought I was going to die, but the doc had said I would be okay and I hung on to that. I knew I would have to fight for it, and I did.

"Long afterwards Dr. McGill confessed he had seriously doubted if I would recover. 'But you said I would,' I reminded him. 'Sure,' he answered. 'You were the one who had to believe it. You were licked if you didn't.' It's the same about life in general; you've got to believe in things. You're licked if you don't."





Flowers everywhere in  
the house; a river in the yard



In the rosy dining room, a fern  
grows through the table





# If you were Laraine Day's house guest

—you'd think you were dreaming. But you'd wake up to a dream-come-true life!



**Y**OU'D think you'd stepped into the Enchanted Forest when you walked through the great (and unlocked) iron gates of Laraine Day's four-acre place in Santa Monica Canyon, called "The Sycamores." You'd have driven through the usual traffic lights and house-lined streets to reach it one late afternoon—and to find this magic garden with its small river, its hillside and its mossy woods full of singing birds would leave you with your mouth gaping like the prince who found the Sleeping Beauty.

Set in the middle of the woods you'd see her one-story gray house, built in an irregular shape to avoid the surrounding tree-trunks. It's half natural gray stone and half gray wood; and, like the gate, you'd find the front door unlocked and slightly ajar. So after ringing, you'd walk in—to find yourself instantly in an enormous, high-ceilinged living room as beautiful as the garden. But before you really absorbed its redwood paneling and two-story-high redwood beams and its com-

**BY ELEANOR HARRIS**

fortable, gay sofas in yellow or in lavender-and-yellow checks, you'd see Laraine hurrying through the room to meet you. You'd instantly rivet your attention on her and again you'd think of the Sleeping Beauty—except that this beauty is far from asleep!

Laraine would be as gay and cordial as you'd never guessed she was when you saw her on the screen, before you knew her well enough to be her house guest. (You have to know her very well to be her house guest—or you have to have a waving acquaintance with her husband and be in an Air Corps uniform. That works just as well!) But in the five years and fifteen pictures during which you've watched Laraine—as the nurse in the "Dr. Kildare" pictures, and as the sophisticated heroine of "Mr. Lucky" with Cary Grant, and even in her newest picture, "The Story of Dr. Wassell" (with Gary Cooper)—you still weren't sure how friendly the lovely Laraine would be in the flesh.

But now, of course, you do know.

So you're not surprised at her delighted greeting. And all the time she's talking, you're intently aware of her thick, shining, light brown hair, her wide gray eyes, her five-foot-six-inch beautiful figure and her Pretty-Girl legs. She's wearing a suit (she has lots of them), either in gray or tan or black; but somewhere on it there's an outrageous bright green touch, or Mexican pink, or canary yellow—and her shoes match that outrageous color, whatever it is! Her manias are shoes and sports coats—and she has them in every conceivable screaming color and a few you never saw before. But to even it off, she doesn't own a long dinner dress, and wouldn't. She hates 'em. She has a closet as big as a small room off this very living room and it's crowded with sports coats, suits and slacks all made by her dressmaker and copied from scraps twisted out of magazine illustrations by Laraine herself.

But so far you haven't seen the closet. Laraine is demanding eagerly, "Want to see the garden?" So you say yes, and put down your suitcase in the living room, and go out one of the two (Continued on page 68)

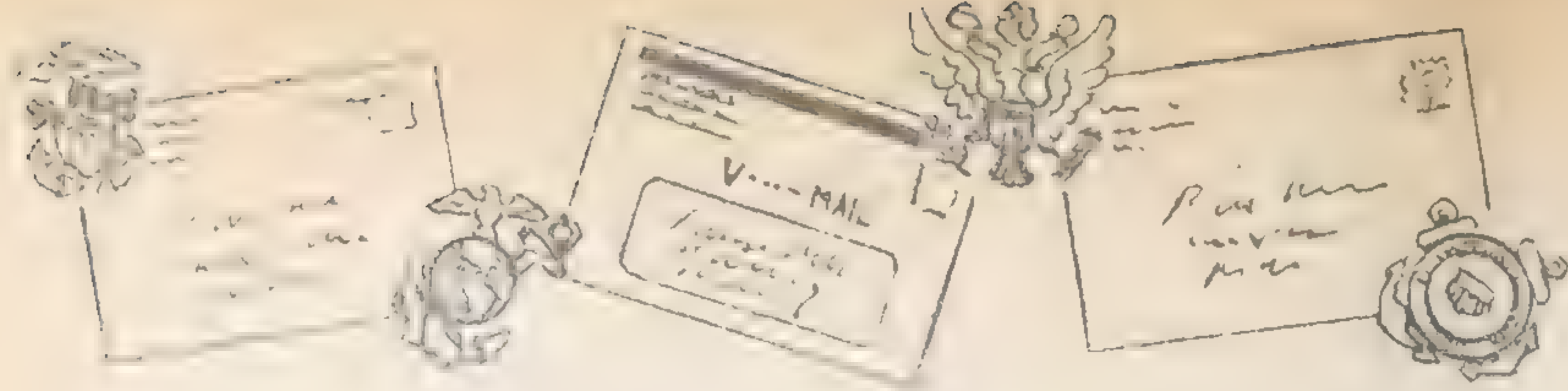


The living room: Bright sofas, books, huge fireplace



Below: "The Sycamores," in the woods: Home of Laraine Day and husband Ray Hendricks





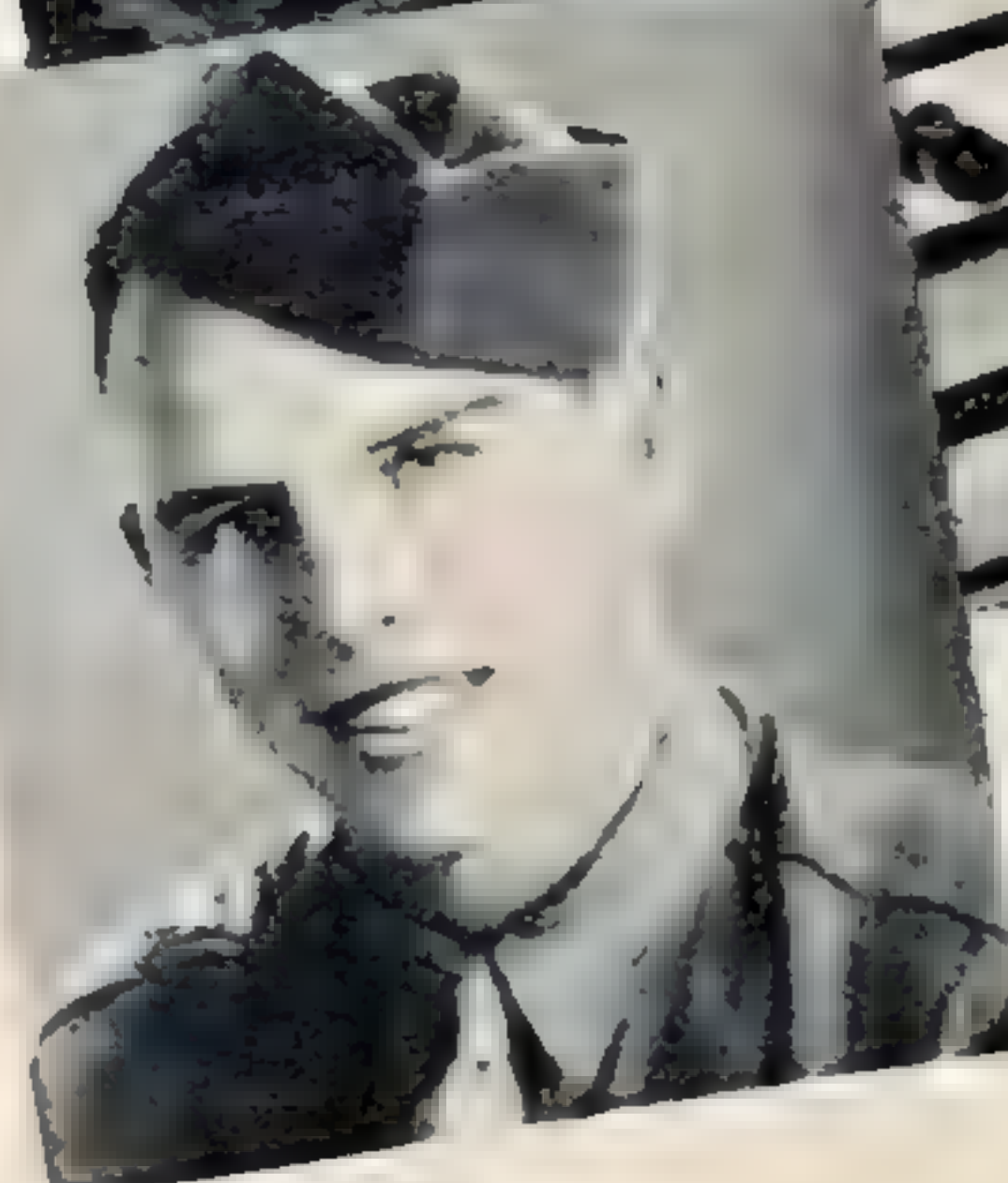
# PHOTOPLAY'S

A gay new Photoplay exclusive in which the stars do anything a service man or girl



Private "Smiling" Sam Baker of Camp Stewart, Ga.

"Smiling" Sam's favorite star was Greer Garson; he wanted to see her as a cab driver. So Miss Garson donned a uniform, grabbed a cab and here's the picture, destined to delight Baker's heart, as he was a caddy himself before the war



Private Fred Petrik, serving "somewhere in Sicily"

Special request of Fred was to have his favorite star, Claudette Colbert, cook a nice American breakfast for him. Here is Claudette in the kitchen, whipping up some special "just for Fred" fried eggs

Lenny's special on the Hollywood scene is Joan Leslie. He wanted to see a picture of her as she sang "Star Eyes" just for him. Miss Leslie sang with all her patriotic might and main—for Lenny because "Star Eyes" is his favorite song. Joan, like the rest of the stars on this page, will autograph the original picture and send it to her "requester," Lenny



Signalman, 3rd class, Leonard Middleman comes from Brooklyn, N.Y., is on active duty. He spoke up at the Stage Door Canteen in New York

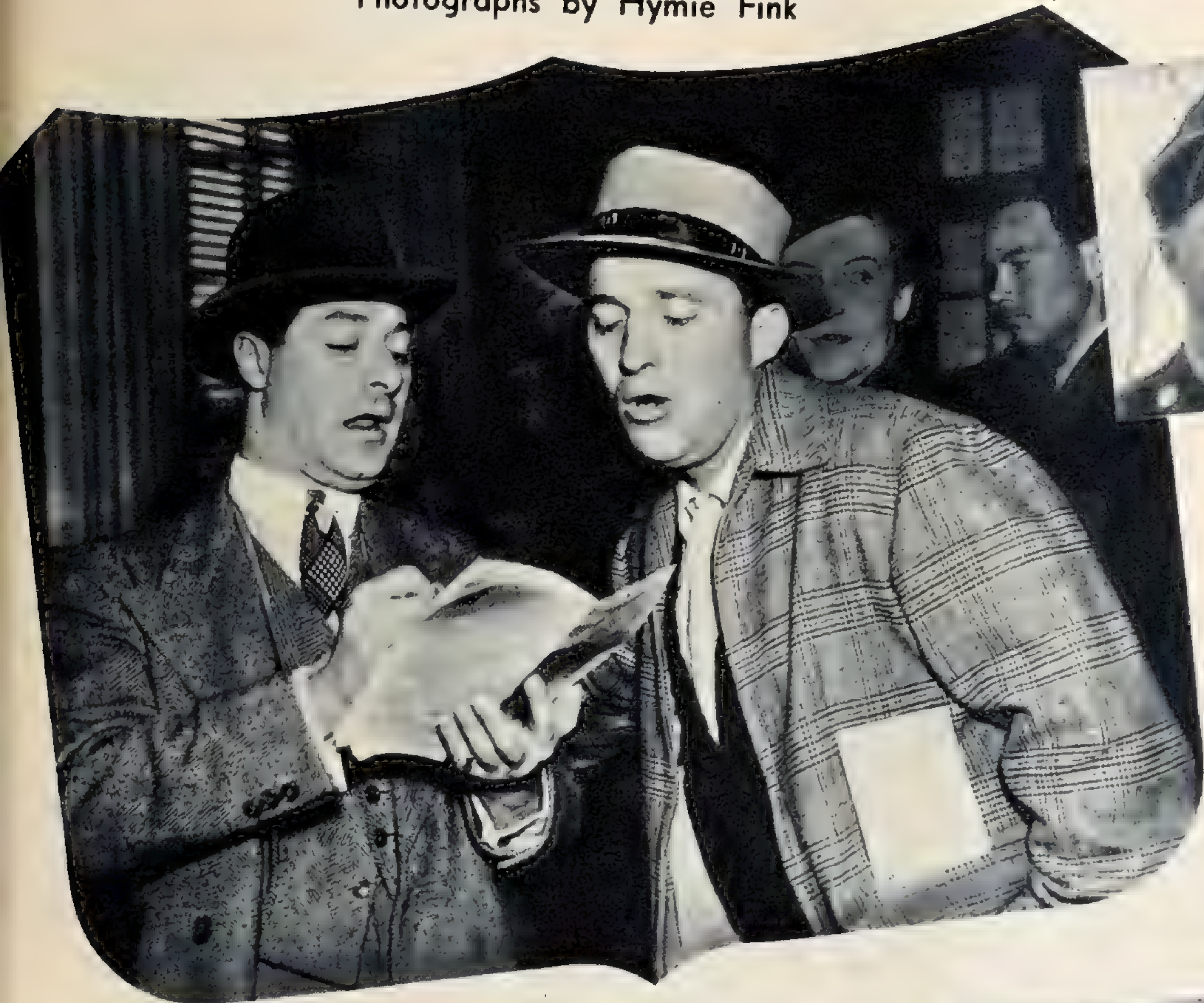




# COMMAND PERFORMANCE!

asks them to do for the camera. Here's the first batch of fun!

Photographs by Hymie Fink



Technical Sergeant Denis W. Jacobson, now of Woodrow Wilson General Hospital, Staunton, Va., wounded in Africa

Bing Crosby gets loud cheers from Denis. He requested that his picture show Bing betting at the races—and if Bing won, that he get the proceeds! Mr. Crosby promptly filed out to the track, is shown here picking his horse with the help of George Jessel. For financial outcome, see Bing or Denis

Wrote Siegrist: "My favorite movie actress is Ginny Simms. I appeared once on a radio show with her. I wish she were in the service with me, and for my favorite picture I would like to see how she would look in a SPAR uniform." Below, at the right, is Ginny smiling her way right into the service—just for Sgm. Siegrist



George Siegrist, Signalman 2nd class, USCG, is a member of the crew of the famous cutter Spencer which sank a Nazi U-Boat

If you are a man or woman in the armed forces and want to take part in Photoplay's Command Performance, write to the Command Performance Editor, Photoplay, 205 East 42nd St., N. Y. C., telling exactly what you would like to see your favorite star do.

Photoplay's cameraman Hymie Fink will take the picture of the star if possible; it will be reproduced, together with your picture, in Photoplay and the original picture, autographed by the star to you, will be forwarded to you at the address you give the Command Performance Editor. A copy of the issue in which your requested picture appears will also be sent to you as a Photoplay gift.

Be sure to give your rank, complete name and address and to enclose a picture of yourself if possible.





# Overseas Report on



LE GÉNÉRAL DE GAULLE  
No. 62 /Cab.Dir.  
Monsieur,

Je vous félicite d'avoir montré dans un beau film la participation active de tous les Français à la résistance sous le signe de la Croix de Lorraine.

Il est bon que cette guerre silencieuse et sanglante soit mise sous les yeux de nos fidèles amis de l'étranger et notamment des Etats-Unis.

Veuillez agréer, Monsieur, l'expression de mes sentiments dévoués.

*C. de Gaulle*

Monsieur Jean-Pierre Aumont,  
Hôtel Aletti,  
ALGER.

Exclusive in America is this picture taken overseas of Aumont. In the background, pictures of his wife. Above, the letter to him from General de Gaulle, world-famous Free French leader; at right, the English translation

Algiers, December 9, 1943

LE GENERAL DE GAULLE  
No. 62 /Cab. Dir.

Monsieur,

My felicitations for showing in a beautiful film the active participation of all the French people resisting the foe under the sign of the Cross of Lorraine. It is good that this silent and bloody war be brought under the eyes of our faithful friends of foreign lands, particularly the United States.

Will you accept, Monsieur, the expression of my devoted sentiments.

C. de Gaulle

Monsieur Jean-Pierre Aumont,  
Hôtel Aletti,  
Algiers



# JEAN PIERRE AUMONT

It was through the help of Jean Pierre Aumont's wife, Maria Montez, that Gladys Hall was able to write this exclusive about the man who has won America's affection

**I**f ever a young man listened to the voice of his conscience rather than to the promptings of his heart or his personal ambition, that young man is Jean Pierre Aumont.

For it was of his own volition, you may remember, that the young Frenchman left his bright new career in Hollywood and, two and a half months after his romantic marriage to Maria Montez, said good-bye to enlist as a liaison officer with the Free French.

That couldn't have been easy. It must have been hard.

No doubt it would have been only a matter of time before Jean Pierre would have been called to the service of his country. But he had not been called and the date of his departure, which was of his own choosing, might have been delayed—long enough, at least, for him to have made one more picture to add to his slim quota of two, "Assignment In Brittany" and "The Cross Of Lorraine," thus increasing his stature as a star; he might have had a few more weeks, or months, with his bride. And no one (except himself) would have thought the less of him.

He didn't delay. If he had he would have felt, he said shortly before he left, "as though I were using time borrowed from other young men of my age."

"I am very proud," Maria said, speaking of that day of parting, "that he did not cry, my Jean Pierre, when we said good-bye. When he left Hollywood, you remember, I came with him to New York but then, did you know this, then he went back on the train as far as Chicago with me, to have just those few more hours. No, he did not cry. But I did. I cried all the way to Hollywood until, when I arrived there, I was a horror!"

So, from Maria and from letters

he has written his friends and from letters written about him (such as the one, here reproduced, from General de Gaulle), it has been possible to get some idea of what Jean Pierre is doing over there . . . somewhere in the Mediterranean theater.

The amazing thing is that, in spite of his premature separation from his Maria and from his career; in spite of his loneliness and the grim chances of war, Jean Pierre is, according to all reports, well-adjusted and well content. It is the contentment that comes from the doing of one's duty at the expense of one's self.

He was especially happy that he was accepted as a liaison officer rather than put into some branch of personnel or propaganda. "If I had wanted to make propaganda films," he said before he sailed, "I would have stayed in Hollywood with my lovely wife. . . ."

**J**EAN PIERRE chose the liaison branch of the service because he felt that, as a Frenchman who had lived and worked in America, he was especially fitted to serve by helping to bring about, between the French and American people, a closer understanding of each other.

"Over there," Maria said, "they thought Jean Pierre was out of his mind because he wanted to see action. They were so surprised that he, an actor, did not want a propaganda job. But Jean Pierre, he wanted not a desk, not a camera, but a sword . . . How do I feel about it?" Maria asked, with a little laugh, which did not sound too gay. "I feel about it *not so good*. But he made up his mind what he must do before he fell in love with me . . . and I did nothing to change it. I am proud that I could not have done so anyhow, because he will do what he thinks it is right for him to do, no matter at what cost to himself, or even to me. Which is *why* I am proud of him—that is a man.

"But I am a little proud of me, too, that I am not jealous of my greatest



"I am proud to be his second love" . . . Mrs. Aumont, Universal's Maria Montez of "Cobra Woman"

rival—which is France. For she took him away from me two and one-half months from the day we were married. Pierre's first love is France. *I am proud to be second.*

"Yes, we are very proud of him, his friends and I, proud of what he is doing over there, wherever he may be, proud and a little fearful of what the experience may be doing for and to him. . . ."

For through the French Underground Jean Pierre Aumont is now coming in contact with some of the tragic conditions under which his countrymen must exist. In France everyone suffers from lack of food. Frenchmen will (Cont'd on page 77)



# NEWS

Most of the boys of a long time ago used to be in the orders, which made them a hot commodity. The studio is a place where the boys of a long time ago used to be in the orders, which made them a hot commodity.



Square-jawed guy with a "United States" countenance: Young Richard Jaekel of "Guadalcanal Diary"



She was born with her mind already made up: Gloria De Haven, singer of "Broadway Rhythm"

## Star Soda-Jerker

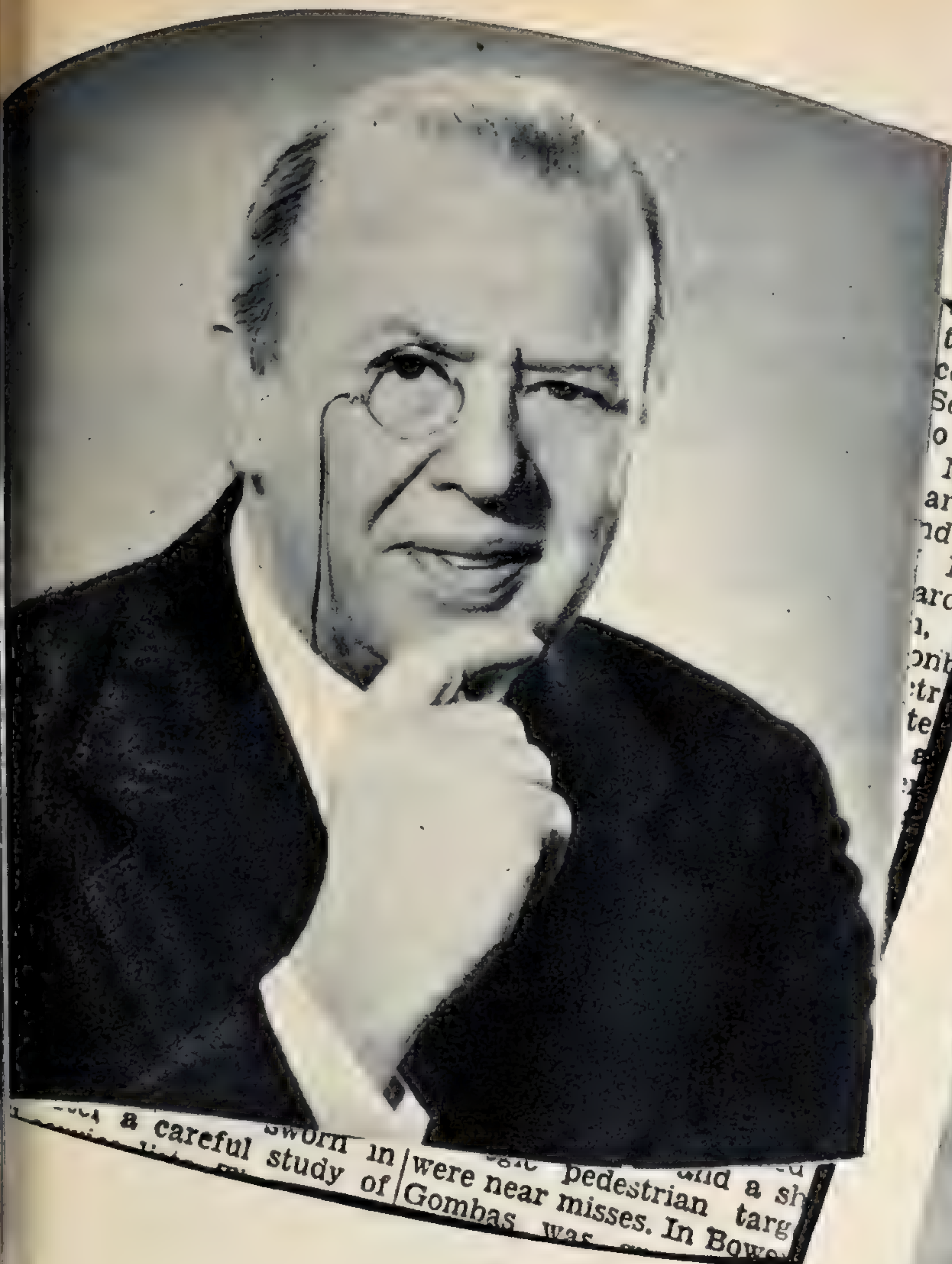
Square-jawed young Dick Jaekel hitchhiked his ride to fame. He was returning home from a day's work in the mail department of Twentieth Century-Fox when Fate picked him up in a green convertible. Fate for the moment happened to be wearing the tall and sparse guise of Producer Brynie Foy, who had heard about the difficulty the studio was having in casting some of the roles for "Guadalcanal Diary." Foy took one look at Dick's clean young typically "United States" countenance and immediately knew him as the boy they were looking for to play the youngest Marine of them all in the film.

Anyhow, when Dick reached his mail desk next morning, he found he'd been promoted. Soon after, fans were seeing him on the screen—and seeing in him all those scared kids who are growing into men, before their time, in foxholes all over this war-blistered world. Dick wasn't sure at first that he wanted to be a movie star. He liked the feeling that he "could do something above average"

but he didn't want the boys in the mail room to think he was taking it too big. He might have thrown the whole thing over if anybody had asked him to wear make-up, but no one did. His attitude toward seeing himself on the screen for the first time was one of curiosity and during the unreeling he "laughed like mad" at what he thought was a very bad performance. Stacks of fan mail are now telling him differently.

After his first film he scared the studio stiff by disappearing to take a job at a soda fountain with some of his Hollywood High School pals. His family circumstances are such that he doesn't have to work at all, but he doesn't think that fact belongs in his biography since it is "unimportant." He will do "Wing And A Prayer," then keep a date with the Merchant Marines, a service he chose because he'd like to travel, "especially to the South Seas." Born in Long Island, New York, he has been a Californian for nine years, played basketball and football at school and when mingling with his former teammates





Loudest cheerer at any Hollywood hockey game: Charles Coburn of "Princess O'Rourke"



At twelve, she was "Jane Eyre" as a child: Marshmallow-sundae fancier Peggy Ann Garner

doesn't like to discuss" his sudden rise to gelatin glory.

Age, seventeen; height, five feet nine inches; weight, 150; eyes a blue-gray; and sun-tan as a year 'round equipment. Swims, rides and jitterbugs, likes the opposite sex, all except "screaming women." Girls' hats move him to diplomacy. "They're pretty spectacular—lately."

He can make a thick steak melt quicker'n a snowflake on Ann Sheridan, and if he stops for dessert it's ice cream. Has a good temper, if it gets started. Says his faults are "too numerous to mention"; the virtues he strives for are punctuality and honesty. Thinks Kipling's "If," followed literally, will keep a fellow okay with himself and the world. For daytime favors the shirttail out, baggy-kneed slacks modes; in the evening fixes up in a way to show those Esquire fashion models how it's done. If he could someday pick his own leading lady it would be Rita Hayworth.

#### **H**azel-eyed De Haven

Gloria De Haven is one person who never has any trouble remembering the exact day and date she decided to be an actress. "I was born with my mind already made up," she says. For posterity, the date can be recorded as July 23, 1925, and Metro, who has her under contract, says posterity will definitely be interested.

Gloria has so many talents she can mislay any one of them and still get along. In "Broadway Rhythm" and in "Two Sisters And A Sailor" she does a triple-threat job, singing, dancing and emoting. But things weren't always that way. At the age of fifteen she worked only as a dramatic actress. "No one asked me if I could

sing," she explains, "so I didn't tell them." When, at seventeen, she started singing, first with Bob Crosby's band and then with Jan Savitt's, the news was out. Metro brought her back to the screen for musicals and when they discovered she could dance, too, it was just like finding an extra prize in a box of crackajack. She felt as if she'd found the prize in the crackajack too, when RKO signed her for Sinatra's next, "Manhattan Sere-nade."

Born in Hollywood, she is the daughter of the theatrically legended Carter De Havens, which was a good basis to start on. Nature obligingly went on from there, filling in the basis with all the right curves and other accessories to a career: Large hazel eyes, pert nose, a red-lipped smile not quite like anyone else's. She won her first movie test (at the age of twelve wearing borrowed red curls), is currently blonde by request, but if the peroxide shortage continues can always go back to her own gleaming black tresses.

Lives with her mother and sister and a pet turtle named Jack (short for Jack Benny) who eats out of her hand at meals. Her idea of luxury is having breakfast served in bed on non-working days; her idea of real fun is to take all the rides at Ocean Pier and "eat all those wonderful foods like hot dogs, corn on the cob and pineapple on a stick." For formal evenings out, she likes to sit and listen to a good band and watch others dance to it. Her extravagance is accessories, fuchsia or chartreuse fripperies to go with a basic black dress; favorite piece of jewelry a diamond-and-ruby wrist watch given to her by her mother. An ardent (Continued on page 97)



# BLITZ

## From Brooklyn

Face built for madness,  
rattle-tongued talent,  
mimic of genius — vir-  
tuoso Danny Kaye

BY  
IRVING DRUTMAN

Danny, getting  
claps, loud claps,  
in "Up In Arms"



THE brash guy from Brooklyn stood trembling on the side lines at the Hollywood Canteen, waiting to face a soldier-sailor audience. It was his first public appearance in Hollywood, let alone the Canteen. Would they know him? He felt sure they wouldn't. Would they like him? His stomach turned to ice.

To make matters worse, Reginald Gardiner, Canteen favorite, introduced him with almost no build-up. But Reggie knew what he was doing, for at the mere announcement of the name wild applause broke into whistling and stamping. To the astonishment of the local aristocracy, Danny Kaye was given one of the most spectacular greetings the Hollywood Canteen had ever witnessed.

Walking on stage in complete hu-

mility, Danny said, "There must be an awful lot of people from Brooklyn here tonight!"

Kaye's first appearance before an audience is usually a signal for the entire house immediately to sit up at attention. He has the prime requisite of a good comedian—a face built for madness, with eyes that carry a glint natural only to born comics. He is an excellent all-nation dialectician, he can dance and sing entertainingly and, above all, he is a mimic of genius. His sharp, supple fingers and rawboned features can conjure up situations that would ordinarily require the services of a stageful of actors.

Typical of this is his show-stopping number called "Melody In 4F" in the new Goldwyn picture, "Up In

Arms." It is a sort of dada exposition of the life of an Army draftee from the day he receives the fatal Government invitation, through his physical examination, his induction into the Army and his award of a medal for bravery during maneuvers. What makes the sketch so remarkable is that in it Kaye employs only forty recognizable words, the rest of the song, recited at dizzying speed, being made intelligible through the use of pantomime, scat and a jabberwockian gibberish that defies description. It invariably brings the house down.

According to experts in such matters, Danny is today in possession of the brightest career in the entertainment field. A rangy, mop-haired young man of thirty, he made his Broadway (Continued on page 89)



Completely natural, a  
"miracle" smile, the  
girl who looks just like  
herself — Ella Raines

BY  
DAVID GREGGORY

# SENSATION

## From Seattle



Ella, making  
time, big time, in  
"Phantom Lady"

**W**HEN two astute gentlemen like Charles Boyer and Howard Hawks launch a million-dollar company around an unknown actress, that's news with a capital N! But when you add that the newcomer has never before made a professional appearance on stage or screen, you're out of the news category into the realm of super-Cinderella Raines! Ordinarily, we hear much about the struggles of well-known personalities before they gained fame. Almost all have made at least one outstanding appearance on Broadway or won some kind of national competition, whether beauty contest or talent hunt. In "Corvette K-225" Ella bowed into the main bout skipping all the professional preliminaries!

Such a spectacular introduction to Hollywood naturally placed her under even more than the usual flood-light-and-microscope scrutiny. In addition to the traditional problems of the newly arrived, she had the one of trying to conceal her marriage. She and her husband, who had left for overseas duty ten brief days after the ceremony, had discussed her situation thoughtfully and decided it would be better for her to begin her career as an apparent "bachelor girl."

Now what do you suppose happens when a vibrant young woman of April freshness arrives in Hollywood? Especially when she has light gray-green eyes, the color of jade, a piquant nose, a longish brown bob with just a glint of auburn, a

tantalizing smile, the kind of figure and legs which would bring an appreciative whistle from even the low man on a totem pole? And when, officially, she's unattached?

You *know* what happens! The same thing that would happen in any other neighborhood. Word whizzes around that a new Red Riding Hood is on hand and the Wolves-About-Town speedily dust off their best "rush" techniques.

Well, you can take Ella's word for it that lots of Hollywood's dashing caballeros are strictly sheep in wolves' clothing. She discovered that they were not obnoxiously insistent when she graciously declined offers to be beamed about to night clubs. Besides—and she's very emphatic about this—(Continued on page 100)



# What should

*These pages are for Photoplay readers who wish the personal advice of Claudette Colbert. She may be reached in care of Photoplay, 8949 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Calif. If your problem seems to her to be a universal one she will answer it here.*

*If you have already been helped by Miss Colbert, write to her and tell her about it. To the writer of the most sincere letter in this "How I Solved My Problem" series, a \$25 War Bond will be awarded. The winner this month is A. M. of Illinois who, with the help of Miss Colbert's advice—"Marriage is always a series of compromises"—worked out a personal problem in his home life. No letters in this series will be published.*

## DEAR MISS COLBERT:

I am a young man twenty-eight years old. Up until the present time I have prided myself upon being able to solve my own problems, but now I have one that is too much for me. I was married four years ago but after about a month of marriage my wife told me she did not love me because she had just married me to spite another fellow. She left me flat and I certainly grieved over her.

However, I met a nice girl in my line of work and we became good friends. I told her frankly that I was married but separated from my wife and I told her mother the same thing. The mother was very sweet. She said she would like to have me come over to their home for dinner occasionally but that she didn't want me actually to date her daughter until I was free. That was fair enough, so I used to telephone and drop in occasionally until I decided to volunteer.

While I was in the Army this girl and I corresponded regularly. I got my divorce, then asked this girl to wait for me until the war was over. Well, it was over for me much quicker than I expected. After being right out in the battle zone, going through some plenty rugged experiences, I went to pieces.

I am now honorably discharged

from the Army, but I can't work because my nerves are shot to pieces. My problem is how can I let this girl know how I feel. She still has two brothers over there in the thick of it so she can't think much of me.

I feel as if I had let everyone down because I was not able to remain in action. Sometimes I think I should just stop writing to this girl in spite of the fact that I love her and think of her all the time. I can't gain any self-confidence; I know I'll never find another girl like her, but I don't feel right in asking her to go on waiting for me.

A Veteran.

## Dear Sir:

*Believe me, I am very much interested in your letter.*

*You say that you feel as if you had "let everyone down because I was not able to remain in action." If a man is shot in the leg he is unable to remain in action, yet it would never occur to you to suggest that he had let anyone down, would it?*

*You are wounded quite as much as a man who has been blasted by shrapnel; your lesions simply don't show. You have served to the fullest extent of your ability and you have paid a tremendous price for that service.*

*This is the way I feel about it and I am quite sure that is the way this girl will feel about it. At least, you must give her a chance to make a decision.*

*If she promised to wait for you until the war was over, she must have thought a great deal of you. The very thing you need now to regain fully your health is the presence and devotion of this girl. You should write to her with the same honesty you put into your letter to me; explain how you feel. Explain your condition. Tell her exactly what she means to you, then ask her to make a decision about your future relationship.*

*If I know anything about the nature of most girls, you will not be disappointed in her reply.*

*Claudette Colbert.*

## Dear Miss Colbert:

Why I have waited so long to tell you this is because I haven't had the words. After seeing you in "So Proudly We Hail" I have been more devoted to my profession, nursing. I am living for the day when I will be able to go overseas.

I am a United States Cadet Nurse now, but it makes me feel that I am doing my part since I am training for a useful life. Your picture has helped many of us young girls to become more devoted to our work.

You could help the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps enlistment if you would publish this letter or say a few words about the U.S.N.C. in your column. Joining our Corps would give girls something to do other than "moon-ing" over boy troubles which all of us have.



# I do?

## YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT



The girls here are all very well satisfied with the rules of the U.S.N.C., as they only include good health and being a graduate from an accredited high school. I hope you can say something about this because, even if you inspired only one girl in the U. S. to join the Corps, that would be one more girl for Uncle Sam.

Thank you with my whole heart.  
A Cadet Nurse stationed  
in New Orleans.

**Dear Anonymous Cadet Nurse:**

*I am so happy that you enjoyed "So Proudly We Hail." I want you to know that I consider it one of the highlights of my career and that, in addition to allowing me to play a part that I thoroughly enjoyed, it also gave me the opportunity of meeting a woman whose friendship I value highly.*

*She is Miss Eunice Hatchett, who acted as technical supervisor on the picture. She was perfectly equipped to do this because she served with the*

*nurses who were eventually evacuated from Bataan. Hers was an inspiring and heart-rending story.*

*I am more than happy to give this information to girls who are eager to aid their country by joining the Cadet Nursing Corps: Get in touch with the local chapter of the American Red Cross where you will be given specific instructions about enlisting.*

*Claudette Colbert.*

**Dear Miss Colbert:**

My sister and I are members of the U.S.O. We attend the dances and other activities each week. Four months ago I met a very fine young man at one of these dances. He and I had an enjoyable evening together and he asked if he might see me again. I told him he could and we had a good many dates.

Then, one Sunday, I asked him if he would come to my home for dinner. He accepted this invitation and met my sister that day. Within the following months he took me and also my sister out several times. I could see no harm in this as I had no ties on him. But soon I realized that I had fallen in love with him.

My sister and I have always discussed our problems together so I told her that I was in love with him and that he felt the same way about me. I asked her if she thought we should get married.

She acted very strangely about this. Finally one evening she told me that she was also in love with him and that he had told her the same things he had told me.

We decided to discuss the matter with him. He seemed very upset and told us that he had been expecting this to happen sooner or later and he added that he loved us both and couldn't choose between us.

I love this boy and it would break my heart to give him up. My sister feels the same way about him and I cannot bear to hurt her. The three of us have talked the matter over but it still remains as great a problem as ever.

Patricia T.

**Dear Miss T:**

*When a man can't make up his mind between two girls, the chances are excellent that (1) he doesn't love either girl, or (2) he is one of those unfortunate persons who is incapable of making a decision when a crisis presents itself. Remember the donkey who starved halfway between the two stacks of hay? In either case he appears to be a bad bet for a husband.*

*The love between two sisters is so important a thing that no rivalry should be allowed to jeopardize it.*

*Even though a complete separation may be painful for some time, it seems to me that you both should stop seeing this man. (Continued on page 103)*





Sophisticated note on a springtime date: A tomato-red Saks Fifth Ave. linen suit with double-time buttons, a new jacket design. With it—white gloves with turned back yellow cuffs. Miss Baxter appears in Twentieth Century-Fox's "The Eve Of St. Mark"

*The month is May.*

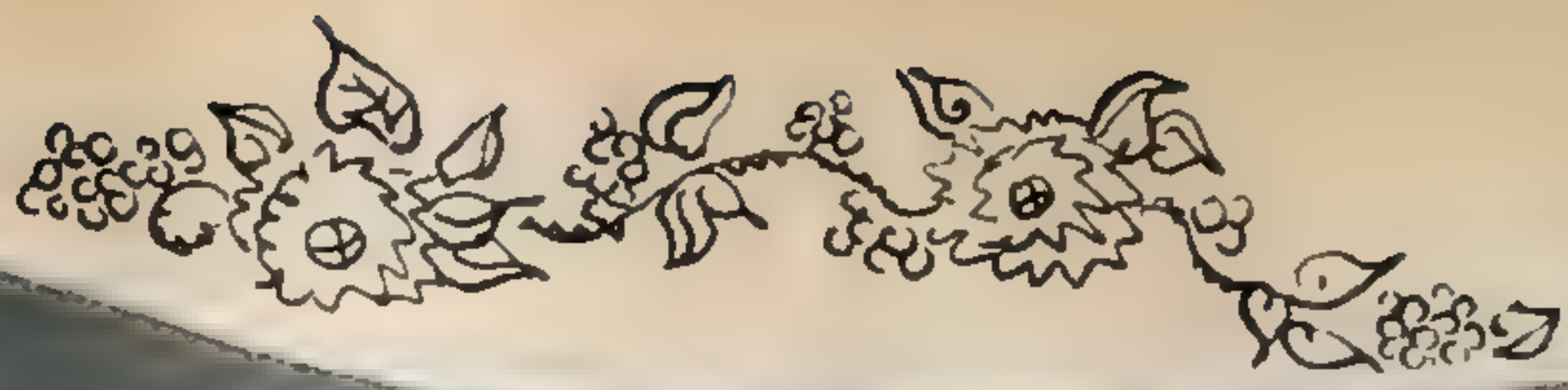




**B**rilliant idea for a  
gay May day: Anne  
Baxter, at the Hill-  
crest Country Club, wear-  
ing a Saks Fifth Ave.  
waffle piqué with a black  
top appliquéd with white  
birds, a printed black and  
white skirt. Top-notch:  
Black birds on a comb;  
footnote, red pumps

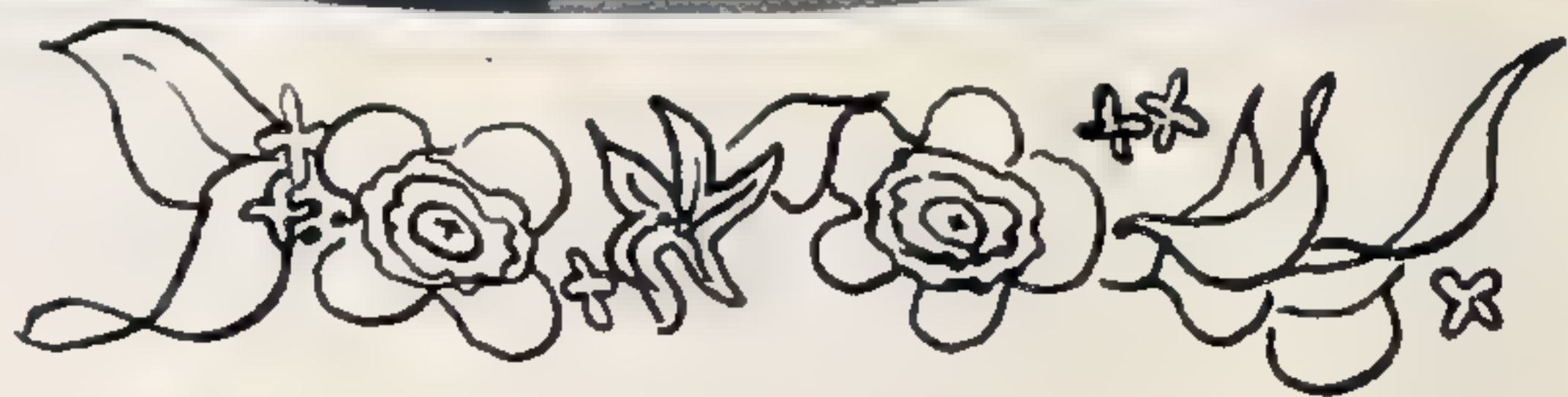
*the mood is gay*





**1** Interest—the neckline. "Flattering enough to recommend it as a special buy," says Phyllis Brooks of "Lady In The Dark." With buttons marching down the front, this dress goes to the office or a-partying with first-fashion smartness

A superior rayon crepe in navy, gray, lilac, aqua or powder blue. McKettrick Classic at about \$9. Sizes 12-20

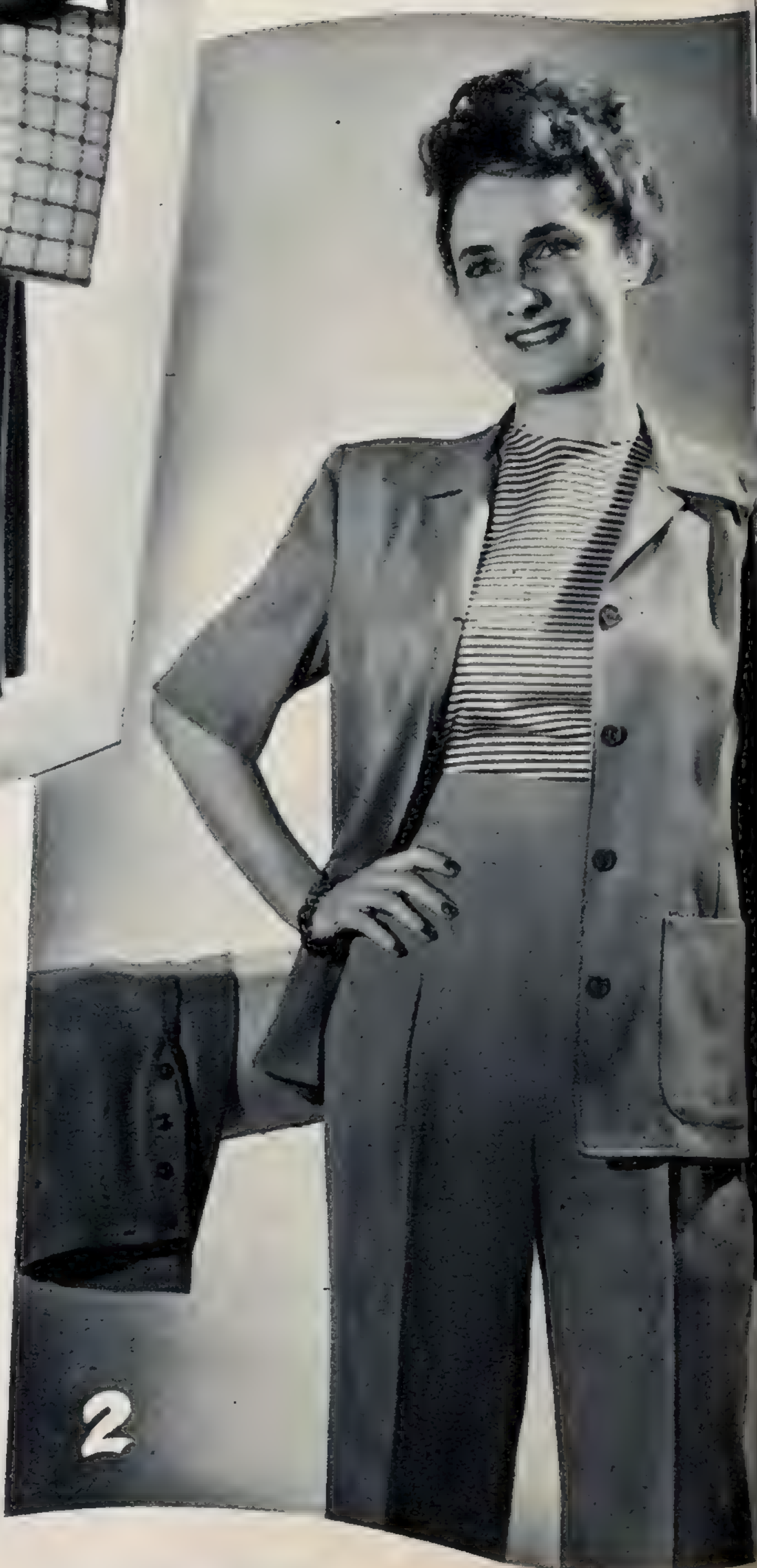


PHOTOPLAY'S  
*Star-Maker  
Fashions*

FOR A LIST OF STORES  
WHERE THESE FASHIONS  
ARE AVAILABLE,  
SEE PAGE 120

**2** Take note of the jacket of slack suit...with short sleeves that make it perfect for spring or summer. In the spring, wear it with slacks; in the summer, use it as a topper for the shorts

Acetate gabardine in lacquer red, green, maize, gray, beige or brown. Sizes 12-20. Jacket, \$6.50; slacks, \$5.50; or set of two, \$10.95. Shorts, \$3.95. Jersey shirt in white striped with red, brown, navy, green or aqua. Sizes 12-20. About \$3.50





# Spring + Summer

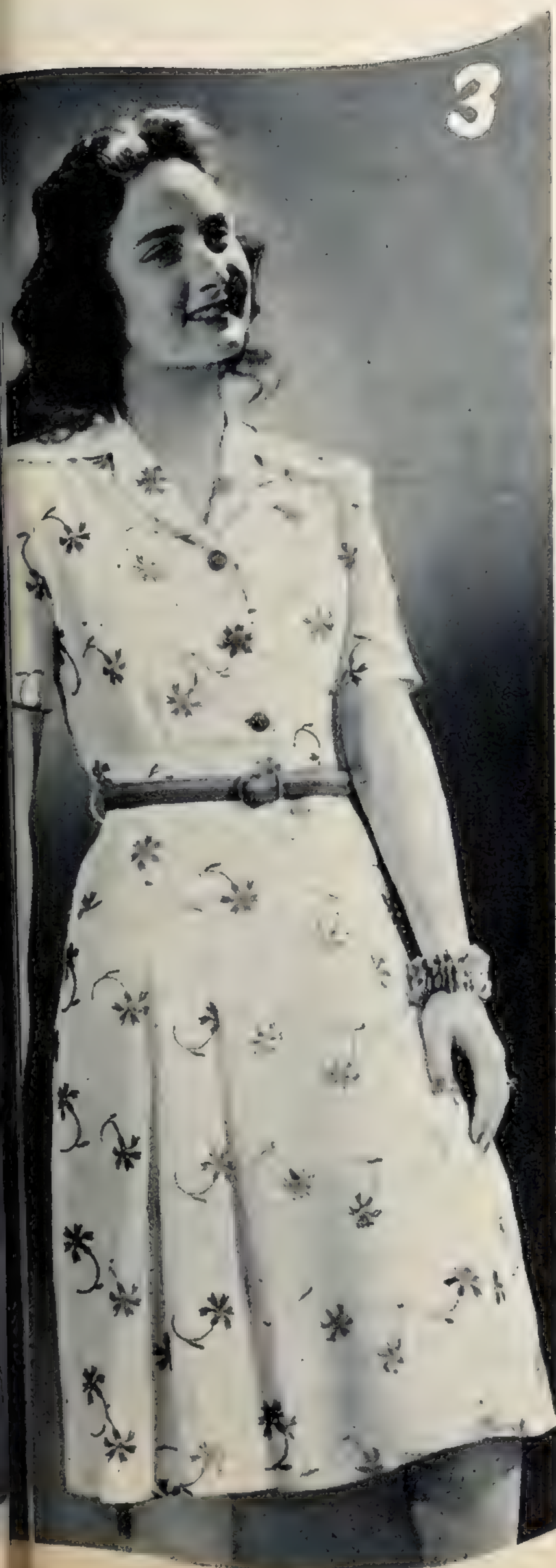
—equals these two-way treats that are worn by

Beverly Iserman, chosen by Phyllis Brooks



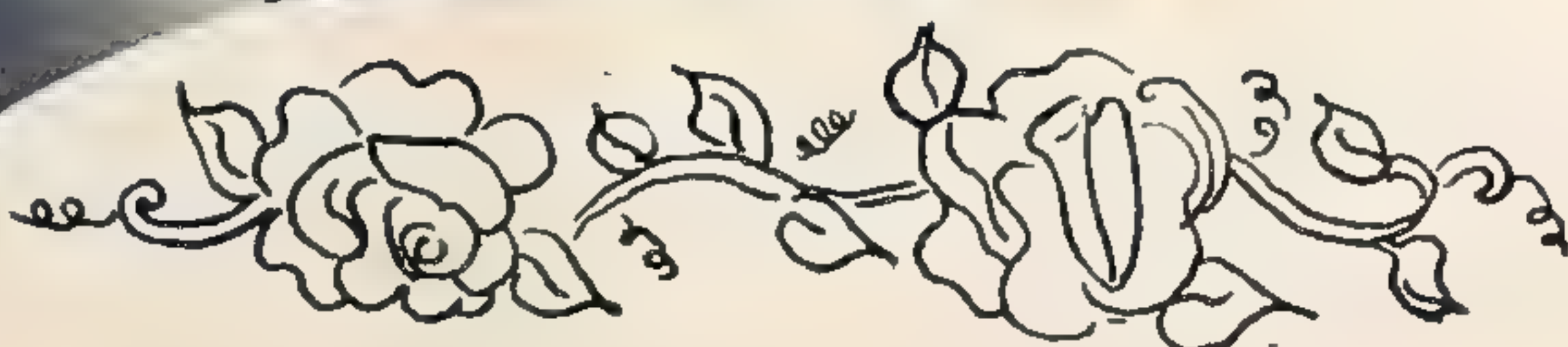
**3** Eye-catcher—the crewel embroidery. "Youthful charm plus," says Phyllis Brooks of Beverly's gay dress embroidered in bright colors with a belt accenting the tones of the design

A Kay Dunhill dress in white, green, natural or copenhagen Sizes 12-20. About \$10.95



**4** The different idea—a sun dress that does beautifully all by its lonesome in summer; serves in spring as a pinafore to be worn with a blouse. Tailored for smoothness and slimness with an appliquéd motif to add a casual distinction

Butcher linen in copenhagen, bright red, luggage or green. Sizes 9-17; 10-18. About \$8.95



**5** Show-stopping—the big polka dots. A dress that's a stand-out because of its wide border print, large pearl buttons, a sewed-in belt that does a waistline trick and wide box pleats for graceful fullness

A McKettrick Classic in gray, aqua, navy, luggage or green. Sizes 12-20. About \$9





# Please Help Me!

A Plea From Faye Emerson . . .

. . . for Photoplay readers to help  
her find the sister who has been  
missing for fourteen long years

DEAR PHOTOPLAY:

Somewhere in this world I have a long-lost sister. Fourteen years ago she went out of my life. I have tried in vain to find her. Aside from loving my work as an actress, I have always hoped that my sister, wherever she is, might see my picture or recognize my name and get in touch with me. It occurred to me that through the far-reaching channels of PHOTOPLAY I might have a chance to locate her.

I was born in Elizabeth, Louisiana. When I was two years old, we moved to El Paso, Texas. About a year later, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence L. Emerson, my parents, were divorced. The following years I spent alternately with my father and mother.

When I was seven, I went to Chicago to live with my father and new stepmother. She was a striking Polish woman named Victoria. We lived on the North Side near Eltson and Monroe. Their daughter, my sister Virginia whom I'm trying to find, was born during this visit. When the year was up, I returned to my own mother. A year later I was back in Chicago again. This time, because I became so attached to my new sister, I was allowed to remain for three and a half years.

Virginia was a very beautiful child. She had the big, dark Polish eyes of her mother. Her hair was rich, dark and lustrous, with reddish highlights. She was my constant companion and she grew to love me as I loved her.

Once Virginia gave me a little blackboard with colored beads around it. It was one of her prized possessions. On the board she had written, "To Peggy. With luv." (She called me Peggy because I was then known by my middle name, Margaret.)

Then, one day, I was told that my mother was coming to take me back with her. Just before I left, I gave Virginia my favorite doll. Though I no longer played with dolls, this one had meant so much to me that I had kept it as my greatest treasure. When I gave it to Virginia, she carefully and tenderly drew the doll to her breast. We kissed each other good-bye. I never saw her again!

I returned with Mother to San Diego to live. The following Christmas I sent Virginia a little French purse and a letter to read it. In the same letter, my father told me they wouldn't be sending for me, that Victoria took Virginia to Grand Rapids, Michigan, But at this point fate stepped in. A letter arrived from my father saying that Virginia carried the purse around with her and, when she thought no one was looking, would take the letter out and pretend to read it. She never did.

Father went to New Mexico. Victoria assumed she would write. Virginia is now nineteen. It will be fourteen years this June since this tragedy touched my life. Virginia is

My only clue is that there was an Aunt Cecily or Cecilia, who was Victoria's sister. She might have made a home for Virginia if anything has happened to Victoria. I am hoping that Virginia, or someone who knows of her whereabouts, may read this. I plead with that person to communicate with me through Jerry Asher, who handles my mail at Warner Bros. Studio, Burbank, Calif. I will pray for an answer.

Faye Emerson



# Orson Welles—Genus Genius



Stork Club gets a look at Welles and wife and vice versa:  
Orson and Rita Hayworth in N. Y.

what he did for "Jane Eyre," but he couldn't get his name on the screen as producer. There were too many people fighting him. He was supposed to have carried on a feud with Joan Fontaine during the making of that when, as a matter of fact, Joan had the greatest respect for him. They worked together with great admiration and no fuss. Consequently it's one of the best things she's done.

There's very little warmth in him on the screen. Nor would I say his love-making is the kind that thrills you so you can't leave the theater. It's interesting to watch, but it doesn't give you an emotional upheaval such as the bobby-sox brigade gets from Frank Sinatra.

But there's no one in Hollywood with his background who can write, direct, produce, act, design scenery, paint and teach. Yet, that's just what's the matter with him. He can do too many things, and he doesn't know when to say no. When he was asked to introduce Charlie Chaplin at a big rally at Carnegie Hall, he said yes before he even knew that it was a communist meeting. When he found out, it was too late for him to get out of it. He's been accused of being a communist. He said, "I'm no more red than you are, Hedda. Only my method of proving that I'm on the right side is not direct like yours. I like a more subtle approach." In getting into those subtleties he very often gets off the main track and much damage has been done before he can get back on it.

The women who fall in love with Orson go the whole way. His first wife and mother of his child still has the greatest respect for him.

Incidentally, she's now Mrs. Charles Lederer, wife of Marion Davies' nephew. And Orson's little girl is a great favorite of William Randolph Hearst who, not so long ago, was up in arms against Orson for his "Citizen Kane."

Orson and Rita live very simply in a bungalow on a hilltop out in Brentwood, with one maid. They have a few friends in to dinner but never give large parties. In fact, the only large party I ever heard of Orson's giving was for his gang on his radio show two Christmases ago.

Since then he hasn't had time—and, let's be frank, he hasn't had the money. Every penny he gets goes into some project for entertaining, like the Magic Show he put on for men in uniform. His textbooks on Shakespeare are used in our universities, but they don't bring in a nickel. And now that he can't go to England to do "War And Peace," he's back in Hollywood waiting for a production job so that unleashed energy and talent can go to work again.

You don't always agree with him, but there's no one more entertaining to battle with. How many folks do you know who, at the age of thirty, have done so many things? All the ingredients for greatness are here, but will he ever reach the goal he's striving for? Only time will tell. But to me, Orson Welles has only scratched the surface of Orson Welles.

The End

(Continued from page 41) he started writing criticisms of all the summer operas. He took what he had written to the Highland Park newspaper, saying it was written by somebody else, and they hired the man who was supposed to be doing the writing.

At the end of four weeks, Louis Epstein, manager of the company, came to the owner of the paper and wanted to know who was writing those things. Orson was brought out and admitted he was doing it. Epstein said, "Why are you roasting my operas?" Said Orson, "I write what I think and believe. Then, too, I'm the only critic who doesn't get passes to your operas." And from then on he was a member of the press.

HE was fourteen when he went alone to Ireland to paint. Only when his money ran out and he was hungry did he get into the theater by claiming he was a well-known American actor. It was during that period, too, that he started writing for pulp magazines. He stayed over there for two years, was again broke in Paris when he heard that Gordon Craig, the great scenic designer, was in the American Express office. He was pointed out to Orson and, as Craig came through the door, Orson conveniently fainted at his feet. He was taken home. He became a protégé of Craig. From him he learned scenic designing. He went with him to Florence and met all the painters and artists there. Following this, he spent six months in Spain, really the happiest days of his life. He'd work two or three days a week writing horror stories for the pulp magazines, after which it was pretty women, wine, bullfights, music and living.

He was eighteen when at a cocktail party he met Thornton Wilder, who said, "You're Orson Welles, the actor, aren't you?" "No, I'm Orson Welles, the writer," replied he, for by that time he had managed to finish a couple of text books. Wilder came back with, "Let's call you writer and actor. How's that?" That was all right. Then Wilder said, "I want to introduce you to Katharine Cornell. She's looking for a young actor."

And Katharine Cornell engaged him to play the sensitive *Marchbanks* in "Candida." "I saw it in Los Angeles," I told him. "In fact, I walked out on it, it was so revolting." He laughed heartily and said, "I don't blame you. I was the despair of Katharine Cornell. Why she kept me, I'll never know. Then, too, I was pretty cocky in Los Angeles. We had just come from San Francisco where I got into a row with their top critic. I popped him one, he got the worst of it, so I was feeling pretty sure of myself."

He went from that into "Romeo And Juliet" with Cornell and it was there my son Bill met him for the first time. It was Bill's first season on the stage. He was shy, sensitive and hungry for somebody to be kind to him. Orson, realizing all this, couldn't have been nicer. Bill said, "I ran into him the day after his first marriage, in the Algonquin Hotel, and he and Mrs. Welles insisted upon my having

breakfast with them. I'll never forget it," says Bill. "Nor will I," says Mother.

PEOPLE ask if he's generous. Yes, he's generous to a fault, and so extravagant his friends will probably have to pay for his funeral. Anybody who's ever worked with Orson wants to work for him again. He'll wear out ten with his dynamic energy. He's given more people a chance at acting than many producers who've been in the theaters twenty-five years. We probably would never have heard of Joe Cotten if it hadn't been for Orson Welles.

I don't think he's an astute judge of human nature. He's been taken in too many times by perfectly worthless people. But he's a mighty good sport about it and always willing to take a chance on the next fellow.

When he came to Hollywood at the age of twenty-five as writer, actor, producer, the only contract of its kind ever made by RKO, the whole town laughed and hooted with, "Let's see what the little genius can do." They stopped laughing when he turned out "Citizen Kane" and got more praise than people who had been producing for years.

HE made three pictures at RKO—"Journey Into Fear," "Magnificent Ambersons" and "Citizen Kane." But the only one he was allowed to finish was "Citizen Kane." The others were done after he went to South America.

The stories that flew back from his shenanigans down there would fill volumes. The company gave out word that he was spending millions. He claims that isn't so. He's got some of the most beautiful photography ever seen on the screen, but I doubt if you will ever see it, 'cause the company won't let him finish it and, without him, they don't know how to finish. If by some miracle he can get hold of it and make it into a successful picture, he will have justified himself and made liars out of those who defamed him.

I don't think Orson is the greatest actor we've ever had. In fact, I don't think he's a great actor. But I do think he's a great producer. And that's what he should do and that's what he wants to do. That's



## If you were Laraine Day's house guest



Gateway to a dream house: Laraine and husband Ray Hendricks



Guest room, decorated with white ruffles—and hostess Laraine Day—at "The Sycamores"

(Continued from page 51) side doors into that magic garden again. Laraine points out the lovely flagged terraces outside each of these doors, with overstuffed patio furniture in bright colors—and an outdoor dining table with two benches. "In the summertime," she's saying, "we eat every meal out here under the trees, overlooking our river."

By this time she's pulling you down a fern-lined path to the river—which is dammed every summer to make a natural swimming pool.

There are two tents, one on either river bank—for men's and women's dressing rooms! "Later, after the war, we're going to buy red gypsy wagons with gold wheels and little ladders leading up to them, for dressing rooms," Laraine tells you. Then she explains "Of course you know we only bought this dream place last June. That's why we're so mad about it!"

**W**ELL, you didn't buy it, last June or any time, but you're mad about it too. You follow her across the curving bridge spanning the curving river, and sit in the "engagement tree" where endless couples have become engaged, according to legend, and look at Laraine's big, neat Victory Garden and her masses of flowers, and then wander off with her on other paths that lead through the woods to the garage. There's a chauffeur's cottage beside the garage—but as Laraine has no chauffeur (and no household help at all, for that matter), it's used as a last-minute guest cottage. You stare at her fruit orchard, and you hear her plans for planting the hillside near it with orange trees after the war, and you take a look at another cottage where the gardener lives—an old Scotsman named Mr. Gilbert.

Now it's around six o'clock, and when

you come back into the warm living room with its crackling fire, you find that husband Ray Hendricks has arrived home for the night.

You like him as much as you like Laraine. He's a medium-height, dark, merry young man of thirty—with curly brown hair and a physique that would make women truck drivers whistle. He used to be a singer, but now he works as a civilian flying instructor at Lancaster, an Army Air Corps training school fifty miles from Los Angeles—and he hitchhikes to work and back every morning and every night! (The Hendricks have only one car, a long black convertible, which Laraine drives to the studio every morning.)

**R**IGHT now, Ray is collapsed comfortably on a great yellow sofa before the fire, with his feet on a low walnut coffee table the size of a double bed. Beside him are two other house guests—for the duration. They are a charming couple named Hortense and Bob Robinson, and Bob is an Army private. They tell you at once why they are permanent guests: "We introduced Ray to Laraine in the beginning—so when we were evicted from our rented house they had to take us in!"

You still don't know where you're sleeping, or the Robinsons either, for that matter; or the two grinning young Air Corps cadets who suddenly appear from the kitchen—brought home for the night by Ray for a home-cooked meal. But that doesn't seem to matter. What does matter is that home-cooked dinner. "And who," Laraine demands, "is going to cook it?"

It seems she never cooks except for formal parties. So you all pitch in—elbowing each other around in the kitchen, and laughing, and showing off your own specialty. Maybe you concoct your prize Spanish omelette while Ray fixes the vegetables and Hortense hastily stirs up a

cake. (If Hortense didn't, there'd be no dessert, ever, in the Hendricks house.) Meanwhile, Laraine is supposedly setting the table. But when you walk through the big pantry—so big it has a graceful glass breakfast table and chairs in it—to the dining room, you find nothing set. You don't care, because never in your life did you see such an utterly charming dining room—small and circular, with dark paneling halfway up the rounded walls and the upper half done in red rose wallpaper. But best of all is the natural walnut table—circular, like the room, with a hole in the center out of which flourishes a frilly green fern! There's only room for the table and the eight chairs set around it, so there's no other furniture there.

You'd be standing there, gasping with pleasure and still bearing your special omelette, when Laraine would call in from the living room, "I decided we'd eat in front of the fire—as usual!" So you'd trail into the living room—and find that Laraine had put all the gay red print cushions from the couches on the bare floor (the rug for the room still hasn't come from the rug man, after all these months!) . . . and there, with trays, you'd all settle down for supper. You'd think your omelette had never tasted better, because the company's as good as the food and the room's as good as the company! The firelight dances on the shining copper warming pan beside the hearth, and on the old-fashioned copper egg-poacher, and on the huge copper wash tub that Laraine uses for a wood box.

And it also shines on the great yellow bunches of carnations Laraine has in bowls all over the room, and on the char-trouse drapes—and on the special custom-built red gingham easy chair as wide as a bed with a footstool just as wide!

But the peaceful supper and the peaceful talk are due to come to an end, which happens around eight o'clock, when the front door begins opening and closing, letting people drift in. The bell is never rung; the door just opens each time. And soon the huge room is full of people—crowding the four couches and that enormous easy (Continued on page 70)





## Cadet Nurse Engaged

DOROTHY M. FORRESTER of the U.S. Cadet Nurse Corps to Charles C. Carmichael, an officer in the U.S. Army Air Corps.



**ENLISTED IN A PROUD PROFESSION**—Her nurse's "white" lends a special glamour to Dorothy's exquisitely smooth skin. "It would be wonderful," she says, "if high school graduates who see this would enlist as Cadet Nurses. We need more nurses so." As a Cadet Nurse you would be given *free training*, a monthly allowance. Write to U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps, Box 88, New York, N. Y.

**FROM "HIM"!** "Charles is as glad as I am that I'm one of the Cadet Nurse Corps," Dorothy says. Dorothy is wearing the official Cadet Nurse suit of gray wool. It has red epaulets and sleeve insignia. The beret matches the uniform and looks adorable with her soft-smooth Pond's complexion.

*She's Lovely!  
She uses  
Pond's!*

ASK FOR A BIG LUXURY JAR!  
Save glass and man-power!  
And it's so quick to dip  
finger tips of both hands  
into the lovely wide jar!



### CADET DOROTHY FORRESTER

is studying at the California School of Nursing in Los Angeles, not far from her home town in Vista.

Her smooth, capable hands are learning to bring comfort at a touch. Eyes smile gratefully after her trim young figure in its white on-duty uniform—especially becoming with her glorious, dark hair and the soft, fresh-as-a-new-day look of her lovely complexion.

"I'm a Pond's Cold Cream girl—always," Dorothy says, "I think there's nothing half as nice as Pond's for making your skin *feel soft and clean*."

Dorothy believes in a twice-over creaming with Pond's—this way:

1. She *smooths* Pond's fragrant soft-smooth Cold Cream over her face and throat. Pats it on briskly but gently to

soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off thoroughly.

2. She *rinses* now with *more* snowy-soft Pond's, working its softening creaminess round her face with little spiral whirls of her finger tips—over forehead, cheeks, nose, mouth. Tissues off again well.

\* \* \*

Give your face this soft-smooth Pond's complexion care that Dorothy loves. You'll see that it's no accident engaged girls like Dorothy, noted society beauties like Mrs. Ellen Tuck Astor, Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr., and Britain's Lady Morris use Pond's Cold Cream.

Ask for a luxurious *big jar* of Pond's today. Use it every night and every morning—and for in-between beauty clean-ups! You'll *love* Pond's, too!

*Today many more women use Pond's  
than any other face cream at any price*





*"and MEDS are  
only 19¢ now!"*

#### FOR 10 IN APPLICATORS

Such comfort! Such safety! And such a saving! A month's supply of Meds' internal protection for only 19¢.

- Meds are made of fine super-absorbent COTTON for comfort.
- Meds' dainty APPLICATORS make them easy-to-use.
- Meds' exclusive "SAFETY-WELL" absorbs so much *more*, so much *faster*—up to three times its own weight in moisture.
- Meds are carefully designed to satisfy INDIVIDUAL needs

**"Next time," why not try Meds?**



Because of this dainty, carefully designed applicator, Meds are easy-to-use!

(Continued from page 68) chair and all the other small chairs. Some of them are the neighbors in surrounding canyon homes, whose business is banking or railroads; some of them are studio hairdressers whom Laraine has known and liked; and a lot are Hollywood's own—Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan, when he can get home; Lynn Bari and Sid Luft; Ruth Hussey and Bob Longenecker; Robert Cummings; the Allan Joneses; the Robert Youngs; Laird Cregar; Judy Garland; Van Johnson; the Keenan Wynns; Deanna Durbin; and Zorina.

ALL of them have packages under their arms—they bring their own food and drink, just as Laraine does at their parties—and by the time they're all assembled you wonder why you ever thought this place was a peaceful haven, because the room sounds like a football crowd at the game of the year. And soon the whole house is reverberating with noise . . . because everyone is playing "sardines," the child's game that has become so popular among Hollywood's younger set. One person hides in the completely darkened house—and then the others set out to find him, silently and still in the dark. As each one finds the "sardine," he quietly settles down in the same hiding place—until a mob is giggling hysterically under a bed or the kitchen sink, waiting for the last straggler to discover them. This special night the sardine hid in the shower—and after twenty of you were crowded into it with him, some prankster turned on the water!

But the soaking only delighted everyone. They soon were at a new game: Three suitcases are packed completely with three outfits of feminine clothing, from girdles to hats—and three men are chosen to start at the same time and hastily dress in the clothes they find in the suitcases, in front of the whole howling party! The first one dressed is the winner, of course!

Luckily, the party breaks up early; but not before the guests have washed

every glass and plate—and even scrubbed the kitchen floor! Then, finally, Laraine shows you to your bedroom. To get to it, you walk from the living room into a delightful library whose walls are half-paneled, half-papered in roses. One wall holds a fifteen-foot length of leaded windows and built directly under these windows is Laraine's fifteen-foot natural walnut desk, with book shelves on either side of the desk itself. There's a blue rug, and two red print slipper chairs; and, of course, a bowl of flowers—there are flowers everywhere in this house.

Opening off one side of the room is your bedroom, which is furnished, but only temporarily, with a pink-covered double bed, a blue rug and mahogany furniture against the pink pin-stripe wallpaper. Your bathroom is in black-and-pink tile. But the thing you like best about your room is the pen-and-ink sketch of Laraine on the wall—done by Chinese actor Keye Luke, with his name signed in Chinese characters as well as in English! "But," says Laraine, sighing, "all of this furniture will go when the things I've ordered come—twin beds, and natural walnut Provincial furniture."

Before you shut your door for the night, though, you beg Laraine to show you her and Ray's room—which opens off the library too and which, with your room, make up this end of the one-story house. Their room is breath-taking—big, square, spacious, with a low line of windows in one wall; but it, too, is only transiently furnished with a blue rug and a double bed with a pink spread. Laraine breathlessly tells you what it will look like in the future: a great bed, eight feet by eight feet, will fit exactly under the line of windows. A pink rag rug will cover the whole floor and one wall will be entirely filled with walnut wood—two armoires, on either side of a low dressing table fitted directly under another window. The drapes will be white . . . and meanwhile, as she tells you about it, you can hear the sound of the waterfall just out- (Continued on page 72)



Let the chips fall where they may: Faye Emerson, Irene Manning, Angela Greene, Cheryl Walker and Eleanor Parker line up to give Hollywood a dress rehearsal of how shoppers use the new OPA food-token chips



# How to have A FIGURE You're Proud of!



Before



After

## "The DuBarry Success Course has all the answers,"

says Mrs. Helen Davis, slim, attractive young mother of Ann Arbor, Mich.

TO HELEN DAVIS, working for figure improvement was an old story. She had repeatedly taken off a few pounds, then put them right back on. At 26, after she had her first baby, she decided something drastic had to be done. Fortunately, she enrolled for the DuBarry Success Course.

"It came as a welcome surprise to me," says Mrs. Davis, "to find in this one plan the answers to all my questions about face and figure improvement. In 6 weeks I lost 13 pounds, kept on and lost 10 more, now weigh 120. I gained a figure I am proud of, and I know how to keep it! My skin was rather dry and coarse looking; now it is soft, fine-textured and clear. I had only a vague idea of how make-up should be applied. Now, I know just how to achieve the effect I want.

And I've already saved the price of the Course by learning to be my own hairdresser.

"In fact, I simply cannot recommend the DuBarry Success Course too highly. I want to rush up to every overweight or unattractive girl I see and tell her about it."

### 120,000 Women Can Tell You!

More than 120,000 women have found the DuBarry Success Course a practical way to look better and feel better, be better prepared for strenuous wartime living. You get an analysis of your skin, hair, figure, posture, weight—then a goal to work for and a plan for attaining it. You follow the same methods taught by Ann Delafield at the famous Richard Hudnut Salon, New York.

## DuBarry Success Course

ANN DELAFIELD, Directing

### DuBarry Beauty Chest Included

With your Course, you receive a Chest containing a generous supply of DuBarry Beauty and Make-up Preparations.



When this Course has meant so much to so many, why not use the coupon to find out what it can do for you? Just paste it on a penny postal—and mail.

RICHARD HUDNUT SALON  
Dept. SE-8, 693 Fifth Ave.,  
New York, N. Y.

Please send me the new book telling  
all about the DuBarry Home Success Course.

Miss \_\_\_\_\_

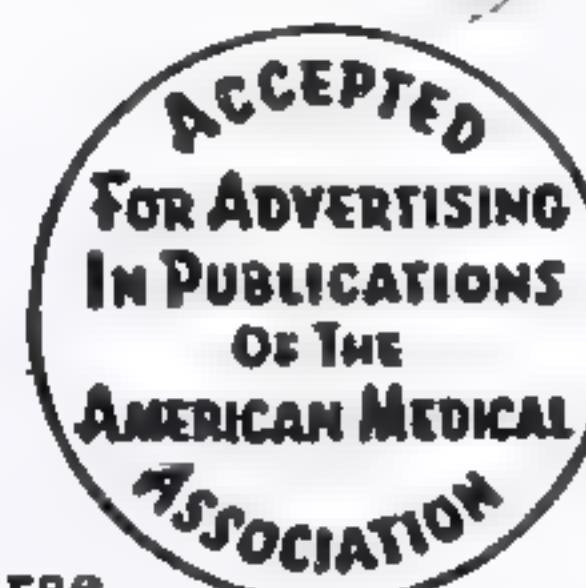
Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

Zone No.  
if any \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_





# Are you "on your toes"-- like 8 out of 10?

Women from coast to coast write frankly and freely, telling why they switched to Modess! "So soft!", "So comfortable!", or "So safe!" 8 out of 10 agree!

If you've been wishing you could breeze through these busier rush-rush days—no matter what time of the month—listen to this . . .



From all over the nation, 10,086 women recently wrote—telling *why* they switched to Modess Sanitary Napkins. 8 out of 10 said for its wonderful softness, its comfort, or its dependable safety! Among them were women who had used practically every type of napkin. But they liked Modess better! Like Mrs. P. D., dancer and gymnast, who wrote: "New-found softness and wonderful comfort!" And there were thousands more . . .

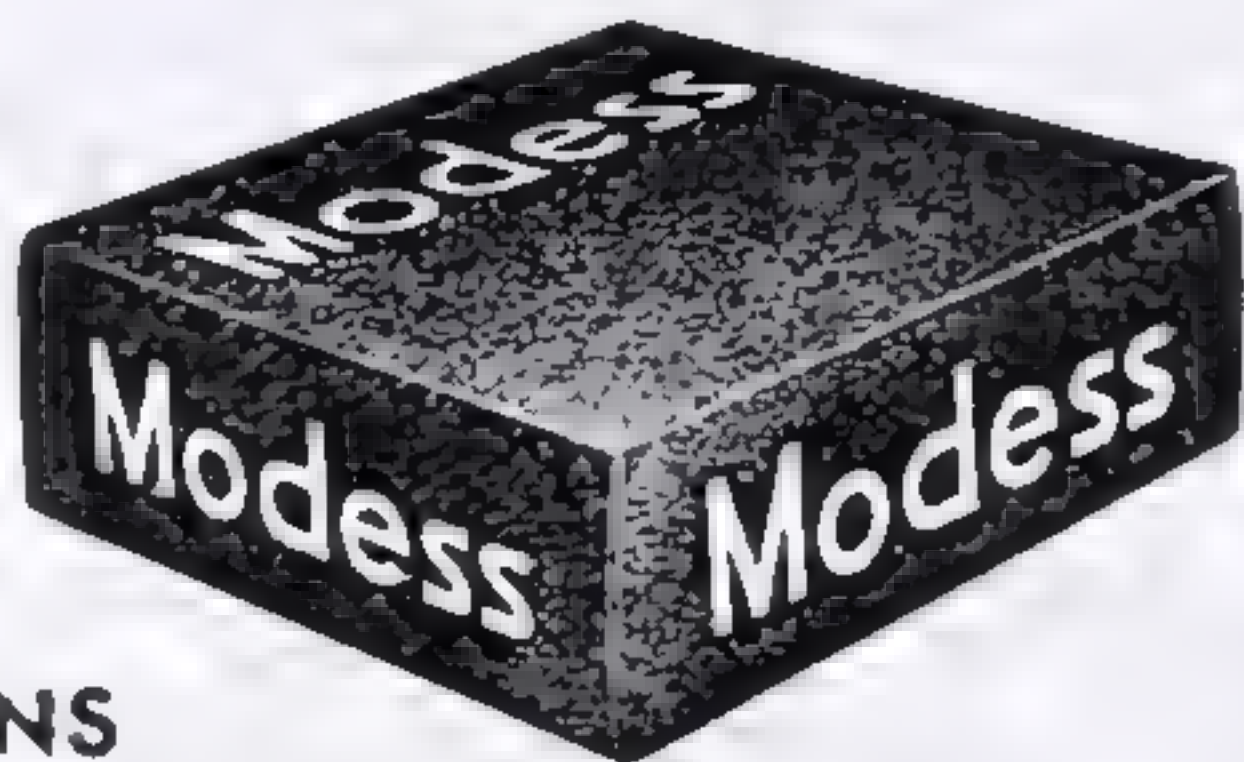


Women of all ages praised Modess' greater safety. As Mrs. M.A.F. said, "A busy mother appreciates Modess' extra security." A triple, full-length safety shield at the back of every Modess gives full-way protection—not just part-way. And because Modess is made with a special softspun filler instead of close-packed layers, it's softer, wonderfully smooth-fitting. Try softer, safer Modess. It costs no more!

Discover the Difference—Switch to

## Modess

SANITARY NAPKINS



**MODESS REGULAR** is for the great majority of women. So highly absorbent it takes care of even above-average needs. Makes bulky, over-size pads unnecessary. In boxes of 12 sanitary napkins, or Bargain Box of 56. **MODESS JUNIOR** is a slightly narrower, but equally absorbent, napkin. In boxes of 12.

(Continued from page 70) side her windows in the near-by river.

Naturally, you sleep like a happy baby. Just before you drop off, though, you wearily try to guess where the Robinsons and those two Air Corps cadets are sleeping—and you guess (correctly, it turns out) that their quarters are two identical guest rooms with ivy wallpaper and mahogany furniture that are in a wing off the kitchen . . . with a connecting bath between. That figured out, you fall into slumber. Nobody attempts to wake you and the silence is sweet and thick in the midst of these woods. So you might have slept all day if a bird hadn't shrieked at you from a tree outside your window. You get up and get dressed wildly and rush out into the living room—and find it's nine-thirty and Laraine has just sleepily appeared on the scene herself. If it's a day when she's not acting, of course; if she were, she'd be up and out by six A.M.

But nobody else is home. Private Robinson has vanished back to the Army and so have Ray and the two cadets; and Hortense Robinson is at her job as assistant to a doctor. Laraine, you find, eats no breakfast ever; so while you get some for yourself she calls cheerfully to you from the back porch, where she is doing the laundry in the washing machine. She won't let you help hang it out in the little fenced-in dooryard; so you eat breakfast alone, and do your dishes—and then together you make beds, polish floors, dust furniture . . . and gather flowers for the vases.

When one o'clock comes you find that maybe Laraine doesn't touch breakfast but she's mad for lunch—especially at the gay, outdoor Farmers' Market just outside of Beverly Hills. So the two of you drive there and eat under a beach umbrella, with vegetable stalls all around you, and women shoppers, and endless tempting stands offering you any foreign or American food. Then, undoubtedly, Laraine will drag you to a movie. She loves them, and sees every single one that's made—some of them many, many times. She's seen "Dumbo" and "Bambi" six times, "Pygmalion" five times, and "Man's Castle" eight . . . but never for business, just for

### Who's your choice?

Here's your chance to see your favorite star pictured in color in Photoplay.

## Ronald Reagan

winner of last month's poll, appears on Page 35. Send your vote in now to the Color Portrait Editor, Photoplay, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

I would like to see a color portrait of  
In Photoplay



fun. You find out that she goes to movies almost every night when she's not giving or going to a party.

But by this time you know a lot of other things about Laraine, too. You know that she never lunches with women and that she prefers men's company to girls'—and that she chooses her husband's company to anyone else's in the world. You know that they've been married a year and a half and that they met a year and a half before that . . . when Laraine, in her off hours from picture work, was producing a little theater show in Culver City. It was a satire on Little Red Riding Hood and when the man playing the Wolf dropped out, Ray Hendricks was pulled in for the role—by the Robinsons, those current duration house guests! Ray was a flier then, but he had formerly been a singer with Benny Goodman, Ted Fio Rito and Ben Bernie—which is why you'd find yourself being dragged to a monthly band opening at the Palladium, where Ray sees his old musician friends once a month . . . and where his wife has learned to jitterbug!

**Y**OU know that Laraine loves to read mystery stories in her spare time and is allergic to radio programs. You know that Ray enjoys listening to records in his free hours and that he'll sit chuckling a whole evening over a toy puzzle or a trick gadget like a cigarette that explodes. You know that despite Laraine's lavish wardrobe, she doesn't own a dressing gown or a pair of bedroom slippers—leading Ray to remark sourly, "We live as if we're in a hotel room!" You know that she wears pajamas and loves to go to bed as early as eight o'clock and make up wishful-thinking stories to herself until she falls asleep . . . and that she's a practicing Mormon from a long line of the same. You know that she is one of eight children, all from Roosevelt, Utah—and that her great-grandfather was Charles C. Rich, one of Brigham Young's elders and the father of fifty-two children by his many wives!

You know that her father is in the seed and wool business, and that none of her brothers or sisters is in the movie industry; and that when she was ten years old, her whole family moved from Utah to Long Beach, California, where she attended George Washington Junior High School and Polytechnic High School. She was a sophomore when she became a part-time motion-picture actress; and she is twenty-three now.

You know that her dog-love is divided between Igor, her huge bull mastiff, and Briny Marlin, her tiny black Scottie—which came to her direct from Ray, in a long white flower box! You know that she loves to take color pictures and to go on long bicycle rides with Ray and to make charming old-fashioned coffee grinders and Spanish treasure chests into cigarette boxes.

You know that Ray loves her so much that he hitchhiked from Phoenix, Arizona, every Saturday night for a whole year in order to spend Sundays with her—and then hitchhiked back again Sunday nights! You know that she may not eat breakfast, but nevertheless she's a chain eater, tucking away pie, cake and ice cream steadily all day long. You know that the telephone rings ceaselessly—but it's always Ray calling Laraine, or Ray's friends hot on his trail.

You know that someday they'll build a house across the river for her parents—and that someday your guest room will be a nursery swarming with four children . . . and that Laraine will always be acting in pictures, and you'll always be coming back for visits—just as often as you can!

THE END

*"Yes . . . I use Dura-Gloss"*



10¢ PLUS TAX

Of all the nail polishes I ever used, Dura-Gloss is the best. You should see how beautiful it looks on my fingernails—how it gleams and sparkles—and you should see how nicely it flows on, without being too "runny" or "watery," but spreading just right. Won't you do this for me:—try Dura-Gloss now? See how it suits you. Compare it with *any* other nail polish. See if Dura-Gloss doesn't please you better in every way, and if all those around you don't admire its jewel-like beauty. A dime is all it costs. Try Dura-Gloss today.

Lorr Laboratories • Paterson, N. J.  
Founded by E. T. Reynolds

**DURA-GLOSS NAIL POLISH**  
Dura-Coat    Polish Remover    Cuticle Lotion



# Housework's the Only Job I Know

## — what could I do in a war job?

**"The More Women at War  
—The Sooner We'll Win!"**

Harness that housework energy and skill to *any* home-front service! Every day, more and more women *must* help keep production moving! If your town needs workers, each day you delay means more men must die—Victory must be postponed. Below, see how many domestic duties can be applied to a war job!



**Ever cook—serve meals?** . . . a restaurant or hotel needs you! A real war job, if ever there was one—*vital* to civilian life! Full time, part time, there's a place for you, with pay. Read the classified ads in your home paper—for openings available *now*. Or get free advice from your Employment Service Office.



**Ever wash and iron?** . . . laundries need you! If you can run a washing machine, or do *anything* in the laundering line, here's a war job that will relieve your country of a serious problem! See the want ads. Also, your U. S. Employment Service Office will gladly give you free information.



**Ever keep accounts?** . . . manage household bills, budgets? The WACS, WAVES, SPARS and MARINES need women for many types of work. Jobs computing pay rolls, keeping records, etc. Serve in uniform—release a man to fight! Inquire at your nearest Army or Navy recruiting station.



**Ever go marketing?** . . . try selling! It's like shopping—in *reverse*. Drug store clerks are urgently needed to sell cosmetics and other items, to serve at fountains or as cashiers. A job in *any* store is *essential*! Inquire in your neighborhood—read those want ads! Start working *today*!



(\*T. M. Reg.  
U. S. Pat. Off.)

Published in the interest  
of the war effort  
by Kleenex★Tissues



Paper, too, has a war-time job . . . that's why there's not enough Kleenex Tissues to go around. But regardless of what others do, we are determined to maintain *Kleenex* quality in every particular, consistent with government regulations.

## Introducing Little Miss James

(Continued from page 27) Gordon had brought perambulator robes and pillows in blue, and Mrs. Keenan Wynn contributed red suede booties. There were also dozens of blankets, baby dresses, coats, bonnets and enough booties, as Betty said later, to keep a centipede's feet warm. It took three cars to bring all the gifts back to Betty's home.

**S**MALL Victoria is going to find herself in one of the most enchanting rooms in the country—even though it is still only half ready for her. She'll find her floor covered in dark blue linoleum and her walls a pale blue—with tiny rabbits in blue and white marching around just under the ceiling. The same rabbits are repeated in the white and blue wall paper in an alcove. But, except for the wall paper and linoleum, there is thus far nothing in the room but the most necessary article—a bed. This is delightful enough to make up for a dozen other pieces of furniture, though. It's an antique slave-cradle on rockers, which Betty herself painted white and lined with satin.

Victoria's room is set in a house that would make any child happy—a small house surrounded by five acres of lemon groves up Cold Water Canyon in Beverly Hills, which has only two bedrooms, Victoria's and her parents'. It's a two-story stone house of simple architecture. During these past months Betty has been housekeeping for the first time in her life. Except for a cleaning woman who came in for a few hours three days a week, Betty was doing all her own work.

It will be eight full weeks after Victoria's arrival before Betty will be acting again. By that time the picture "Pin-up Girl" will be released, which she finished just before her doctor ordered her to begin behaving like an expectant mother. Then she will immediately start shooting "Diamond Horseshoe."

Meanwhile, even before this article appears in print, Harry may well be a private in the Army. He is 1-A right now and it's only a matter of time before he's in uniform and leaving behind him his wife and baby daughter. But they will be waiting for his return—Betty Grable, the queen of pin-up girls in person, and Victoria Elizabeth James, the young princess of pin-ups. And the whole country will be wishing the famous family health and happiness the while.

THE END

## ARE HOLLYWOOD STARS GOOD MOTHERS?

Read the candid opinion of

**ELSA MAXWELL**

famous writer-friend of  
the stars who has observed  
them intimately with  
their children.

June Photoplay



## Handbook on Hedy

(Continued from page 37) care much about being a well-dressed woman. She used to walk about wearing only a pair of overalls and sandals. Now her casual costumes consist of a plain silk shirt, open at the neck, and gray slacks. She generally shops by telephone. She usually allows herself ten minutes to dress and finishes in five.

Her favorite informal dresses are of peasant design, dirndls with wide skirts and embroidered blouses.

She secretly writes poetry. She designs jewelry and she mixes her own perfumes. She is also an inventor and the Government is now considering one of her wartime inventions.

She generally has the radio turned on and listens to all the top programs. Fred Allen is her favorite comedian and she talks about him and Bob Hope as if she weren't in theatricals but strictly a fan. She likes to tell jokes, too.

She was trained by a French nurse and in four years at private school and four years under private tutelage she acquired a fair command of the Hungarian, German and French languages. She claims that she learned English by studying American motion pictures.

She loves to go to the movies. She goes several times a week, seeing all the important releases. She likes to see pictures in projection rooms, for there she can talk back to the picture.

When she attends a movie in a theater, often during a love scene she will lean over and kiss John. It is John who is really a character during the showing of a film. He never fails to fall asleep immediately at that scene in which the picture starts being dull.

In fact this habit of John's is a standing gag among their friends. One night Ann Sothern phoned and asked Hedy about a certain movie and whether it was really worth seeing. "Wait a minute," said Hedy, "and I'll ask John."

She returned to the phone and said, "John says he fell asleep at that one quite early."

"Thanks," replied Ann, "then I wouldn't bother seeing it."

**S**HE loves food and is a big eater. She wants a taste of whatever everyone at the table orders. She is especially fond of desserts and is always eating candy, cakes and ice cream.

She is very fond of good music and will sit for hours listening to classical recordings. She and the George Antheils are great friends and he has promised to dedicate his next symphony to her.

She comes on the set knowing her lines and how she wants to play the part. She is easy to get along with at work. She is eager for suggestions, but she must have confidence in the director.

This is how she studies her scenario. She always has John read aloud the scene she is to play. She listens. Then he reads it again, and by now she knows her lines. Then she rehearses the scene by enacting it with her husband.

Her bedroom has twin beds. She always makes her own bed. She claims she can't sleep unless she fixes the bed herself.

She likes to have John read to her. Whenever possible, she doesn't read a book herself but has John read it to her. Her favorite authors are Daphne du-Maurier, John Steinbeck and Somerset Maugham. They read in bed. And, on a copy of a collection of Maugham's short stories, there is this note, written by them: "Thank you, Mr. Maugham."

THE END

## Why Judy Garland wears Woodbury Windsor Rose



JUDY GARLAND, APPEARING IN "MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS"  
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

✓ it gives a dazzling warm tone  
...lends such clear, fresh beauty-  
and such smoothness!

**Girls!** The look in *his* eyes will tell you — your Woodbury shade makes you lovelier than ever! . . . Hollywood film directors helped Woodbury create THE perfect shade for each skin-type . . . The Color Control blending process makes Woodbury Powder color-even, color-fresh *always* on your skin . . . gives it smooth, clinging texture that veils tiny blemishes. Choose now from the 8 exquisite Woodbury shades!

## Woodbury COLOR CONTROLLED Powder

**YOUR MATCHED MAKE-UP!** . . . Now with your big \$1 box of Woodbury Powder, you also get your just-right glamour shades of matching lipstick and rouge — at no extra cost . . . All 3 for only \$1.

ALSO BOXES OF WOODBURY POWDER 50¢, 25¢, 10¢







candy  
makes delicious  
cookies...



IF HE'S IN AMERICA  
SEND A BOX TO  
THE BOY IN CAMP

**RECIPE ON EVERY WRAPPER**



CURTISS CANDY COMPANY • Producers of Fine Foods • CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



## Overseas Report on Jean Pierre Aumont

(Continued from page 55) now not even have the two ounces of meat a month previously allotted them. The standard of work in the schools has dropped alarmingly because the children do not get enough food (at least seventy to eighty percent of them show symptoms of rickets) and because they are living in the same state of nervous tension as the adults.

Not long ago, it seems, a group of French youths decided to bring a supply of potatoes to Lyons, where the food situation is desperate. They piled the potatoes on a truck and, armed with machine guns, proceeded to Collonges where a policeman blocked their passage on the grounds that such transport was illegal. ("Illegal," mark you, potatoes to the starving!) The youngsters were forced to threaten the officer with their machine guns before being able to continue on their journey.

The situation in Nice is even worse. Practically all the food must be brought in from other areas. Small children often go for days without their share of milk. Not even a substitute food is granted them.

Life for the Parisians, too, is very hard. They look poor and emaciated. Their health is failing. Their houses are cold and in disrepair. Their children die or become invalids. Certain medicines are now entirely lacking . . . the problem of criminal and mentally deficient youths is becoming exceptionally serious.

One of the greatest luxuries in this ravaged city is a cigarette. Parisians will go to drastic lengths for a smoke, but only twenty percent of them are able to buy "unused" cigarettes. The others smoke cigarettes made of discarded butts, known as *megots*. These are picked up from the streets . . . often by well-dressed women. The tobacco is cleaned and "new" cigarettes made, to be sold at Black Market prices. Hundreds of children, hired by a few individuals, go out on daily scavenger hunts in the streets and around restaurants and bars to pick up these *megots*.

It is with such grim realities that Jean Pierre is now deeply concerned. "Because he cares so much," Maria said, "I am proud, terribly, terribly proud of Jean Pierre. I am proud of so many things in him. Of his thoughtfulness—he cables me twice a week, writes to me every night, every night, even though his letters may not reach me for weeks and then all in a bunch.

"I am very proud to get my husband's check every month—\$218—with which, except for the first one, I buy Bonds, every month Bonds. With the first one, I bought for myself something I wanted very much—an evening dress, the color of my hair, which I saved and wore to the President's Birthday Ball. I am very proud of the letter General de Gaulle sent Jean Pierre, thanking him for what he has done.

"I am glad of the way he is in love with me, my Jean Pierre. He does not want me to dance with anybody while he is away. He does not want me to have dates with anybody but his friends. That is the way a man should be with the woman he loves, possessive and protective.

"BEFORE he left, he had made for me two recordings, one a French song I love very much and one of two poems he used to say to me as only Jean Pierre, with that beautiful voice of his, could say them. I play them every night before I go to sleep. And we promised each other that, every night, as we go to bed—I here, he, over there—we will kiss our wedding rings. You know, 'I kiss my ring tonight. . . .'

"He will be, I know, after the war, the greatest actor in France. He plans to spend half his time in France, half in Hollywood. I am studying French very hard, improving my accent, because Jean Pierre writes that he wants me to act with him in Paris, afterward.

"He does wonderful prose sketches, too, in English and in French, with great wit in them, great finesse, great psychology.

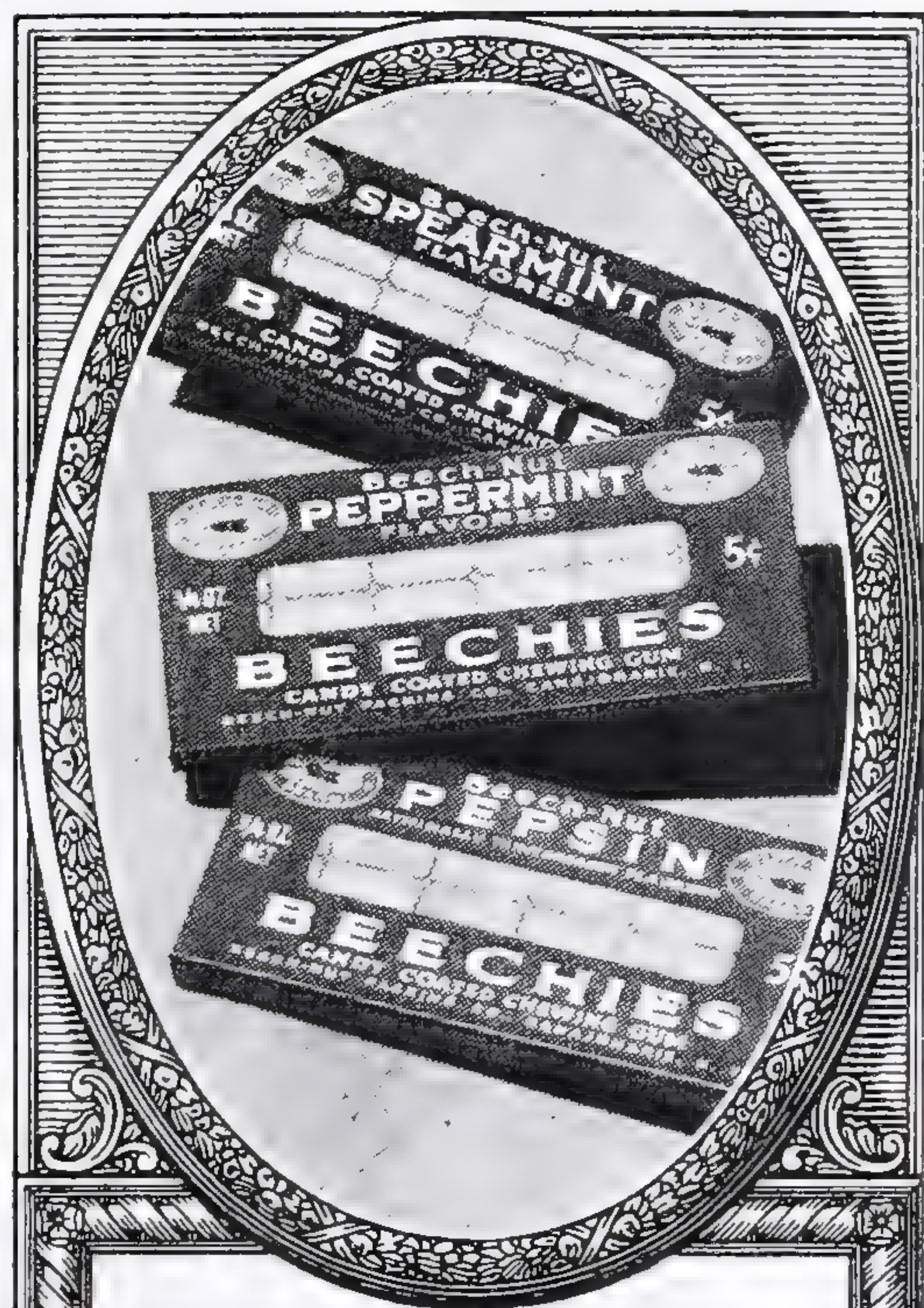
"I am very proud of the way everyone seems to like him. Andre David, Charles Boyer, Saint Exupéry, Jean Cocteau, Claude Dauphin, Gene Kelly (his best friend that I know in Hollywood) are his good friends and he loves them like they are brothers. Charles Boyer, Gene, the others call me often, say, 'Have you had a letter? Yes? May I come over and read it?' Or they will call and say, 'I have had a letter. Shall I read it to you?'

That is Jean Pierre Aumont today—somewhere in Africa, possibly in England, wherever he may be, doing his best as one individual in this great war, with the hope that it may contribute a little toward a day when all men will understand all other men and, understanding, never again find it in their hearts to bring such suffering as this to the world.

The End



Dinnertime tactics: Frances Langford, Captain Tommy Forest and Frances's husband Jon Hall making Mocambo night of it



**B**eech-Nut  
BEECHIES . . .  
candy-coated  
gum in three de-  
licious varieties  
. . . Peppermint,  
Spearmint and  
Pepsin . . . bring  
you today the  
same fine quality  
and delightful  
flavor for which  
"Beech-Nut"  
has been famous  
for many years.

BEECHIES are made by  
the makers of popular  
BEECH-NUT PEPPERMINT  
GUM . . . and BEECH-NUT  
SPEARMINT GUM in  
stick form.





Want to be his  
Lady Fair?



Charm him with  
your lovely Hair

Men love hair that's bright and shining,  
Filled with highlights, lustrous sheen,  
Hair that gleams will rate you higher,  
One sure way to be his Queen!



If drab hair has you discouraged,  
Colorinse will make it glow,  
Give it color, sheen and highlights,  
Help you win your favorite beau.



Use Colorinse—and you'll discover  
Hidden beauty in your hair,  
Hair that glows gives you more glamour,  
And his heart will you ensnare.

**P.S.** For your next permanent, ask for an Opalescent  
Creme Wave, by Nestle—originators of perman-  
ent waving.

Nestle  
COLORINSE



In 10¢ and 25¢ sizes  
At beauty counters  
everywhere

KEEP HAIR IN PLACE ALL DAY LONG

For that well-groomed look,  
whether you wear your  
hair up or down—a deli-  
cately perfumed hair  
lacquer. Just a few  
drops of Hairlac will  
keep your coif in  
place throughout  
the day. 2 1/2 oz.  
bottle 25¢.



Nestle HAIRLAC

## Are You a Lady in the Dark?

(Continued from page 44) beauty treat-  
ment. And when the time for the date  
comes, try to look at yourself as if you  
were taking in the good points of a per-  
fect stranger. I believe you'll see a lot  
of these and think of more you could  
develop.

Next, take up the question of your  
"manner." Suppose that, especially when  
you meet people on whom you're dying  
to make a good impression, you feel shy  
and awkward, not the poised, confident  
person you would like to appear. If you  
are like most girls, you were probably  
brought up to feel it wasn't quite "nice"  
to want to attract attention, especially  
from the opposite sex. And whether you  
know it or not, it's that feeling that makes  
you self-conscious and afraid to show  
your talents or set off your good looks  
to the best advantage. Then if, for this  
reason, you've gone more or less un-  
noticed, you've grown all the surer that  
you do not have what it takes to be pop-  
ular and admired.

If this is your trouble, then the simplest  
cure I know of is to train yourself to  
notice other people—to think of how they  
impress you instead of how you impress  
them. Concentrate on whether you like  
the men you meet, not on how they like

you, and try to decide how you'd describe  
them if you had to put them in a story  
or a novel. After a while, you'll be too  
much interested to have time to feel self-  
conscious and, eventually, the attention  
you give others will come back to you  
with compound interest. For there's  
nothing anyone—especially a man—likes  
better than to feel he's being noticed and  
the girl he feels is thinking about him  
as well as herself is the one he'll want to  
have more dates with.

But young men aren't any different in  
this respect from older men, or from  
women and children. That's why being  
popular need be no problem for you if  
you're just willing to take the trouble.  
When you meet somebody who listens to  
your ideas and opinions, and perhaps  
remembers to ask if the toothache that  
was bothering you last week is better, you  
are going to like that person unless you  
have some very good reason not to. Like  
most good rules, this works both ways  
and unless you simply won't be bothered,  
you can take advantage of it just as well  
as anybody else can. I don't mean you  
have to be a "doormat" and do everything  
that anybody asks you. I mean you  
should open your eyes and ears so as  
to let those around you get to be real

### ARE YOU "IN THE DARK" ABOUT YOURSELF?

Here are ten "dark" and destructive ideas that may come into a girl's  
mind. When one of them throws its shadow on you, what do you do?  
If you're most apt to believe it, write a zero in the first three columns.  
If you don't entirely accept the idea, but still can't help worrying a  
little, mark five in the second column. If you're able to say, "No!" or  
even, "Nonsense!" give yourself ten points in column three. Add your  
score and refer back to what I've said about it on page 44.

1. There's no future in this job I'm doing.....
2. I'll never be really pretty.....
3. I'll never get to meet people easily.....
4. I can't get over the feeling that when people  
say they like me, they're just doing it to make  
me feel good.....
5. I can never stick to my good resolutions.....
6. I never can seem to ring the bell a hundred  
percent. ....
7. You have to have talent to get places, and  
I was born without any.....
8. I can never live down some of the mistakes I  
have made.....
9. I might as well give up trying to attract men  
—I just haven't got what it takes.....
10. "Everything happens to me.".....

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people to you, not just members of the audience before which you are putting on an act to win applause and admiration. Even asking yourself the old question: "How does he (or she) get that way?"—if you ask it seriously and try to see *why* the other fellow feels and acts as he does—will not only make life much more interesting but win you more friends than you had ever thought you could have.

AND yet if you are a normal girl and have not yet found a man you could love who loves you, it's love and not popularity or friendship in which you are mainly interested. Here, too, maybe you have grown up, as so many girls do, with the feeling that to "win a man's love" takes all sorts of strange, mysterious qualities which you're afraid you don't have. If you still feel that way, it's one more case where you're "living in the past" and looking at life from a small-girl standpoint which it's time you outgrew. From your father and your older brothers, or perhaps from studying the men your big sister went out with, you may have got the idea that men are mysterious creatures whose demands are so exacting that no simple ordinary girl (like you) could ever hope to satisfy them.

But the truth is, unless he is eaten up with egotism, no man you meet will be looking for a superwoman and though he may sometimes dream of marrying a girl like Betty Grable, he'd be thoroughly uncomfortable with a girl like that in real life and right well he knows it. For just one thing, she'd be too hard to live up to.

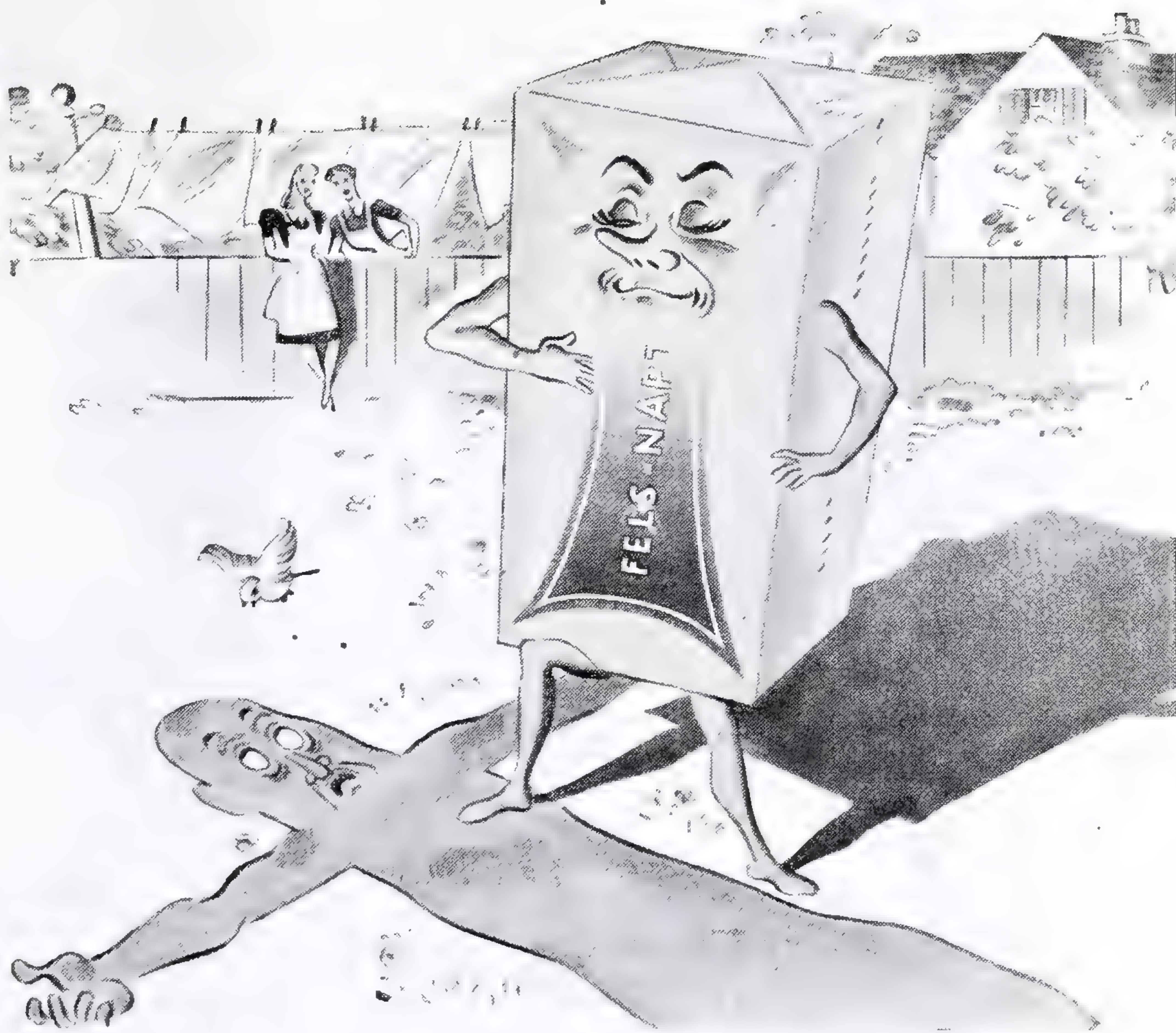
I'VE heard more men talk about girls than most people, besides being a man myself, and the qualities that win a man's love are not what a lot of people suppose. A man doesn't love a girl mainly for her looks, her brains, or because she's "hard to get," although all of these may help in the beginning.

He loves her because he feels she cares about him, wants to see him happy and is interested in what he has done and can do. You've probably heard the saying: "Every man is a small boy at heart," and there's a whole lot of truth in it, even though the man who's too much of a small boy doesn't make a very satisfactory husband.

But the saying is completely true in one way: The things that the average man wants in a woman are the ones his mother gave him when he *was* a small boy—interest, sympathy and understanding. And the girl who gives him these things—which, being a woman, *you* can give a man if you are willing—is the girl he'll want to marry.

There's a lot more I could tell you, but it all boils down to one thing: Don't Stop Trying! That was what would have wrecked *Liza Elliott's* life if *Dr. Brooks* had not helped her to see the mistake she was making. The "dark" she was in was really the fog of discouragement that came from taking her first failures and wrong moves too seriously; and if you are in that sort of fog, don't let it darken your life any longer. Whether it's in love, in a career, or both (since I believe they can be combined), the girl who wins is the one who refuses to let disappointment make her feel there's something wrong or lacking in her when the truth is nearly always that she simply tried too soon, or in the wrong way. Let the light of hope and understanding into your heart and there is no reason why—in one way or another—*your* dreams should not come true.

THE END



## "Unconditional Surrender!"

**To the woman who uses Fels-Naptha Soap there is nothing vague about Unconditional Surrender. She sees it happen every wash day.**

Like all housekeepers, Dirt is her arch enemy—an invader and a despoiler. She uses Fels-Naptha Soap because she has no patience with half-measures. Or, to put it more plainly, with half-clean clothes.

When she tosses the family wash into a tubful of Fels-Naptha Suds, the issue is decided, then and there. Those two inseparable allies—Soap and Naptha—drive Dirt from every seam and fibre. They 'liquidate' the invader without injury to fine fabrics or dainty garments.

In the conflict with Dirt, you can't afford to be unprepared—or 'neutral.' Fels-Naptha Soap is made for, and used by, women whose only terms with the enemy are—Unconditional Surrender!



**FELS-NAPHTA SOAP—banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"**



## Thanks for Today

(Continued from page 38) watch her classmates go off for tea with the sweet, beautifully dressed women who were their mothers. Her own mother died when she was only two years old.

As an adolescent, shy and afraid, Ingrid lived with an aunt and uncle who were well-meaning but incapable of understanding her and her sensitive ways. Her father, Justus Bergman, musician, artist and photographer, to whom she was emotionally close, died when she was thirteen. And six months later she lost the aunt who had looked after her and whom she had learned to call mother.

The aunt and uncle with whom she went to live at this unhappy point in her affairs laughed when, agonizingly self-conscious, she couldn't answer people. "You're crazy," they told her, "to think you could be an actress—as you do. How could you stand on a stage, talk to a theater filled with people? Besides, you're too big. You're as big as a giraffe."

"I know," Ingrid said quietly, "but I must become an actress somehow."

MORE and more she retreated into her world of dreams. Unlike most stage-struck adolescents she didn't dream of applause and glittering gowns and jewels and admirers and flowers. She dreamed realistically of working in the theater, studying, playing character parts and one day, perhaps, one of Ibsen's strange women.

Every year the State Dramatic School tested so many youngsters. Those who were accepted paid no tuition. "Let me test," Ingrid begged. "It doesn't cost anything. Even if you think it's silly, let me test, please!"

At last her uncle and aunt agreed. She wouldn't be able to open her mouth anyway, they told each other, and that would be the end of the nonsense once and for all.

"I had heard you played something tragic like *Juliet* or *Portia* when you tested," Ingrid said. "But they asked me to play a funny country maid. And before I had gone far they said, 'That's enough!'"

"I felt as if the gates of heaven had closed upon me. I went home and sat in a chair and thought of suicide. Everything seems so permanent when you are young and you have no experience to teach you things will change."

"HOW did it go?" asked her aunt and uncle.

"I was so bad," she said, "they couldn't stand to listen to me."

"Now you really can see what you will do," they told her. They were beaming.

A schoolfriend burst in. "Call up the school!" she shouted.

"It isn't necessary," Ingrid said. "I know how bad I was. They wouldn't even let me finish. They stopped me. . . ."

"No, Ingrid," the friend protested. "They were only beginning a weeding-out process. I saw your name written down on the blackboard as one of those who are to take the second test!"

That was the beginning of Ingrid's conscious happiness. But for the black years preceding she might have taken for granted the school and the work she loved; the atmosphere warm with understanding; praise instead of constant criticism; admiration instead of ridicule. Now all this seemed a daily miracle for which she never stopped sending up little hymns of thanksgiving.

She met Peter Lindstrom, a medical doctor interested in research, when she was seventeen. She was twenty-one when they were married. "My husband," she says, "is



Vigny's

*Beauty  
Catcher*  
perfume

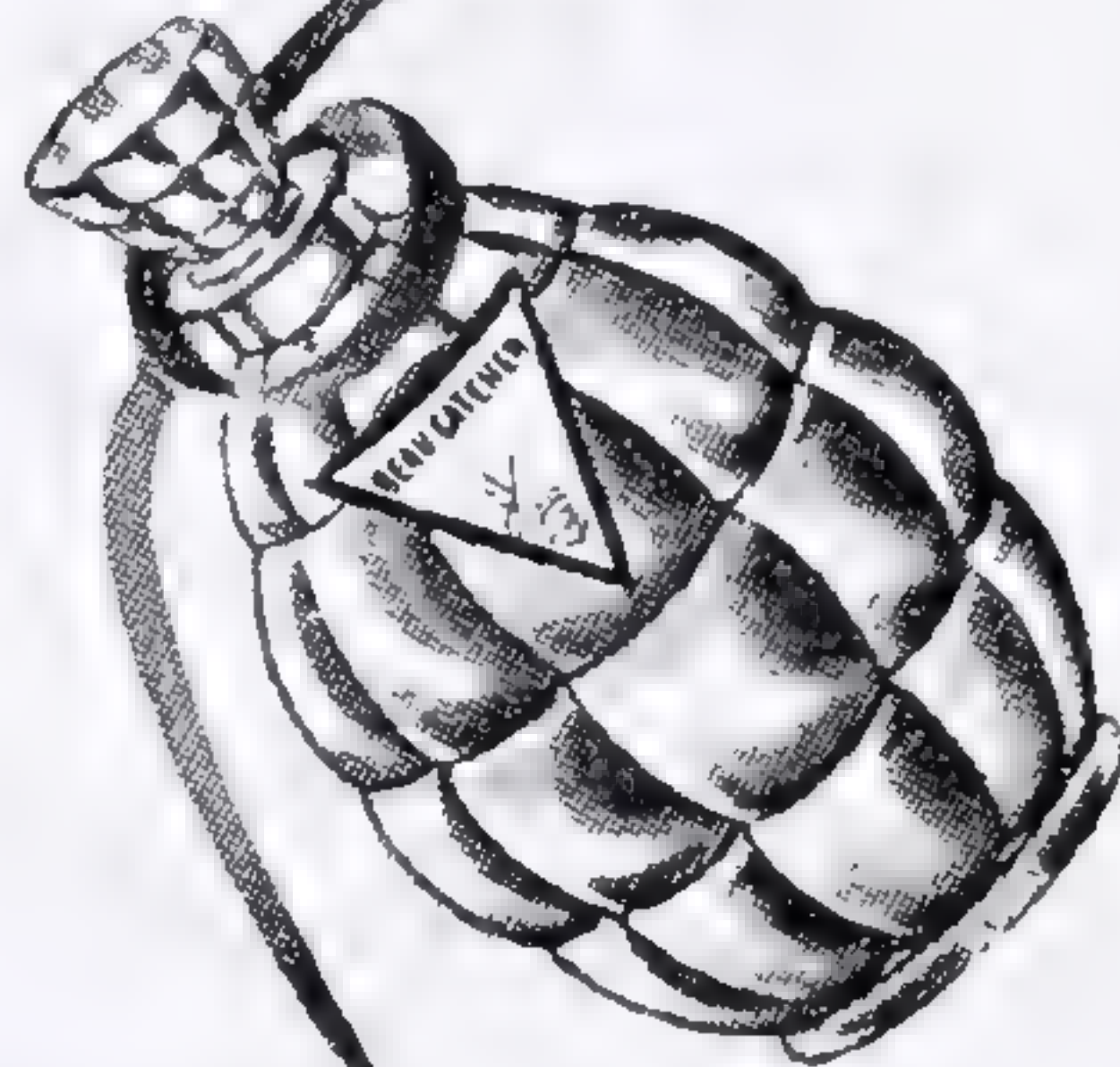
is a heart catcher . . .

the saucy scent  
that won't take "no"  
for an answer

\$3<sup>75</sup> • 7<sup>50</sup> • 12<sup>50</sup> • 22<sup>50</sup>

by dram \$1<sup>50</sup>

plus federal tax





the one who makes it all so wonderful. He didn't expect me to be a different person because I married him. He understands my interest in my work and my love for it."

It was with sweat and toil, if not with blood and tears; that David O. Selznick got Ingrid over here for her first American picture, "Intermezzo." The final scene finished, without waiting to remove her make-up, she tore for the train on the first lap of her journey back to Sweden. Pia (her name comes from the initials of her parents' names, Peter Aron and Ingrid) was then only a few months old.

When "Intermezzo" was released Selznick had to have Ingrid back. On any terms. He would give her the world set in a ring for her finger, but he had to have her back.

"I can't go . . ." she cried, torn between two loves. That was 1939. England and Germany were at war. She knew if Sweden went to war, too, it might be impossible to see her husband again for years.

It was Doctor Lindstrom in the end who talked her down. He knew what the American experience had meant to her. After Hollywood the Swedish field seemed cramped. If she wanted to grow in her profession, he told her, she couldn't afford not to go back.

To make sure she wouldn't turn back en route, he took her and Pia to Spain, saw them on the boat and promised to join them in June. "No man," she says, "ever acted more generously, with less thought of himself."

They kept waving and calling, "June . . . June . . ." till they lost sight of each other. She didn't really believe that he would be able to get across the sea to them. The world was so upside down. But she clung to a small shred of hope rooted in her knowledge of her husband. "He is such a man that if he says he will do a thing he does it."

THEY had that summer together in California and he came again for Christmas. Then, when it appeared Sweden would remain neutral, they weighed the possibilities of his remaining over here. He sent an application to the Strong Memorial Hospital at Rochester, New York, was accepted, and phoned to Ingrid who was then making "Rage In Heaven" to join him at the first possible moment.

In Rochester, Ingrid and Doctor Lindstrom rented a simple, two-story house halfway between the hospital and the town and Ingrid was Mrs. Peter Lindstrom, who rode on busses, did the marketing and hauled Pia around on a sled.

Mrs. Peter Lindstrom was very happy in Rochester. Ingrid Bergman was not. She doesn't like vacations and one seven months long was too much of a good thing. She was pleased, therefore, when she was called to Hollywood to do "Casablanca" with Humphrey Bogart and, in quick succession, "For Whom The Bell Tolls," "Saratoga Trunk" and "Gaslight"—to work unceasingly and squeeze the Alaska camp-show tour in between times.

Doctor Lindstrom at this writing is doing research in San Francisco, which means he and Ingrid frequently week-end together. They love to ski when they are in the North. The snowy hills remind them of home. In Hollywood together, on the other hand, they entertain quietly, go dancing, attend concerts in the Hollywood Bowl, plan summer holidays in a cottage on some remote beach far away from the worlds they both know ordinarily. Their friends, with the exception of Signe Hasso, are nonprofessional.

At home the Lindstroms talk both English and Swedish. Except for her nightly prayer in Swedish, Pia speaks only the language of her American playmates. The

CAROLE LANDIS IN "FOUR JILLS IN A JEEP,"  
A 20TH CENTURY-FOX  
PRODUCTION



## A Love Match in Carole Landis' Hands

Such smooth feminine hands easily win a love match. You can prove it for yourself.

Just use Jergens Lotion regularly. And your hands benefit from 2 ingredients that are specially suited to help coarsened skin to the "youth look", the soft-

ness that holds hearts; in fact, many doctors prescribe them.

"Like professional care for my hands", you'll realize using Jergens Lotion. Sticky? Never! Simple and easy. 10¢ to \$1.00 a bottle. Only—be sure and use this famous Jergens Lotion.

The Stars' Favorite Hand Care — they use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1



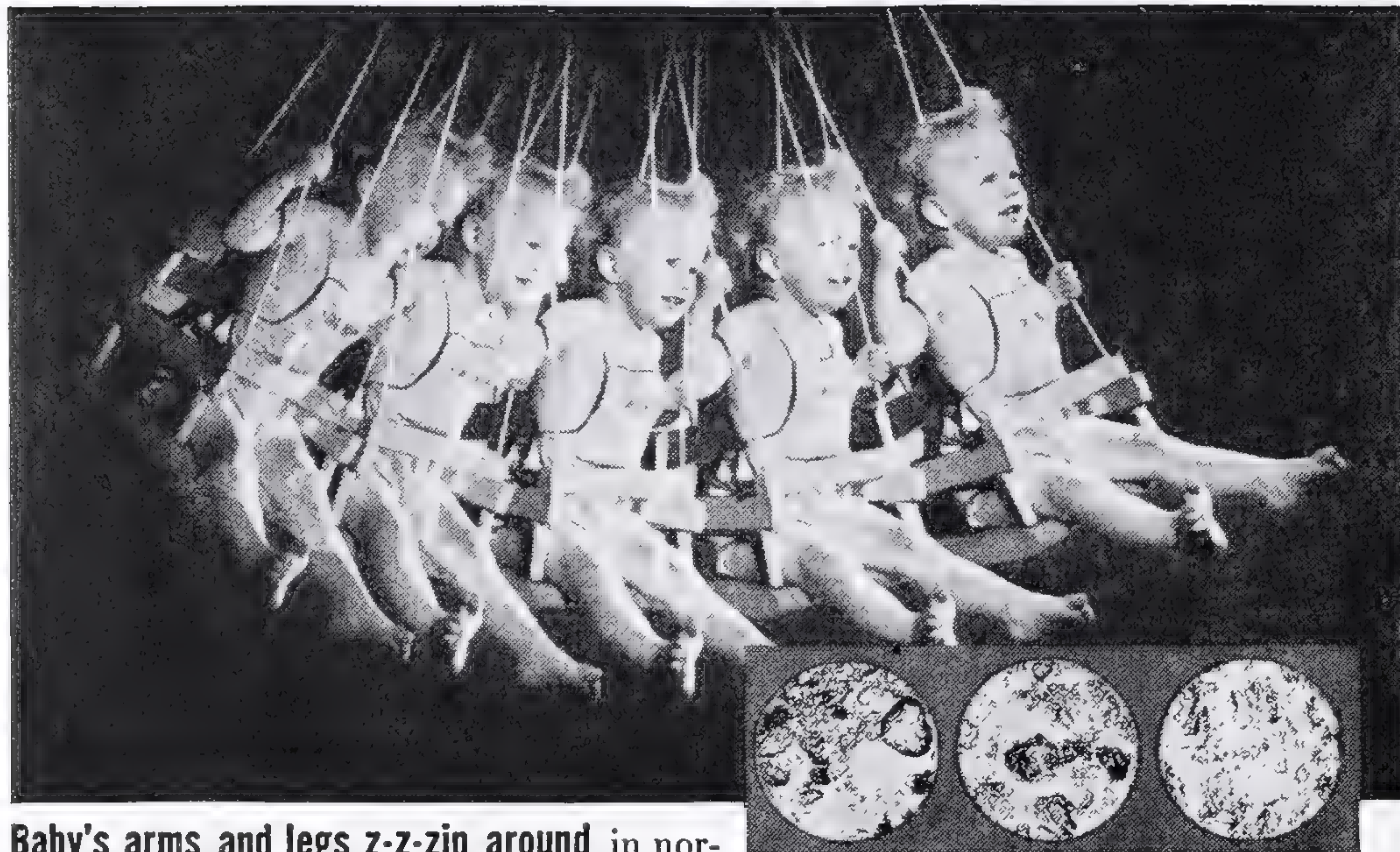
**JERGENS LOTION**  
FOR SOFT,  
ADORABLE HANDS





Kept in an electric light bulb, (impossible, of course), baby might be safe from harmful germs. These germs are almost everywhere, often cause skin troubles such as prickly heat, diaper rash. To protect baby, best powder is Mennen. More *antiseptic!* Round photos above prove it. Center of plates contain different baby powders. In gray areas, *germs thrive*; but in dark band around Mennen powder (far right), germ growth has been prevented!

## Startling differences in baby powders!



Baby's arms and legs z-z-zip around in normal play (shown by speed camera). He needs the *smoothest* baby powder to guard against chafing! Which powder is smoothest is shown by round photos above of leading baby powders seen thru microscope. Mennen (far right) is smoothest, finest. That's due to special "hammerizing" process, makes Mennen Baby Powder the *best* protection against chafing. Delicate new scent keeps baby *lovelier*.

Want the best  
for your baby?



3 out of 4 doctors said in survey—baby powder should be antiseptic. It is if it's Mennen.

strange tongue in which her parents sometimes talk to each other amuses her. "Talk some more," she begs. She doesn't know it is her native tongue, only that it is strange. Hearing Italian on the radio one day she crowed, "That's how you and Papa talk."

THAT Doctor Lindstrom is proud of his wife's professional achievements goes without saying. It almost goes without his saying.

Ingrid's explanation is a diverting thumbnail study in the variations of racial psychology. "American people are so generous with their compliments. Swedish people are stiffer. They have difficulty to let themselves go. They would rather die than say, 'I think you're wonderful!' I am that way, too—though I get better the longer I stay in America. But my husband is very Swedish in the way of compliments. He has learned the American okay. If he says it is okay I am satisfied. If he says more I am surprised."

On the subject of her clothes, however, Doctor Lindstrom expresses himself emphatically, especially when he doesn't like them. In which case Ingrid, a wise and intelligent wife, doesn't wear them again.

Ingrid loves beautiful clothes but she cannot get excited over them except for pictures.

"When I'm private," she says, "I don't go very deep into clothes. Usually I pass a window, see something I think would fit me and that's that."

Red and white are her favorite colors and she will not even look at anything frilly. "For me to wear something with decorations is like putting ruffles on a horse," she says.

A RECENT newspaper story announced Ingrid did her own housework and that when she entertained Mr. and Mrs. David O. Selznick she cooked the dinner, featuring many Swedish dishes, herself.

"I read that story to the girl I have at home," Ingrid said, her soft eyes dancing. "She was very indignant. 'I wonder,' she said, 'what I am doing in this house!'"

However, time permitting, Ingrid could very excellently look after her home and cook the family meals.

Trained as a housewife, she knows the rich pleasure of bringing loaves, crisp and brown, out of the oven, of having fireplace brass gleaming and beds made smoothly.

A good wife in the Swedish sense of the word, Ingrid! She always says, "I must see what my husband will do." More than this, remembering her childhood when she was lonely, she holds her grown-up family of husband and baby close and hopes to have more children. She does not understand people who say this is no time to bring babies into the world. "The world has always had troubles and war," she says, "but each generation, nevertheless, has found life good. What would happen if everybody said no more children? It would not be natural or happy." That her flourishing career will be interrupted when and if she has more children does not concern her. "To give up everything for one thing—that is not wise," she says, smiling.

Early she faced life's ills. They might have made her hard and resentful. But they made her passionately appreciative of life's blessings. They might have taught her hatred. But they taught her balance and serenity and the wisdom of putting first things first. They taught her to live each day for itself and savor the happiness it holds and, finally, to send up her little hymn of thanksgiving, "Thank you so much for today. . . ."

THE END



## Our Child Must Not Hate

(Continued from page 34) judgment is meted out and blame is placed. Home is where people love you and want things to go well with you.

You see, I never quite understood that until I married Ronnie. Marrying Ronnie worked a miracle for me. It changed a dull, suspicious, anxious woman into someone I am proud and happy to be! Someone at ease, relaxed, receptive to good and lovely things. I know for the first time how beautiful life can be.

We met, you know, when we were both working in "Brother Rat." I was drawn to him at once . . . he was such a sunny person. Everyone on the set always seemed glad to see him and he had that wonderful smile of greeting for everyone.

Soon after the picture was finished the two of us were called to the gallery for photographs together. There had been a mix-up in the appointment and we found the gallery already occupied by another star and busy photographers. My first impulse, as always, was to resent it, to feel that my rights had been imposed upon, feel that someone was "pushing us around."

I began to say so, indignantly. But Ronnie calmed me. "It's just a mistake," he soothed. "It's no one's fault! No one would inconvenience us *on purpose* . . ." And presently it was all explained and new arrangements were smoothly made and I realized that his way of doing it—and *taking* it—was easier in the long run . . . and certainly pleasanter!

As I grew to know him better I couldn't help wondering if some of this easy good nature could be an "act." It didn't seem possible that a man could have so even a disposition consistently. But I could see how rewarding it was. When he took me out to dinner, even at a strange restaurant, we always seemed to receive special consideration and particularly good service. That was because his manner was as kind, as friendly when he spoke to a waiter as it was when he spoke to a friend. The veriest strangers liked him on sight.

As I knew him still better, I realized that it was in no sense an "act." It was the real Ronnie. He was genuinely and spontaneously *nice*. He lived in an apartment not far from his father and mother. When he was between pictures he never let a day pass without dropping in to see them for at least a few minutes. If he was working he never forgot to telephone them at least once.

I'm sure he never thought of himself as an unusually thoughtful son or, for that matter, considered it at all. It was the way he felt about them and he paid them those little attentions because he wanted to.

**I THINK** that all Ronnie is stems in the first place from the sort of home, the sort of mother he had. The boys—Ronnie and his brother Neal—were always free to come and go as they pleased, free to bring home as many friends as they wished. They used to clump in with a dozen kids trailing behind them, certain that their mother would find cokes or marshmallows to toast or sandwiches and tea.

I'm sure it was the easy, friendly atmosphere of that home that made the boys such *nice people* when they were older and began to meet outsiders and think about jobs. They were so accustomed to friendliness that they expressed it themselves . . . and attracted it. They went out into the world expecting to like people and they did like them. So people responded by liking Ronnie and Neal. It

*Charming*  
**Adrienne Ames**  
 Star of stage and screen,  
 and one of radios  
 leading commentators  
 says:



"Years ago I kept changing around from one deodorant to another, always hoping to find the ideal one—one that would not irritate my skin, or harm my clothing, but would definitely help stop underarm perspiration and all the annoyance and embarrassment it causes. About 2 years ago I discovered Arrid. It was the answer to my every desire, and I have used it ever since.

A little dab of Arrid—and presto! — You don't have to think about underarm dress stains or offensive underarm odor. Arrid protects you from BOTH."

*Adrienne Ames*

## NEW...a CREAM DEODORANT

*which Safely helps*

## STOP *under-arm* PERSPIRATION

1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses and men's shirts.
2. Prevents under-arm odor. Helps stop perspiration safely.
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5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric. Use Arrid regularly.



**39¢** a jar

(Also in 10¢ and 59¢ jars)

At any store which sells toilet goods

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**THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT**



**Tomorrow's Heat Plant Could Fit In Closet!**

New Advances Make It "Think For Itself"

**"PUSH BUTTON" FURNACES WILL BE LOW IN COST**

Engineering Advances Make Everyday Fuels Do Undreamed-Of Things

**Will Build Furnaces Into Walls, Floors**

Idea Pre-Tested In Nearly 10,000 War-Housing Installations

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**HERE'S THE INSIDE STORY!**

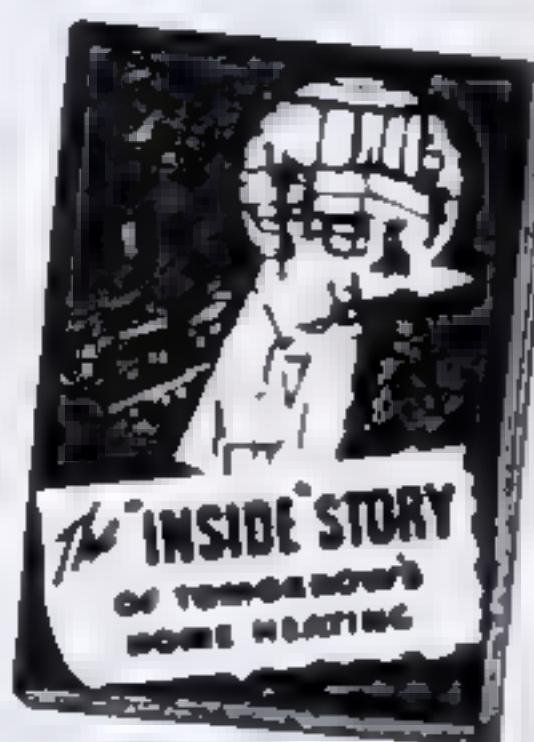
## No Wonder Thousands Are Talking About Coleman's MAGIC HEAT PLANTS



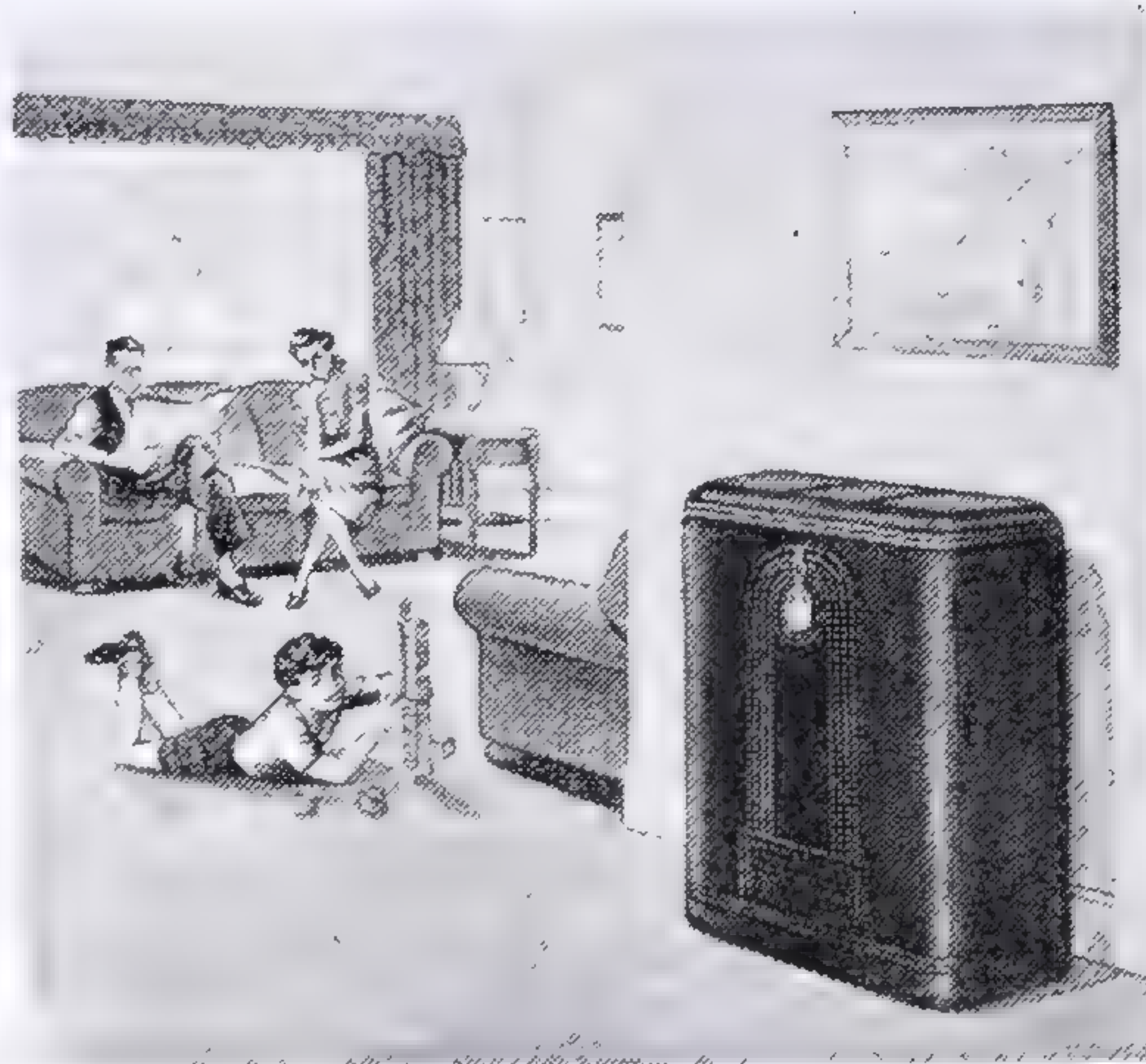
**THIS FURNACE FITS** in any 2-foot-square space in basement, garage, closet or other out-of-the-way place.

After the war, your home—new or old! — can have automatic heating that will bring a comfort you may never have experienced ... warm floors, warm corners, perfect heat in all rooms. And this better heating, using gas or oil, will be low in fuel cost as well as in initial price!

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made life very easy for them. I want my child to be like that.

You know—maybe this doesn't seem to belong right here with what I'm saying. But it really does. I'm never going to make hard-and-fast rules for Maureen. She won't have to be exactly on time in every single thing she does; she won't have to keep rigid rules about anything—within reason. She is going to have a sense of personal freedom very early, even if it inconveniences me sometimes! If she wants to stay outdoors just a few more minutes to finish that wonderful game, she's going to stay, even if her hands and face get a hasty wash before dinner. She isn't going to be a slave to a clock or a routine. That will be because her home is *her* home, as well as her father's and mine. She'll be expected to do her part toward keeping it running smoothly ... and that means she'll learn the value of punctuality. But she won't be a martyr to it!

Maybe I feel this especially because of the football games I missed when I was in high school. All the girls in my group hero-worshiped the boys on the football squad. If one of them spoke to one of us in the corridor it was a thrill. You went to cheer practice and yelled your lungs out, picturing the dramatic spectacle. And I was never allowed to see one of the football games.

It wasn't malice on the part of my family. It was thoughtlessness. I was told to be home at a certain hour each day and there were to be no excuses of any sort for not being there. It was "my duty." It was a routine that they thought was good for me and believed was right. I thought and I still think that I missed something important, something that would have been good for me, in my school days.

Maybe it was because there was so much difference in age between my mother and me. Perhaps it was because my sister was older and was able, somehow, to accommodate herself to mother's standards more easily than I did. Mother and I were ... and still are ... friends. We've never had a mother-and-daughter

\*\*\*\*\*



Rounding up Ronnie and Jane, a "plus" Hollywood couple, out celebrating a short Army breather

\*\*\*\*\*



relationship. If I thought about running away from home when I was very young it was because I suffered from a sort of claustrophobia—an imprisoned feeling—at home. I'm sure it wouldn't have been true if we had all felt free to talk things over.

I never felt free to talk to anyone until I knew Ronnie. You can't know what it has done for me—what it still does—to know that I can discuss anything, anything at all, with him. My child is going to be able to discuss anything at all—with us. Always.

I turned my elbows out, carried a chip on my shoulder, because I had an inferiority complex. I went to work to support myself while I was still in my early teens. I had been punished at home for things I didn't understand, things I had thought were the right things to do. I expected this to go on happening and I was ready to snarl at a stranger before he had the opportunity to snarl at me. I went around most of the time with a mild form of hate eating into me.

I know now that I shall never punish my child, I shall never reprove anyone who works for me and I shall never reproach a friend without first explaining carefully *why* I am doing it and asking how it happened—and hoping that I may have been wrong about blaming anyone for anything in the first place! I know the value now of bringing things into the open and discussing them.

After I had a contract at a studio you'd have thought my attitude would have changed, wouldn't you? You'd have thought I'd know that everyone wanted to do his best for me . . . else why should they have me there at all? But I didn't. I still expected people to be small and mean, I was constantly on the alert for signs that someone was trying to spoil my job for me. I suspected a hairdresser of trying to ruin my looks for a test and suspected that a press agent was trying to make me look silly in print. I was rude to perfect strangers who had the kindest of intentions toward me, simply because I was uneasy and lacked self-confidence.

KNOW that Maureen will certainly have disappointments about parties and dresses and boy friends and invitations to the Important Events before she is grown. But she isn't going to have them without some attempts on the part of her family to find out and explain to her why these things have come about! She isn't going to be allowed to brood and indulge in self-pity until we've tried to help her analyze her situation and find out whether it is her fault—after all!

Perhaps these childish matters seem small things to consider when you think of what millions of grown-up young people are going through right now. But they aren't. They add up to something important.

Ronnie and I know a boy who has been through some of the worst of it in Italy. He was invalided home not long ago, his body broken and nerves shattered with the horror he had been through. But it was a real home that he came back to. His wise, smiling parents were there, waiting. The young wife with her warm love. All the little things—the fireplace, the easy chair, the bright, interesting conversation. He found himself talking about that he had been through, getting it off his chest, getting rid of the horror. He found himself settling back into that relaxed, sunny atmosphere. He began to get well. The pain and the noise, the hate, were all forgotten. He couldn't remember them any more.

After the war we'll start all over with

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just those simple things—and they will be enough. Understanding, affection, home. I wouldn't presume to try to solve the juvenile delinquency problem which moral learned people are discussing so earnestly just now. But I have feelings—maybe you'd call them instincts—about it. I must start at home and it seems to me that people who love their children with any intelligence at all could help to prevent it. Usually these waifs come out of quarrelsome homes. And what do people quarrel about most often? Money! How could you let a little object called a dollar do all that damage to your child and to your self?

How can anyone allow pettiness and misunderstanding and stubbornness to implant the beginnings of hate and lawlessness in his child?

Another thing. I think people try too hard to "shape" their children's futures. Now, while Maureen is only three, I hope she will go through school with flying colors and finish college with a flourish. But I am aware, nevertheless, that I loathed school as I grew older. That wasn't because I couldn't learn. It was because I was forced to try to learn the wrong things, things that didn't interest me and that could be of no possible use to me later on.

If I have my way (and I intend to about this!) Maureen will be well grounded in the fundamentals, the three "R's," and will undergo the necessary mental discipline to acquire these. After that she is going to choose what she wants to study and learn and be. If she changes her mind two or three times during her formative years, that isn't going to bother me. She is entitled to experiment and feel her way. I'll try to help her solve her problems.

I want her to study any of the arts that interest her.

I want her to learn to make her own decisions, to stand on her own feet, to be "her own woman."

But more than anything else I want her to be at ease, to be relaxed, to have a sunny outlook and a cheerful disposition. I want—I want terribly—for her to like people so that they will like her. It will make life so much easier for her than it was for me.

In short, I want my daughter to grow up with no hate in her heart for anyone.

THE END

## Bogie—Over There!

(Continued from page 29) combat area we were in, these fathers started a club among themselves. It was called FWHNSTB, meaning Fathers Who Have Never Seen Their Babies. They compared pictures of their children and they always wanted Bogie and me to autograph them. They would hand us the snapshots face up, proudly displaying their family and then after we had admired them they would turn the pictures over and ask us to sign on the back.

Giving our show was an unforgettable experience. There were four of us in the unit. We had Don Cummings as master of ceremonies and he was simply wonderful. The boys were crazy about him. He would come out first and tell jokes and get everyone warmed up. Then Ralph Hark, the accordion player, would follow. The songs most in demand were "I'm Dreaming Of A White Christmas" with "Pistol Packin' Mama" running a close second. Don would tell some more gags and then would introduce Bogie. We tried to make it as friendly and informal as possible, our idea being to give the boys what they wanted to hear. Bogie would start off with a speech from "The



Petrified Forest." At the finish he would say, "There's nothing I can say, no words to tell you what the folks at home think about you, what a great job you're doing. All I can say is, good luck and God bless you."

Then my turn came. In the beginning I used to go through the hospital tents when Ralph was playing his accordion and note what songs were asked for most. That made up the basis of my program. They went for "Embraceable You," "Tea For Two" and "You'll Never Know."

I mentioned entertaining in the hospital tents. You should have seen Ralph and Don, how they worked. Ralph would sometimes play his accordion from noon till nine o'clock at night. We went into the operating rooms, too, which back of the lines would be a tent. The surgeons and nurses work in eight-hour shifts and after a battle they keep at it for twenty-four hours at a stretch.

When we played in these tents at night the nurse would go ahead of us telling the boys we were coming and holding up a gasoline lantern so they could see our faces. Some of these kids were just coming out of ether and they couldn't believe it when they saw us. And then when they did realize it was true they would say, "It was wonderful of you to come here."

WE played in all kinds of places. In the field we would take two Army trucks and back them up and put planks across, this serving as a platform. We carried our own loud-speaker. Usually there was an electrician around who would set up the system for us.

If we couldn't find any planks for our platform the boys would use the doors off the Army trucks and we would give the show on top. We had to give these open-air shows in the daytime because at night no lights were permitted, but if we happened to be in some small town where there was a theater we would hold the show inside and we could use lights. Our audiences numbered anywhere from a few hundred up to ten or eleven thousand. The biggest show so far as the audience was concerned was in Naples and we also played at the gold and plush opera house in that city.

Once in a hospital tent up the lines we came across one kid in bed who said he had seen our show in Naples, five days earlier.

In that brief time he had been to the front, been wounded and sent back. He asked us to give the same show he had seen before.

Out of the ten weeks we spent overseas seven of these were spent back of the front lines. Sometimes in a jeep and sometimes in a truck we would follow an outfit, dashing from one battalion to another, staying with the outfit for as long as three days.

WE could tell from the way our audiences behaved whether they had just come back from the fighting and what they had been through. The boys on their way back from the front were the hardest to work with. They would sit there sometimes for half an hour without applauding or laughing as if they were in a daze. Then gradually they would come to and pay attention. It was our job to get their minds off what they had been through. The boys who had been back a week or so were relaxed and they really enjoyed the show.

We had some funny things happen to us, too. Once when we were following a convoy in a command car there was a jam on one of the bridges and we got stuck for a couple of hours. A driver on



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one of the big trucks ahead got out and whispered in Bogie's ear, "How's everything with the boys in Chicago?" He was the toughest looking guy I ever saw. Bogie was floored, but he recovered quickly. "Fine, fine," he said, in his best nasal screen voice.

The driver, giving Bogie a knowing look, said, "How's Morelli making out?"

"He's comin' along okay," Bogie replied glibly.

"How about Lippy Lipkowitz?"

"Not so good," was Bogie's cagey answer.

The driver, apparently satisfied, went on his way. We found out later he was an ex-gangster and just wanted some of the latest information on his old mob.

Christmas happens also to be Bogie's birthday. We gave a show that afternoon to a huge crowd and beforehand I had asked the officers if it would be possible for the mess sergeant to make a birthday cake to have after the show. The sergeant came through with a magnificent specimen, with jelly oozing out of it and "Happy Birthday" on the top.

One of the kids staggered up to the platform with it when the show was finished and made the presentation. Bogie borrowed a bayonet, cut the cake into pieces and asked if anyone would like some. The stampede was on, with each kid insisting Bogie share his piece with him. In two seconds the cake was gone and Bogie was backed against the wall, his face smeared with jelly.

It was in Naples, too, that we ran into our old friend General Jimmy Doolittle. We heard he was staying near our quarters and we went to hunt him up. The place was a maze of winding corridors, but we finally found Jimmy's room. Some wag had stuck a sign on the door reading "Jimmy Doolittle Slept Here." When he saw the sign he laughed his head off. He is a great fellow and completely unaffected by all acclaim that has rightly come to him.

ONE of the things I found out is that the boys like to see the women who come over there to entertain them dress as they do at home. Some of the girls wear uniforms, but the boys prefer to see dresses and silk stockings and high heels and it doesn't matter how bedraggled you look.

We did a good deal of our travelling in those ten weeks by air and that's not counting the trip across the South Atlantic or the one back. I don't like to fly, but you get to be fatalistic about it, though there was one experience where fatalism didn't help much.

We were going from Naples to a big airfield in Italy. We were at the Naples airport at three in the morning, but for some reason the B-17 which was to take us was delayed.

Finally a B-25 pilot said he would give us a lift, so Don and Ralph and Bogie and I piled in. The plane was loaded with guns and equipment and there wasn't room for us to sit down. We put our luggage in the bomb bay. In the tail were Don and two other guys. I was standing by the pilot and Bogie was behind me. When the motor was warmed up the pilot, who didn't have room to move around, said to me, "When I touch you on the arm you touch Mr. Bogart and he is to press the button which turns the other motor." I was so scared that Bogie would pull the wrong switch or something that when the pilot touched me I almost flattened Bogie against the wall. But we made it.

I have said I am not exactly crazy about flying, but I would do it again, under any conditions, for another chance to get overseas. The so-called hardships and inconveniences seem trivial when I close my eyes and recall the smiling face of some kid on a hospital cot.

THE END



## Blitz from Brooklyn

(Continued from page 58) debut inconspicuously three years ago in a small summer revue. Only a year and a half later he was starring in "Let's Face It!" the Broadway hit of last season.

HOLLYWOOD'S newest star was born and brought up on East New York Avenue in Brooklyn, a locality which spawned many of the unsavory characters of Murder, Inc. (Kaye remembers the late Abe Reles as the big tough boy of the neighborhood.) He was born David Daniel Kominsky, one of three sons of a Seventh Avenue dress designer, and it wasn't until he started attending school that his first name was dropped and his playmates began calling him Danny.

When he was thirteen he first became conscious that a talent for acting could be turned into money. With another boy, Max Tirsch, he ran away from home, intending to hitchhike to Florida. By dint of employing Danny's rare gift for pantomime, the wandering minstrels made the trip and back without missing a meal.

After his success on the highways circuit, school seemed very dull to Danny. The only scholastic activity he enjoyed was athletics. He was a crack pole-vaulter and a whiz at baseball. He still plays frequently with the boys, and he is an avid Dodgers fan.

In his fourth year Danny left high school and went in an insurance company at \$18 a week.

After that short business episode, Danny teamed up with a friend, Lew Eisen, to entertain at parties. This led to their entertaining at summer hotels. Eventually Danny met a smalltime vaudeville couple and joined their act.

From there he went to a traveling show called "La Vie Paree." Two weeks after he joined it, Danny was playing in every sketch. When the troupe reached the West Coast, he signed up for a tour of the Orient.

When the company finally landed in America, Kaye decided he had seen enough of the world and left "La Vie Paree" to carry on without him.

THE two people actually responsible for Danny's success are his wife, Sylvia Fine, and Max Liebman, collaborators on all his special material. He first met Miss Fine shortly after his return from the Orient, when he was appearing in a semiprofessional revue she helped compose. He then discovered that she had lived on his street in Brooklyn for twelve years and that he had even run errands for her father, a dentist. "We never knew one another, though," he now says, "because we were of two different strata—she was of the intelligentsia and I was of the hoodlums."

Miss Fine and Mr. Liebman were impressed by his talent and persuaded him to accept a job as entertainer at Camp Tamiment in the Poconos. It was during this summer that he fell in love with Miss Fine and when the show closed they were married. Danny got a job at La Martinique, where he stayed for eight months, during which time the club's business tripled. Playwright Moss Hart appeared one night and told him he would like to use him and his rattle-tongued talent for patter songs in one of his plays. When "Lady In The Dark" was in preparation, Hart telephoned and apologetically offered him "a small role." His judgment was vindicated by Danny's becoming a one-man sensation in the brief spot allotted him.

The "organization" he keeps referring to consists of his wife Sylvia, Max Liebman, press agent Dukoff and attorney Louis



## "Lovely to Kiss—"



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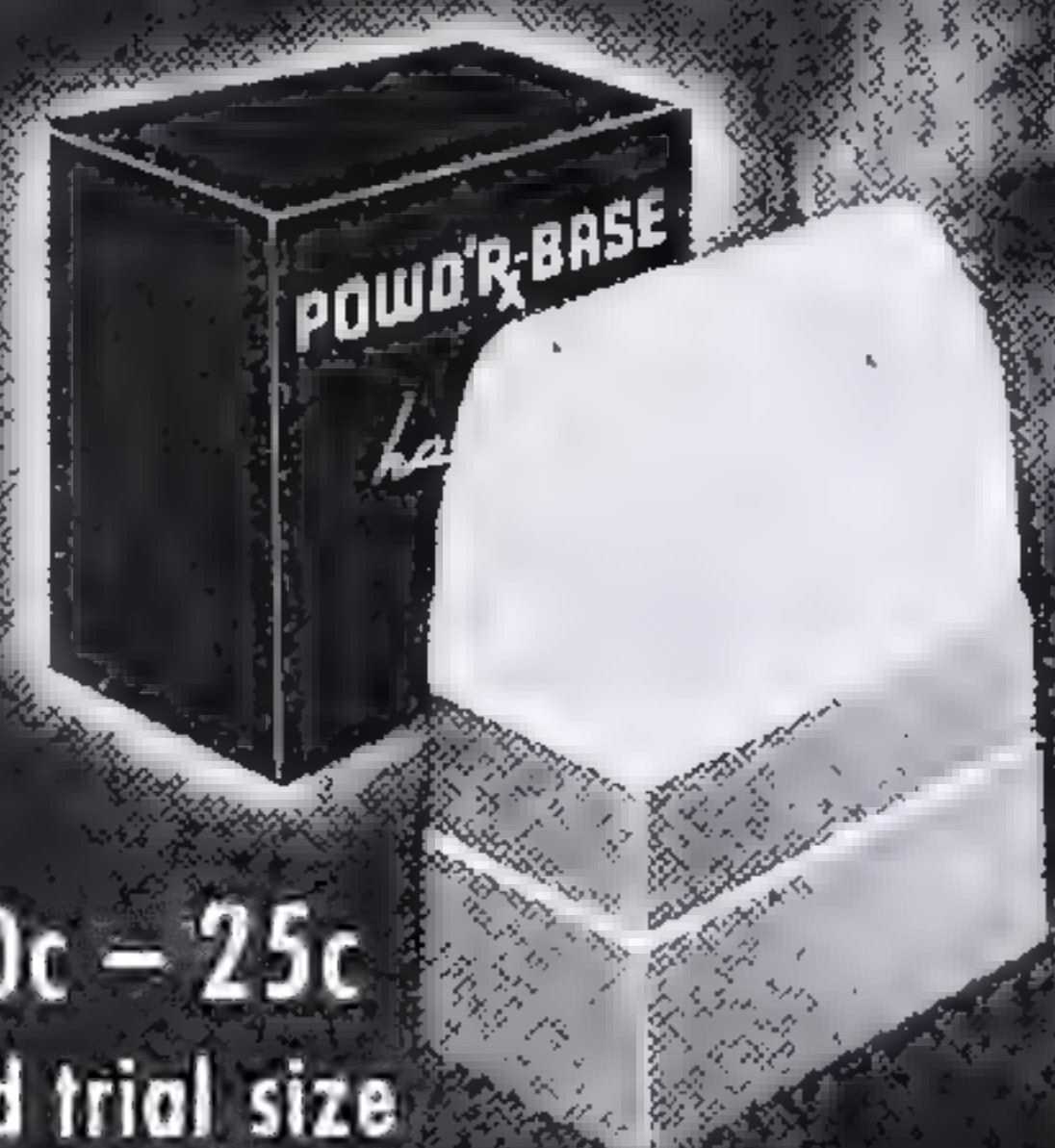
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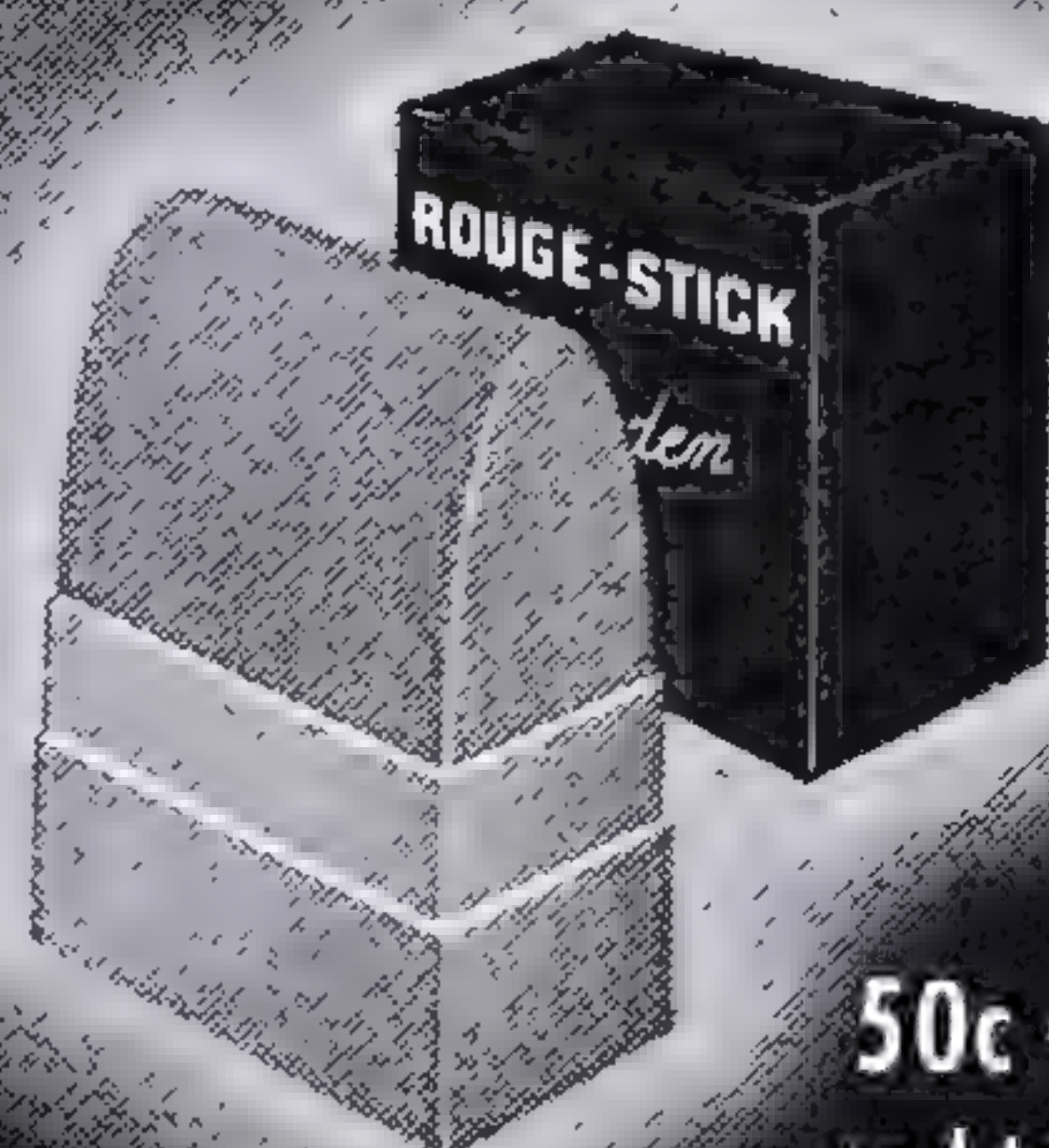
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50c - 25c  
and trial size

Mandel. Liebman and Sylvia, besides writing all his material, also serve in an editorial capacity, frequently discarding ideas which enthuse Kaye.

"He never knows what he can do with a number until he starts rehearsing," says Sylvia. "We don't show him anything until it's finished and then if he laughs, we throw it away. If he doesn't like it, then we're pretty sure we've got something."

Danny and Sylvia each receive an allowance of \$50 a week for living expenses, the rest of the bills being paid by the attorney.

Danny is still a bit bewildered by the material rewards of his fame and is conscience-stricken about foolish spending. Moss Hart persuaded him to patronize a fashionable tailor and Kaye ordered several custom-made suits at \$120 each.

His other extravagances have been a big limousine (a boyhood dream representing success) and a \$400 wrist watch and three fur coats—mink, silver fox and beaver—presents for his wife. Recently, when he went into a haberdashery shop and was shown a pair of socks priced at two dollars, he excused himself and telephoned his attorney to ask permission to make the purchase. He had never before paid more than fifty cents for socks and he felt he needed an endorsement for the unwarranted outlay. "I've worn them only twice and they already have holes in them," he later said ruefully.

SINCE he is neither a slapstick comic nor a quotable wit, he is inclined to be silent and moody away from the stage. In conversational groups he is a passive rather than an active participant. If someone says, "Danny, do soandso," he becomes tongue-tied; he says it makes him feel like Shirley Temple. Once he is sure of his audience, however, he loosens up and gives an inspired impromptu performance. Many of his funniest numbers originated in just such gatherings. The form of "Melody In 4F" owes its inspiration to a party he attended years ago after a doctor friend had taken him to witness a childbirth. The doctor, a swing devotee, sat down to play the piano and Kaye began to snap his fingers in time to the music. Suddenly he broke into scat-singing and, with pantomime and an occasional clue word, described the entire operation.

In New York, the Kayes lived in comparatively modest surroundings in a subleased four-room duplex on Central Park South. In Hollywood, they rented an unpretentious house. They are both late sleepers, rising about twelve-thirty or one o'clock every day, except when Danny has an early morning studio call. When at home the couple frequently spend the afternoon lounging around in dressing gowns.

Sometimes Kaye, who is restless when he is not working, goes out to see the various stage presentations in neighboring first-run picture houses. Their close friends, outside of such well-known public characters as Moss Hart and orchestra leader Johnny Green, are all uncelebrated people they have known for years. Kaye has an old-school-loyalty about East New York Avenue and often goes back there to chat with the boys in the neighborhood candy store.

"Any time I lose my sense of values," he says, "I can depend on the gang to louse me all up again. When they see me coming they say, 'All right, fellows, here's the actor.' They treat me with about as much respect as they do the rest of the boys. To them, I'll always be just a guy from Brooklyn."

THE END



## The Truth about the Stars in Service

(Continued from page 33) makes no attempt to interpret The Strange Case of Tony Martin. Fearless merely presents the full facts—printed here for the first time anywhere. At the time of going to press, the former radio star and screen actor was practicing his old habit—applying steadily for overseas duty.

TO a lesser degree Glenn Ford had to prove himself when he joined the Marines.

When he reported to boot camp, no one spotted him as Hollywood. In four weeks he had been chosen marksman on his squad, was over the first "do-it-the-hard-way" experience of the "boot" and his fellow boots had accepted him one hundred percent.

Then, a movie was shown in camp, with Glenn in it. He was not subjected to actual hazing, but he definitely could feel new questioning in everyone's mind. It was a number of weeks before his companions went back to their old complete comradeship. Glenn is a sergeant now, apparently going up, and happy with "the guys."

The hard-way system hands the sassy boys plenty. When Vic Mature, who had had a brash type of publicity, joined the Coast Guard, his first assignment was to carry the ship's garbage ashore each day for disposition.

He buttoned his lip, smiled and later, his fellow Coast Guardsmen tell, worked out a nice pay-off. The day after Vic was relieved as knight of the garbage cans, he had a little time off—in fact, he was about to go ashore on leave when he noticed his successor, hard at work. "Hey!" yelled Vic, "That's my job!" He helped the newcomer, who was a youngster, during several hours, and the Coast Guardsmen accepted fully what they had come to suspect—here was a Right Gee!

Two observations remain to be made on the "Can-you-take-it?" treatment often accorded Hollywood men in the service: (a) Fearless can find no instance where an actor ever complained about it; (b) it would seem that, after officers and service men in any branch have dug under the grease-paint legend, found a man and wholly accepted him, civilians might, too, accept that expert judgment and make no further comments.

Do they?

LET'S go back to Vigorous Vic Mature—only one of twenty cases Fearless could relate in this special service-man report.

Home from eleven months on unbroken Atlantic convoy duty, Vic was back briefly in Hollywood before going on a Bond tour and took his old friend, Carole Landis, to dinner. In the restaurant washroom, Vic, drying his hands, heard a voice behind him:

"You should see battle!"

Vic had no idea that anyone was speaking to him. He had helped convoy munitions twice to Arctic Murmansk and to other tough, unnamable ports in combat areas.

That voice sounded again, closer and so loud now that everyone stopped to listen. "You should see battle!"

Its owner was bearing down on Vic, insult in his eye, his manner leaving no doubt as to his intentions.

Vic, anxious to avoid trouble, pointed to his ribbons and said, "These do not mean I'm any hero. But they mean that I and the men in my service go where things are

## When will the war be over?..

*A month after it could have been won?..*

*A year longer than it should have taken?*

### American women must give the answer

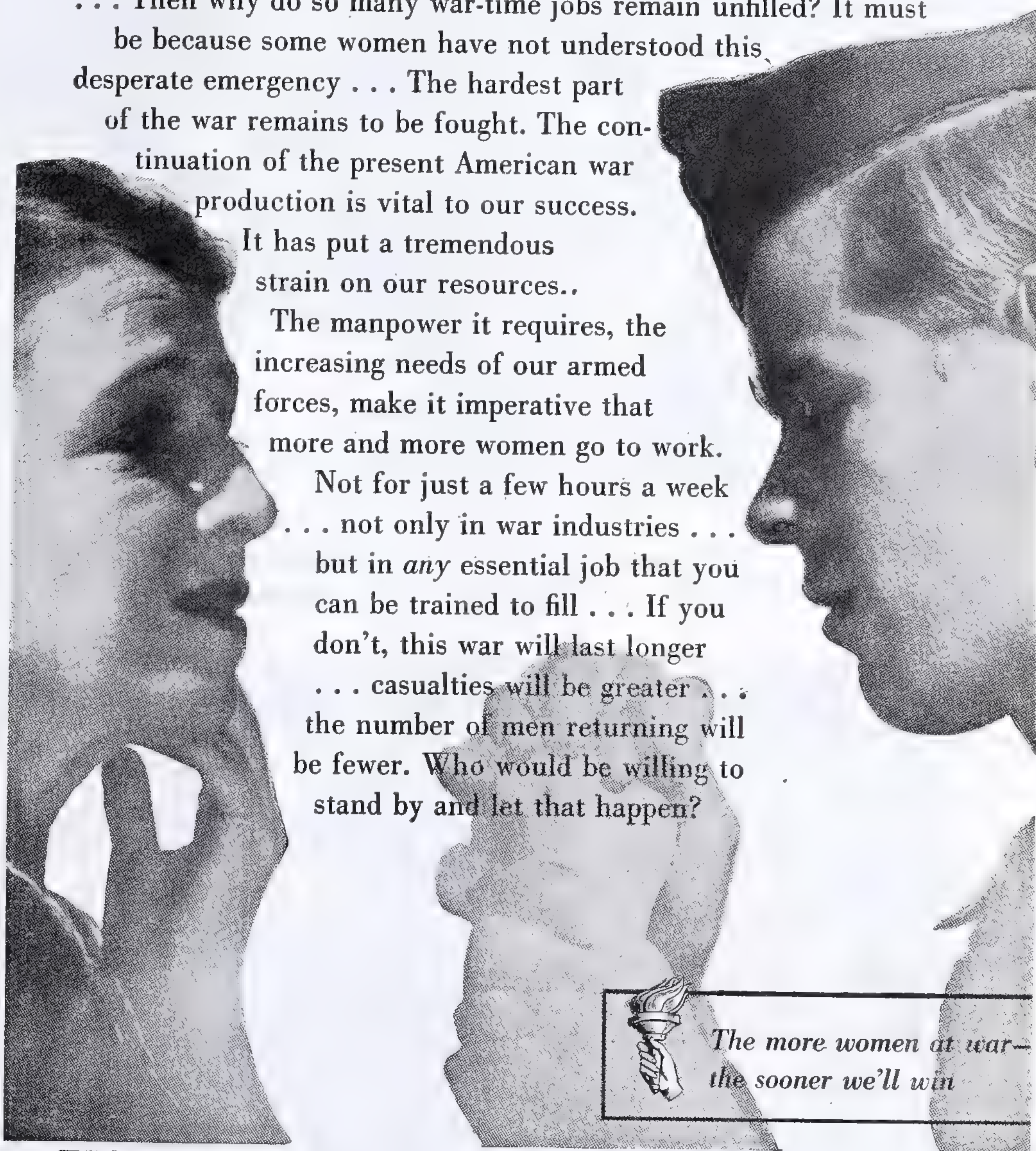
What American woman doesn't pray with all her heart that Victory will come at the earliest possible moment? Who wouldn't do anything to speed the day when husbands will come back to their wives . . . fathers return to their children . . . sons to their parents? . . . Then why do so many war-time jobs remain unfilled? It must

be because some women have not understood this desperate emergency . . . The hardest part of the war remains to be fought. The continuation of the present American war production is vital to our success.

It has put a tremendous strain on our resources..

The manpower it requires, the increasing needs of our armed forces, make it imperative that more and more women go to work.

Not for just a few hours a week . . . not only in war industries . . . but in *any* essential job that you can be trained to fill . . . If you don't, this war will last longer . . . casualties will be greater . . . the number of men returning will be fewer. Who would be willing to stand by and let that happen?



### What you can do . . .

Act! Remember that whether or not you've ever worked before—are skilled or untrained—makes no difference . . . Millions of women are already doing work that is new to them. In war plants—in the armed services—in the hundreds of different type jobs in essential business—they're helping overcome this serious emergency. See the Help Wanted advertisements in local newspapers—visit the local office of the United States Employment Service, or the Army and Navy Recruiting Stations—make inquiries among your friends . . .

There's work to be done—there's a war to be won!

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MANUFACTURERS OF **FRESH** UNDERARM DEODORANT CREAM





*"... Eagles on the shoulders. Pepsi-Cola on the table—  
an officer and a gentleman if I ever seen one."*

happening." Mr. Trouble-hunter then turned his insults to the Coast Guard in general.

Vic said, "I think I'll take an apology for my branch of the service for those remarks."

"I'll never apologize to you," declared the stranger.

"You will—or I'll dunk your head in the washbowl."

The stranger again refused to apologize. Vic picked him up off the floor and dunked him, thoroughly. Watching service men were warm in congratulation.

**T**HERE'S a moral in this. Don't under-rate any branch of service in this war. Every man who gets overseas takes full risk, from quartermasters to flame-throwers, from road-repairers to aviators. Bombs and long-range artillery shells don't stop to read a man's insignia before smacking him down. Ask Captain Louis Hayward, of the U. S. Marines, who lost two photographers at Tarawa, or Commander John Ford (one of Hollywood's best directors) who was wounded while cranking a camera on top of a water tank on Midway.

No one in Hollywood speaks of Tarawa without speaking of Major Hayward, who led a group of Marine photographers, including Eddie Albert, with the first-line attack at Tarawa. After that seventy-two hours of hell, Major Hayward was flown back and landed in Hollywood to develop and edit his film, in the same clothes he had worn on Tarawa beach! He did the job in three weeks, so well that a member of the Army General Staff (not the Marines, mind you) has called the resultant picture, "the finest combat record in this war" and "a model for all photographic units everywhere." His job—or that par-

ticular job—done, Major Hayward was carted to a Naval Hospital, where he suffered from severe physical exhaustion (it sometimes hits you delayed, like that) and equally severe bronchial asthma. Ida Lupino's handsome husband is a man who went in early and who takes his "soldiering" seriously.

Hayward is an eloquent example of the work which has been done by the First Motion Picture Unit where in the old Hal Roach studio the Army Air Force trains its vitally important photographers. Not only has the First Motion Picture Unit trained men for the most hazardous fields of action, but it has extended opportunity for others, not qualified for combat, to use their special backgrounds in making essential training films.

Captain Ronald Reagan is now the unit's personnel officer. Ronnie had undergone, for several years, annual training as a reserve lieutenant of Cavalry. However, at the time of Pearl Harbor, his eyesight had become so faulty (he was wearing contact lenses) that the active cavalry would not accept him. He was ordered to the First Motion Picture Unit, where he has done a great job.

Another example is Alan Ladd. As Photoplay's readers know, Alan was rejected by the Army for an old ailment, but sought voluntary induction. Assigned to the F. M. P. U., he served a while in Culver City, then in the Northwest, and was about to make it overseas, when Army doctors discovered a severe stomach ailment. Alan has been examined since his honorable discharge by his draft board physicians—a routine practice applicable to all men discharged for physical reasons. He is dieting rigorously and hopes—earnestly—that one of these days the Army will find him okay for return to duty.

John Payne is another casualty of the service, but from quite a different angle. At the height of his career John turned his back on Hollywood and volunteered long before he would have been called by his draft board, because his heart was set on flying and he wanted to offset the disadvantage of his age by getting some preliminary flying experience. So he took an instructor-training course—part of a subsidiary program of the Army Air Corps which prepared civilians too old for combat flying to be ferry command pilots. But after he had put in a year of grueling training, orders came through from Washington to dissolve this branch. At the present writing, John is a man without a service. He is too tall and broad to occupy the other posts of a bomber crew and so can only hope he'll be lucky enough to make a ground crew in the Air Corps when he's tossed back into the lottery of reclassification.

**M**ANY of the stars are doing work of which little can be said. Take Lieutenant Van Heflin, now a combat photographer with the Army Air Corps. Van was commissioned in the reserve, in 1930, and began this war as an instructor of Field Artillery. He moved into something more exciting and had returned, as this was written, from a very special mission out of the country which he cannot discuss.

George Montgomery, after exciting times in Alaskan waters (including, Fearless hears, a shipwreck), is on duty at the moment with the First Motion Picture Unit. Like others, he can't talk about his work.

Tyrone Power didn't have it quite so easy. He was a marked man from the time he entered boot camp. Not that the boys were mean; they just played a few tricks



him to see how a Hollywood star would take it. He took it—and thereby won their friendship. When Ty went on to Quantico to become a Marine officer, he was one of the most popular men to go through that tough Marine base, topped only by Stirling Hayden, who was frankly admired by every man who came in contact with him. Second Lt. Ty has just completed an additional course in Texas and expects to be sent overseas one of these days.

Over in England Major James Stewart, otherwise Jimmy, is doing a great job. When he arrived in England last December, the public relations department of the American Eighth Air Force to which Jimmy is attached made sure of avoiding the error committed in the case of Gable with the press. Clark, who is a grand guy and modest, avoided the press on the plea that he was now working for Uncle Sam and he wanted to be treated like any other flyer; in other words he wanted anonymity until he had done something in the line of duty to rate attention. This was exactly Jimmy's idea. But he was persuaded to give a mass interview to the press at the London headquarters for the Eighth Air Force. However, such was Jimmy's desire "to get on with the job," that while coming up to London for the interview he did not remain in the gay capital for even one night for a spot of whoopee. During his brief time in London, Jimmy saw only his great Hollywood pal, Captain Burgess Meredith, who was there in connection with his fine propaganda film, "Welcome To Britain," which tells American service men what to do and not to do while in England.

Jimmy is leader of a bomber squadron and has sixty men under him. He considers this a great responsibility and has promised he will "never let my men

★ ★ ★ ★

Navy father Richard Carlson has a short leave, spends it admiring the originals of the pictures that decorate his wallet—his wife Mona, son Richard Henry, baby Christopher Hugh

★ ★ ★ ★



down." He has already made several dangerous trips over enemy territory. At his own request he is "restricted" to his base and to his job. For Jimmy is burning with the desire to distinguish himself in this war. His father was a captain in the last war. Jimmy's deepest memory of his childhood was that of being taken to New York by his mother to see his father off to Europe to fight. He decided then that one day he too would fight for America.

In England there are no girls in Jimmy's life, although some of the English ladies

may try to do something about that. It won't be easy, for Jimmy has vowed he will have nothing to do with romance or gay doings until he has done something worth while. No man has ever been so earnest about anything. After the war he wants to come back to Hollywood and hopes there will still be a place for him on the screen. Fearless thinks there will be. Don't you?

Lieutenant Commander Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., USNR, is the only movie hero—thus far—to be decorated for actual

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combat. On Doug's Silver Star medal inscribed: "For extreme bravery in command of a PT boat Squadron at Salerno"

All of which, we hope, embarrassed those who, suspicious of Doug's motives when he joined up, talked cynically "tin soldiers." Doug said nothing. But from the beginning it was evident he meant to give his utmost. In spite of the fact that he was a bad sailor he accepted every assignment and asked for more. Navy captain observing him during his first few months at sea, said, "You're going to hear of that Fairbanks kid before the war is over. He has the stuff."

**A**MONG other heart-warming facts that come out under investigation is the large number of stars, who because of age or special qualifications might have expected a rather easy time in this war—army might have gotten it—but who from the beginning pushed for the hard and dangerous goals—particularly flying. A quiet example of this is Gene Autry, the screen top singing cowboy.

Gene, going in as a technical sergeant, was for many months assigned to administrative work at an airfield which the Government had taken over from him. "Ah," some wise-acres whispered, "a safe spot." What they didn't know was that the Government had declined to train Gene for combat flying. (He's a good deal more than seventeen or eighteen years old!) So—Gene bought an airplane of his own, received permission to train himself in it, did 400 hours in the air, on his own time, earning a civilian pilot license, and as this is written is in the process of being transferred to the Air Transport Command (Washington had approved) where he will be a co-pilot. He may fly at first in the U. S., but flying in the A. T. C., which operates to every front he'll probably get his wish and cross oceans to where the going's tough. A good try, from a man who asked his air sponsor to take him off the air waves last September and who has consistently told the Army, "Let's forget I'm an entertainer. In this war I want to be a soldier!"

Gene Raymond, with eleven months' service in England, and three flying

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schools behind him, is, at thirty-five, completing an advanced course in handling Flying Fortresses. While in England, he was permitted to fly enough to earn wings, and tried once to get out of the U. S. Army and train with the R. A. F. as a bombardier to see more action. He still hopes to do combat flying.

Bob Sterling's military career is a honey. He tried, by going into the Army under his real name, to escape being tagged "Hollywood." Unfortunately his real name was William Hart! (He has since had it changed legally to Robert Sterling and that name now wears lieutenant's bars—and wings.) Bob's graduation was delayed by jinxes. One entire cadet school, which he attended, was quarantined for several weeks. He had to start over and during his next try had to be rushed home for an emergency appendectomy. That was his first "leave" in many months and, during his convalescence, he married lovely Ann Sothern. With Thunderbird Field (Phoenix), Pecos, Texas and Marfa, Texas, training behind him he is taking a final expert's course, in California, in flying twin-engined bombers. You'll probably hear more about Bob, whose jinxes must surely be behind him now. Perhaps marrying Ann killed off all his bad luck. It ought to!

FLYERS, and men trying to be flyers, fill the air, so to speak, and included are some who do dangerous work, with no chance at medals. Among them are such as Robert Cummings, Pat Knowles and Roger Pryor, all listed under Civilian Air Patrol, but engaged daily in the highly responsible and sometimes perilous work of teaching youngsters how to fly. Bob Cummings, for instance (and Bob really put away a full-fledged stardom), has been in two severe crashes (only the plane hurt) and has taken over controls to save his pupils and himself from many crack-ups.

First Lieutenant Bill Holden enlisted as private in April, 1942, and worked himself up through the noncom grades and so a chance at an O. C. S. He is in the Air Force Training Command and didn't know, at the time Fearless wrote this, what his next assignment would be but, like other men, hopes for the liveliest. His schooling record is said to be exceptionally fine.

Henry Fonda (Navy) is another who has done it the hard way. After enlisting as a seaman, he qualified for what is known as indoctrination school, passed among the first ten in a large class and at this writing is a lieutenant (J.G.) in one of the Navy's most advanced training schools, at Quonset, Rhode Island, to fit himself for Air Combat Intelligence. You'll certainly hear more from Henry!

Lieutenant Eddie Albert of the U. S. Marines applied, when he enlisted and went to boot camp, for the hottest of all duties—on the little mosquito boats that accompany torpedo destroyers. Eddie had a name for research (did you know that?) so he was sent to Cornell for three months, to specialize in physics. Then he went aboard the U.S.S. *Sheridan*, where he gave special instruction to young seamen and did equally hush-hush duty in New Zealand and Australia. He never made a mosquito-boat, but he went up the beach, a U. S. Marine combat photographer, at various beachheads, including the beautiful Tarawa. Now in the United States, where he is speech-making for Bonds and other causes, Eddie is being trained, Fearless hears, for future special, hush-hush duties—probably out where the bombs drop and the bullets fly.

In the town where movies are made, the come-and-go of stars in military, and letters from or about them, constitute the

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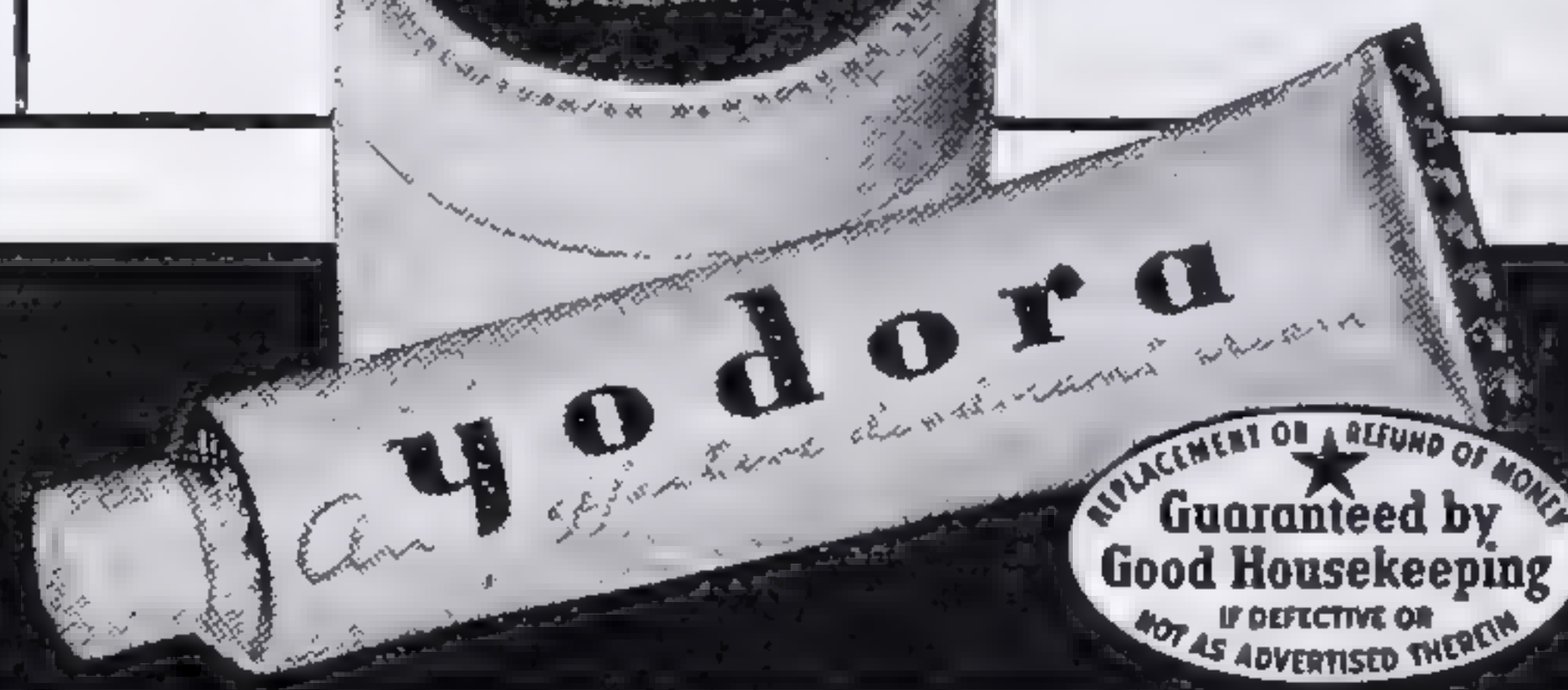
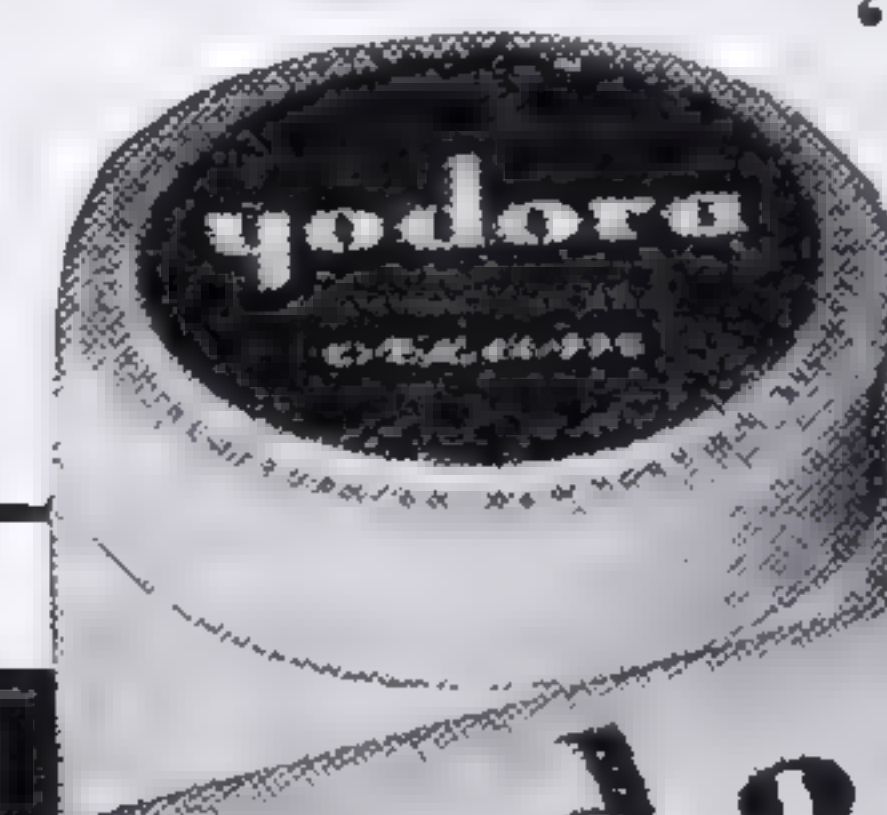


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real personal interest today. Lieutenant Commander Robert Montgomery, U.S.N.R., was in for a brief stay, and is back on active sea duty with a destroyer squadron. Lieutenant (j.g.) Richard Ney—same branch of service as Bob—was also home a bit, making Greer Garson happy—and is back at sea. Word from the East is that Cesar Romero cut a handsome swath a day or two at Norfolk, Virginia, and is somewhere in the Atlantic, on duty with the fleet. Ensign John Howard, we hear, is still working at a long, long stretch of mine-laying.

INTERESTING is the fact that short stretches of special duty, after training and before going overseas, are thoroughly usual in all branches of the service and in all types of units. Naval Lieutenant Bob Stack, for example, is one of the real shooting champions (with a variety of weapons) in the United States. His championship titles would fill this page. The Navy has detailed him for many months, at various Navy training bases, to instruct, and it was only during this investigation that Fearless heard the whisper that Bob may soon get his long-felt wish—to be sent overseas.

Similarly, Flying Lieutenant Robert Taylor, who further took an instructor's course, is currently teaching young flyers at Livermore, California. If general precedent is followed, he will eventually be transferred to the Air Transport Command. Combat pilots are no longer accepted (sorry, Bob) after they reach twenty-seven. Many of our actors who will be and look young enough to play romantic leads after the war can't fulfill their desire to fly in battle. (Not that the Air Transport Command isn't highly dangerous and exciting—it is!)

This custom of using specially equipped

men for short stretches of specialized duty caused one of the silliest criticisms that has occurred during this war, one that deeply hurt two people whom movie-goers love. After Jack Briggs had finished boot camp and about three months after he and Ginger Rogers were married, RKO began a picture, "Marine Raiders," which had in its early portion a number of boot camp sequences. The Marine Corps assigned Jack to be technical adviser on those sequences. An air-gossiper sounded off over the radio along these lines: What kind of life was that for a Marine, why wasn't some hero from the Southwest Pacific used, how come it was Briggs' wife's studio? Others picked up the chorus.

A person familiar with all the details of Briggs' assignment told Fearless:

"1. You don't need a hero to advise on boot camp scenes. In fact a man recently out of boot remembers the details more vividly.

"2. Briggs had been in pictures. You have a much better idea how a scene will look if you've worked in pictures.

"3. It happened to be Briggs' studio as well as Ginger's—and Ginger was over at Paramount, starring in 'Lady In The Dark.'

"4. He was there, on the job, because that's where the United States Marine Corps officers, his superiors, deemed him most useful at the moment."

Jack's address is now A. P. O.

As to that rumor, sometimes circulated, that the services are responsive to "pull" by some studio in regard to valuable actors, that is without basis in fact. In some cases it may be the result of Axis propaganda. The disseminators of such whispers simply do not know the earnestness and impartiality of the men who direct our armed forces.

Equally gratuitous insult is the whisper

that studios are *trying* to "save out" actors. In the earliest days of the war, several test rulings were asked, because movie executives had to know how movie stars would perform in military uniforms, green, very young actors they should be put down into juveniles. Now all Americans know what the score is. Fearless could not find a studio that did not have convincing records of carefully *avoiding* acting privileges for its actors. If an actor asked for such "protection" he would immediately be ostracized.

THE overall record of the Hollywood actors in this war can easily be made clear. In December, 1941 (Pearl Harbor), total "population" of the Screen Actors Guild was 8,683. This included old men, countless starlets and women extras, say nothing of midgets, one-legged Russians, and middle-aged gents. February 7, 1944, before the father day began to hit Hollywood, 1,324 Hollywood actors of that Screen Actors' Guild been inducted into, or had joined, armed forces of the United States.

No actor in service wants to be pointed out as a special example. All soldiers, sailors, Marines, Coast Guardsmen, Seabees and Merchant Seamen hate the "hero" line. But these men are entitled to the best credit for having done their part, in all walks of life together.

This is not a complete round-up of the Hollywood stars in service. Those who are too widely scattered to be available for a report such as this. But it does represent a fair cross section of those stars and Fearless is glad to report, beyond possibility of error that the Hollywood actor, whom you long have liked and admired on the screen, has been and is being, with others, his full part.

THE END



## Who's News

(Continued from page 57) movie fan, she bowls and badminton for "stand up" sports; likes to cook complicated sauces like Hollandaise. Joan Crawford taught her to read poetry out loud for diction; she knows a lot of Shelley and Browning by heart. "Embraceable You" is her theme song—she started singing it at the age of five, with a torch technique that could hardly have come from experience. Those days it got laughs—these days it wins her contracts.

### Solid Sender with a Monocle

Ask the girls in Hollywood who their favorite glamour boy is and the answer will be one united chorus of "Charles Coburn." With a monocle in one eye, a twinkle in the other, and a trip-lightly in his step, Mr. Coburn, a serious artist beneath his bright yellow sport shirt, has all the columnists as well as fans doing nip-ups over his performances on the screen in "The More The Merrier" and "Princess O'Rourke" and performances off the screen in the rumba and a certain version of the samba. He's a solid sender, is Charles.

There isn't a baseball or football game played, a hockey game or a tennis match (he bets mildly) that Mr. Coburn isn't the loudest, most persistent yeller in the place. And there's something funny about him and chains, too. He wears one on his wrist, one on his glasses (he wears a special pair for soup eating and another for his ice-cream sodas), one that dangles from his monocle which he wears when not eating and a long frightening one that creeps out of a side pocket and bears on the end a contraption for punching holes in cigars.

Born in Savannah, Georgia, he began his theatrical career at thirteen as a theater program boy, graduating to usher,

treasurer and finally at seventeen to advance agent for traveling companies. He gave it up to become an actor at ten dollars a week, without the ten dollars most of the time. In time, along with his wife, lately deceased, he headed his own company. He fell in love with his wife Ivah Wills when she played *Rosalind* to his *Orlando* and together they presented the Mohawk Drama Festivals at Union College in Schenectady. With Lucas, his houseboy, at war, Mr. Coburn lives quite alone in a Sunset Boulevard apartment reading voraciously when not dancing, or working in such honeys as "Knickerbocker Holiday" and "If You Could Only Cook."

### Miss In Miniature

"The Ann Harding of 1950" is what a Washington critic once called Peggy Ann Garner. She was six at the time and busily engaged in pouting herself blue every night as *Europa* in a stage rendition of the immortal "Mrs. Wiggs." Currently, as the twelve-year-old sensation of Twentieth Century's "Jane Eyre," she is still a little short of the standard equipment of an Ann Harding, but thinks she can make it by '50.

Peggy Ann's best screen roles are the ones she came nearest to missing. "The Pied Piper," which definitely established her as a starlet, was already in filming when the moppet playing Roddy McDowall's sister came down with the measles. Miss Garner, being in conveniently spotless condition at the time, took over. She was off selling War Bonds when the Charlotte Bronte classic was being cast and was temporarily forgotten in the search for a child to play the pre-*Rochester Eyre*. When someone stumbled across a screen test that looked as if it might be a miniature Joan

Fontaine, it took fourteen telegrams to catch up with the little Garner.

From where Peggy Ann stands, which is about fifty-seven and a half inches, the view of the screen "greats" is a little different. She is fooled neither by Monty Woolley's beard nor by Orson Welles' pomp. "Mr. Woolley is very kind-hearted, he gave me a Swiss music box when 'The Pied Piper' was over. And one thing I've noticed about Mr. Welles, no matter how loud he's talking, he always stops to laugh." There is no truth about the Roddy McDowall-Garner rumors. "I think of him only as a brother," she says. "After all, I haven't had enough experience to know what kind of a boy I'm going to like when I grow up."

Mostly eyes (hazel) and hair (naturally blonde), she can eat four marshmallow sundaes at one time without resorting to bicarbonate, but disciplines herself next meal with a lamb chop, as older actresses do. Looks forward to leaving "sad" roles behind her for a musical-comedy career and is studying singing and dancing. She received a typewriter for a Christmas present and though still using the hunt-and-peck system she now can do it with all fingers. The "happiest experience of my life" was when she first came to Hollywood and bumped spang into Shirley Temple, in the flesh, at a theater. Hobbies, subject to change at any minute, include collecting perfume bottles, Sloppy Joe sweaters, knitting afghans for her various grandparents and ice-skating. Her real-life heroes are President Roosevelt and her Dad, Army Lieut. William H. Garner. "I don't like war," she adds, "but somehow, I've always been interested in General Eisenhower, too!"

THE END

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## The Art of Being Arthur

(Continued from page 31) her shoulders. Conspicuous in the center of the room was a tea table charmingly arranged with flowers and tea service—and one plate and cup already used.

"I thought you weren't coming, after all," Jean laughed, "so I ate some sandwiches and cakes and had some tea, they were so good." She looked like a mischievous little girl when she said it and I hesitated a moment about bringing up the idea of possible trouble between her and Frank. But being Parsons, the old firehorse where news is concerned, my hesitation was only momentary.

"Jean—are you and Frank having trouble?"

The frankness of her reply caught me off guard. "Of course not, that's ridiculous. The truth is No!" She was not angry. She was not temperamental. But for the first time in her life I think Jean Arthur was deeply hurt—to the quick—over a rumor about herself. Hurt, too, at me because she has always felt I was her friend.

She adores Frank. He is crazy about her.

"When the wires are free of war calls," she explained, "Frank has called me every night or I have called him. It's expensive—but we miss each other so much. He is terribly busy right now. The most pretentious movie he has ever made, 'The Robe,' goes into production soon. For four months he has been working on the script day and night. That is the reason he did not come East with me. And then this talk starts!"

I said, "I'm sorry that was the first thing I had to ask you, Jean—you seem so happy."

"I have been happy here," she went on. "For weeks I've been making plans to go home, but I keep staying on and on. I love the cold weather." She gave that well-known little shrug of the shoulders. "It makes me feel so peppy. I want to go everywhere and see everything! I want to go to New Hampshire and Connecticut, too, and see some real Eastern winter."

That—from Jean—was really an admission. "And the change of scenery has sort of snapped the cobwebs out of here," she said, tapping her temple lightly.

"When I left Hollywood," she explained with disarming frankness, "I felt tired, nervous and upset."

I knew exactly what she meant. When she left the Coast she had been having trouble with her boss, Harry Cohn, about her next picture, "The Woman Doctor." She didn't think it was the right story for her. Harry made the trip all the way to New York to try and talk Jean into changing her mind.

"I couldn't play a woman doctor," she said. "To me there is something especially distasteful about working with a cadaver and that was all in the script. It gave me chills up and down my spine."

IN many actresses that might be considered temperamental, but not in Jean, who has an amazingly level head on her shoulders. She knows exactly what she can do and what she can't do on the screen. She has no false illusions about herself. Unlike many comediennes she does not yearn to do a version of a lady-Hamlet. She believes she has a funny voice (everybody else calls it the "cutest" voice on the screen). She doesn't even mind being "typed" in romantic comedies.

"Comedies are what I do best," she says flatly. And all the coaxing from her studio won't lure her into a story she is convinced is not up her street. She once stayed off the screen for a year because she and Harry Cohn couldn't agree about a story he insisted that she do. He knows now that once she makes up her mind heaven



and earth can't move her.

She is back at the studio now, friendly, happy and with no hard feelings.

That day, in her cheerful hotel apartment, I threw another poser at her.

"Jean," I said, "you seem so different here—so happy and so interested in everything. Why do you stick to your Hollywood policy of not seeing newspaper folk? I feel you are wrong in refusing to give interviews. It is so much better to be friends with the press than to run like a frightened child every time you are asked for an appointment."

"I'm not frightened," she replied calmly. "It's just that I don't care to talk for publication when I have nothing to say. Why should I talk just to have my name in the newspapers and magazines? If there were some big story, I wouldn't mind, but just to talk about myself is a waste of my time and certainly of theirs."

I asked Jean about the many visits she made to the boys in the hospitals. We had heard she had done an enormous amount of good, cheering them up and giving them cigarettes, magazines and candy.

"Look here," she flared, "don't you dare say a word about that! I don't visit the hospitals to get my name in the papers. Why should I, or any other actress, get publicity or praise for helping with the war effort?"

She was so indignant at the very thought of publicizing her war effort that I had to laugh. Just as quick as a flash she was over her temporary peeve and became again the perfect hostess, urging me to have more sandwiches and tea.

"They're really awfully good," she said, so exactly like a penitent child after her outburst that I settled down for more conversation.

Jean had just bought a lot of clothes and to my complete amazement she described them to me and told me the color, the style and how she enjoyed wearing them in the evening.

I had heard that Jean had been taking ballet lessons and she admitted it. "Wonderful exercise," she joked. "Keeps me on my toes!"

Then suddenly her mood changed and she was very serious. "Louella, there is no changing me. I can't be different. When I have something to say I'll say it, but when I haven't, then I won't talk for publication. That's my policy in Hollywood and I won't change it in New York."

Now Jean has returned and she and Frank have taken up exactly where they left off. They have a simple, livable house in Mandeville Canyon, where they live just like all other Canyon neighbors. They take long walks together, sometimes going to their neighborhood theater to see movies, and when Frank has a problem with one of his pictures he discusses it with Jean. She is always greatly influenced by his opinion, although she does make up her own mind when it comes to turning pictures down.

The more I talked with Jean the more I became convinced that she is no lady in the dark. She knows herself better than any lady I know.

THE END

## WHO DARES?

Photoplay Does—

to reveal in the June issue

The Truth About The Stars' I. Q.'s

by "Fearless"

## NO GREATER

# Loneliness



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Bitterly, Enid remembered the happy evenings they once had shared. Now they shared nothing but the same roof . . . What had come between them?

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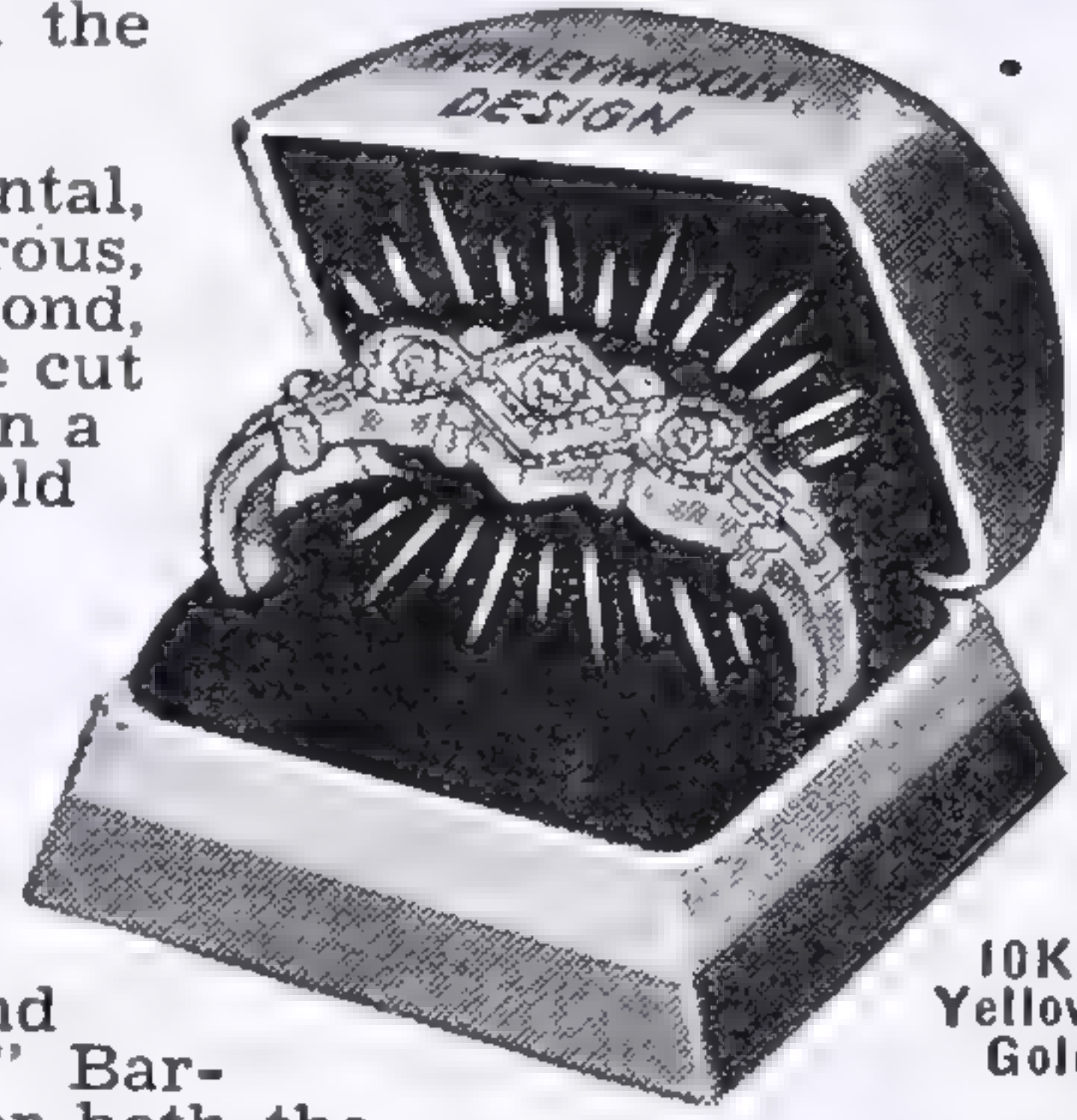
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## Sensation from Seattle

(Continued from page 59) she never has liked night clubs, with all their chi-chi and self-conscious glamour. Once in a while? Certainly, for a specially gala mood, but mostly she'd much prefer the kind of good time she used to have back in her home town, Snoqualmie Falls, Washington, population 750, or when she was a drama student in Seattle at the University of Washington—an evening at home with a few friends.

For Ella to have adopted a routine of staying home in Hollywood, however, would have attracted an abnormal amount of speculation because of its very unusualness. It would have invited a kind of extra curiosity on the part of filmdom's back-fence set, despite the fact that she was working very hard, from the first day she hit the Universal lot, in "Corvette K-225." She was glad enough to spend a brief time in the evenings with her mother and then tumble off to bed.

Occasionally she'd go out for a dine-and-dance whirl or attend a premiere with an escort, but never the same one often enough to give any formidable evidence that the escort was other than one of a group of pleasant friends. Since she worked opposite Randolph Scott in her first picture, it was natural they become friends. And what did Ella do? She told Randy her secret.

In the first days of her stay in Hollywood, Ella points out, she badly needed someone to confide in, for her husband was on flying missions somewhere in the Burma area . . . or India . . . or China. Each day's headlines, each day's communiques were a strain. She could tell her fears and hopes to Randy, because he knew the truth.

Randy justified her judgment of him; he kept her secret.

Public awards of merit, at the behest of Ella, are hereby urged for Joan Blondell and Frances Gifford, with whom Ella worked in "Cry 'Havoc.'" They knew—and didn't tell! Who says a woman can't keep a secret?

YOU have only to talk to Ella or take a good look at her handsome husband's picture to understand why their marriage could easily weather the thin ice of long separation and the chill wind of idle chit-chat. The two have known each other ever since grade school. After being high-school sweethearts, they agreed to disagree when he went away to one college and she to another. In fact, when he returned one vacationtime she was interested in another boy. But he came back again, this time in uniform, for in 1940 he had anticipated our entrance into the war and enlisted in the Army air force.

"He looked so . . . so . . ." (the breathless, abrupt stop gives a better idea than any word could as to how he looked to Ella) "in that uniform."

Together with a so-sorry note, Ella returned an engagement ring to a surprised fiancé. "Now," said Ken, "let's elope."

But still she couldn't see leaving school, where she'd become prominent in dramatics, till she got her degree.

In August she received a wire from Miami. He was to leave for overseas. Would she marry him? That did it!

Two days before graduation she was on her way to Miami and matrimony. After the ceremony in a little Spanish chapel in Palm Beach, came a brief, wonderful honeymoon, and he was gone.

Ella decided to try her luck on Broadway, just to see what it was like. Her luck responded nicely by being fabulous. In just a few weeks, a top-flight agent



got Boyer and Hawks so enthused, long-distance, that they set her contract. Twenty-four hours later she was in Hollywood. Another day, and she was in "Corvette."

She says she had cold feet for about the first five minutes on the set. But everyone was kind and first thing she knew she was working as calmly, with as much absorption, as a veteran. In less than ten months in Hollywood, she made four pictures, one right after the other. Her part in "Cry 'Havoc'" was assured as soon as M-G-M saw her "takes" in "Corvette." She was wanted for "Hail The Conquering Hero," at Paramount, as soon as they saw her work.

She has complete naturalness. She even looks like herself. The Ella you see on the screen is a dead ringer for the one you'd see shopping at the market near her Beverly Hills home.

Although she was an only child, she doesn't think she was spoiled and it's obvious the film colony agrees with her. When she walks into a popular eating place like Romanoff's, the greetings are many and unmistakably sincere. Ella can't stand "gushers" and doesn't get to know that kind of people. If she herself is thrilled at seeing someone who's been a screen idol of hers for years, she admits it. And just wondering if she might ever play opposite Cary Grant, as he walks by, makes her light up like a kid on Christmas morning.

Does she enjoy the complicated business of becoming famous? Heck, she loves it! When people first began to poke at each other, and stare, in restaurants, she confesses to a just about unconquerable urge to grin, stick out her tongue, wave and call peek-a-boo. She's getting used to it, fast. The first time she was recognized by a gang of autograph-hunters her husband was with her. Ken finally managed to get the attention of one of them, a youngster. "Hey," yelled Ken, winking to Ella, "don't you want mine? I'm her husband!"

SHE has a ferocious loyalty to her husband's branch of the service. While she visited him on a recent trip to his Florida post (the third time they'd seen each other in the eighteen months of their marriage) for nearly two whole months, she was happy to be accepted as "just one of the wives." She was ashamed of her lack of information about planes, which left her out of the air-talk of the wives. "I went out," says Ella, "got a book on the different types of planes and studied it from cover to cover. Practically memorized it!" Ken's surprised delight was a perfect reward for her diligence.

Ella never tires singing the praises of the wives of the fliers, women who accept with charm and dignity the tense strain of their everyday lives. During Ella's visit, the husband of one of them was killed. When the grim word was brought, Ella watched her pale, give murmured thanks to the brother-officer who had brought the painful news. Ella went home with her, spent two days with her, trying, as best she could, to help ease the pain. "I cannot say how wonderful her courage was and how typical her un-mysterical way of accepting her grief actually is. I'd like, more than anything, to be known as a true Army-flier's wife. There is no higher praise."

Does Ella want a child? She certainly does. If Ken were to be transferred again to a theater of war (he has a vital assignment here at home right now, testing vital new structural innovations) she would want very much to have a baby—even in the face of the possibility of

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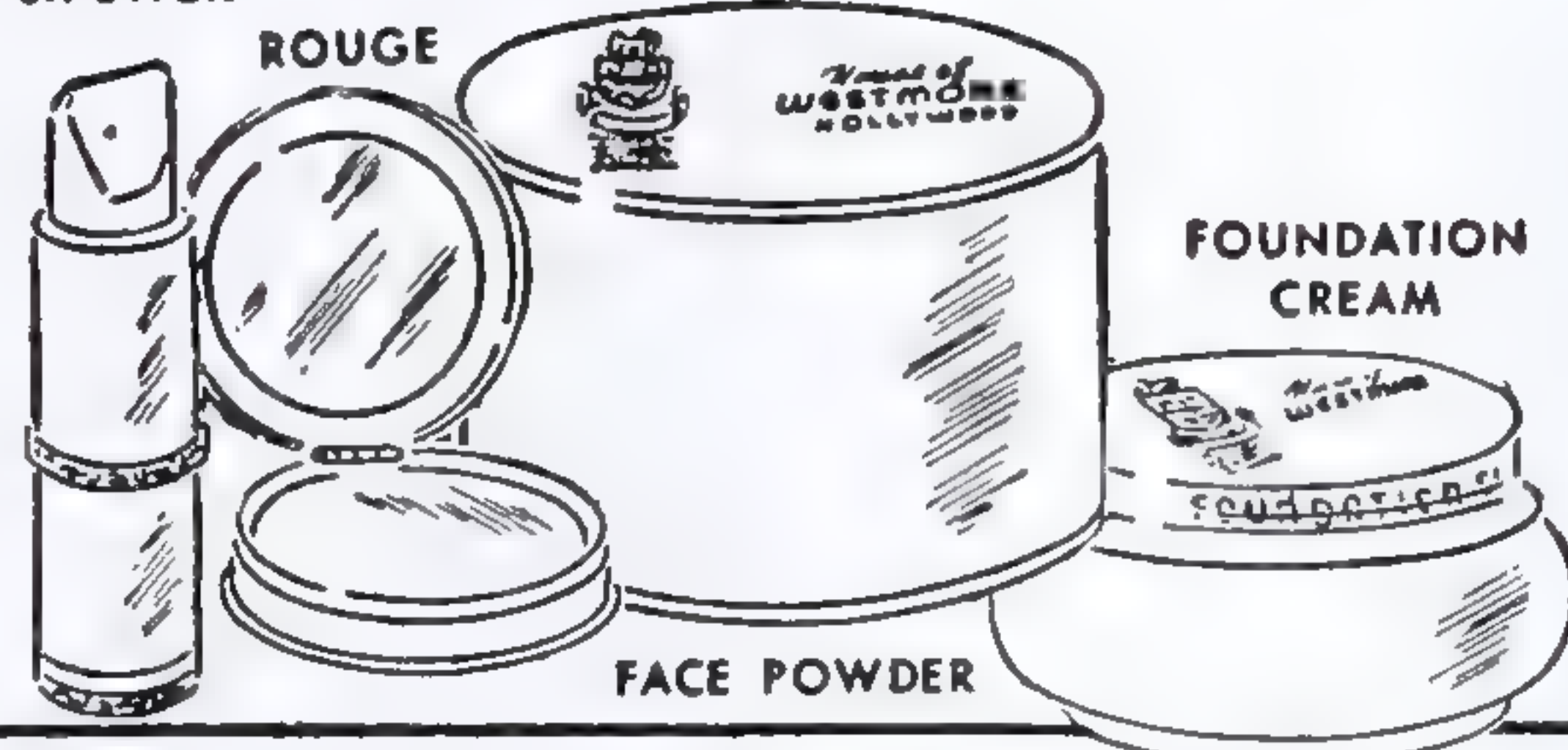
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tragic loss. "I would want so terribly to have a child of his, a part of him to be mine always." You know that no concern for a career will interfere with that resolve.

THE first things she shows you in her apartment are a silken scarf on her piano and a carved box on her coffee table, gifts Ken brought back from China. In her sitting room you'll find photographs of Ken, wires from Ken, letters from Ken, books from Ken.

When she returned from her several weeks stay in Florida with Ken, she got herself a waggly cocker spaniel, name of "Nugget," as a "watchdog." At present, she's living alone, her mother having returned to Snoqualmie Falls for the time being.

Ken had one brief visit to Hollywood and got along fine. Moviedom's social self-interest didn't perturb him. "Why should it?" queries Ella. "As Ken points out, fliers, too, have their own private lingo, their own clannishness, a thing sacred to them. A flier understands better than other men could the show business habit of shoptalk."

Ella's relieved, these days, that she doesn't have a "secret" hanging over her. Her thoughts are all of how soon she can see Ken again. She knows that the only way to keep her life on an even keel away from him is hard work. If the past year's any criterion, she'll have all she can handle. And her star-quality work opposite Franchot Tone in "Phantom Lady" will add new impetus to the momentum of her swift rise. In whatever spare time she has had, Ella has made as many Bond-selling appearances as possible.

In her little home town, she made a speech at the high school. Of the town's 750, the attendance was 700! She spoke simply of Ken, and other town boys, some of whom have already met the death of heroes. She spoke of the good times they'd had and the childhood mischief they used to get into. The audience—and Ella, too—gave tears, simple and honest, in tribute to their boys who are gone. But tears, they know, are not enough. From that audience, they bought \$75,000 in Bonds. No matter how loyal her townspeople may be to her, they can never be so proud of her as she is of them.

When the future brings the prayed-for peace, Ella and Ken will build a home in Beverly Hills and get busy doing the thousand and one things their many common interests will offer. There'll be the lost time to make up for and they've got things planned that will take years.

"I bet we'll get them all done, too," Ella flashes that miracle smile.

Anyone who bets she's right, can't lose. Miracles are bound to happen to that Raines gal!

The End

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published by

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## What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 61) *Conversation, in a case like this, never solves anything because all three of you are trying to save the feelings of the other, yet show yourselves in an attractive light. Action is your only recourse and that action should be the termination of relations between your family and the soldier.*

*Claudette Colbert.*

DEAR MISS COLBERT:

I'm sixteen, and really too young to have a problem, I think, but in these days a good many strange things happen.

Just recently I moved to this part of the country. Not knowing anyone I didn't want to hurry about getting acquainted with kids my age as I was afraid I might get in with the wrong crowd.

Well, to make a long story short, a boy my age lived up the street and he got acquainted with me.

He asked me to go to an informal dance at school, but I knew that it would be dull for him since I knew no one so I declined his invitation. Much to my surprise, he said it would probably be better that way. I didn't understand that remark.

Several days later he came over to my house and said he might as well tell me as I would find out from the neighbors sooner or later. This is his story:

"I have lived here for thirteen years and the neighbors have always known what goes on, so that's why I'm telling you. I have run away from home so much that the next time they are going to put me in a reform school. I do it because my folks argue and I can't stand it. So you see, if you were seen around here with me the kids would never make friends with you."

Well, Miss Colbert, I knew that was pretty hard for anyone to say, so I was really left speechless! Honestly, I don't know whether to keep up this friendship and take a chance on not making other friends, or to break it up.

He's really a swell guy underneath. My mother and I both think he's nice. What would you do?

Ellen Marie W.

Dear Miss W:

*Here is your chance, obviously, to do a good deed. This boy sounds as if he has definite possibilities—all he needs are true friends.*

*It seems to me that, since you say your mother likes him, you could have this boy as a guest in your home whenever convenient so that he would be supplied with a proxy family life that is pleasant and inspiring. This would make up to him, in some measure, for his own quarrelsome family.*

*Perhaps your mother could have him over to dinner once a week or so. A little genuine interest in this boy may well work wonders.*

*As you are eager to make additional friends, why don't you give a party, or a series of informal Sunday-night get-togethers, always including this boy. When others see that you and your family like him and are proud of his presence in your home, they will adopt the same attitude.*

*Claudette Colbert.*

DEAR MISS COLBERT:

At first I hesitated to write, but I admire your sense in answering problems so perhaps you can help me, too.

I am thirty-six, my husband is thirty-eight and we have two children, a boy eleven and a girl sixteen. We have been married over eighteen years. I have al-

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(Please print name, etc. plainly)

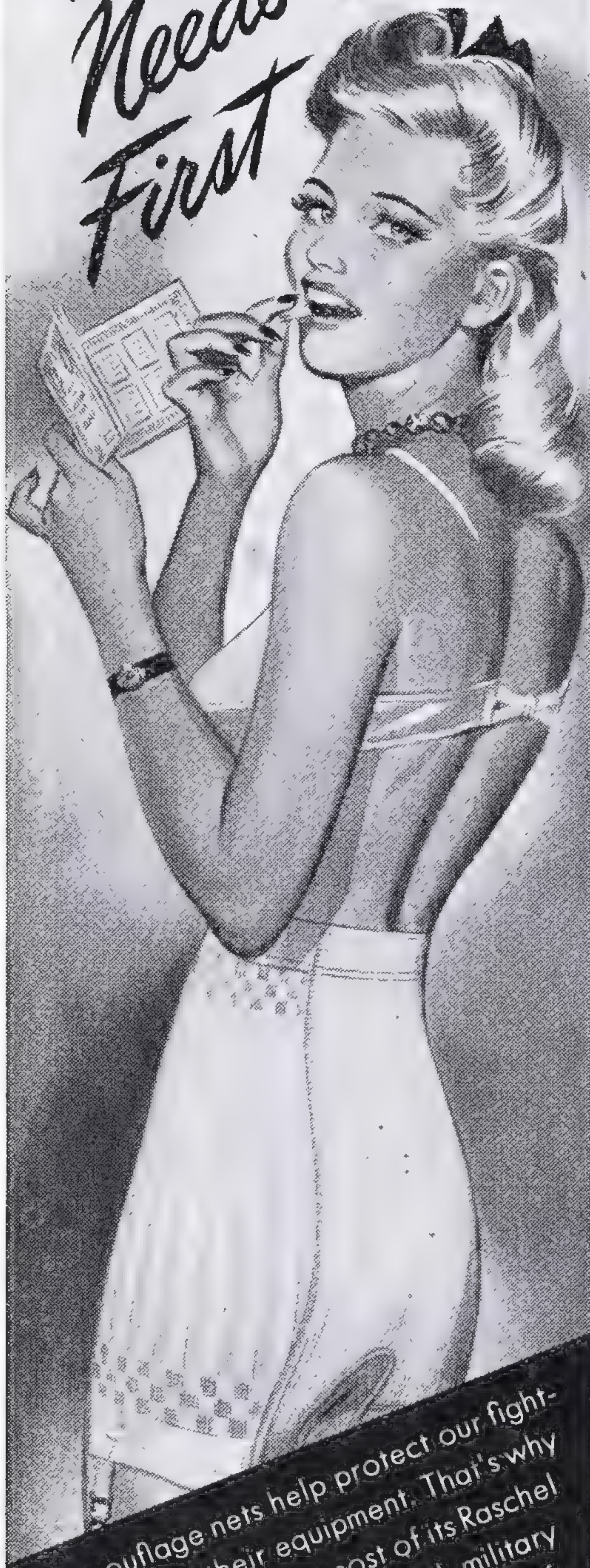
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*Military  
Needs Come  
First*



Camouflage nets help protect our fighting men and their equipment. That's why Real-Form is devoting most of its Raschel knitting machines to this vital military need, while making a limited number of girdles and panty girdles. You'll continue to find Lastex in Real-Form as long as our supply lasts. Please be patient if your dealer can't supply you at once.

**Real-Form**  
GIRDLES OF GRACE  
358 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK

ways been jealous of my husband as he is extremely handsome and I have accused him of dating other women, but I have never had any proof of it until now. Some time ago I learned that he has been dating a twenty-year-old girl—he has been seeing her almost every night for eight months. At first I was furious and thought of any number of things I could do to him and the girl; then I realized that sometimes these romances wear off quickly. He doesn't dream that I know, but when he is at home he doesn't know that I or the children exist. He sits there with a faraway look, anxious to get to the office so he can call her.

I've met this girl and she is extremely attractive and has a personality that only a few favored ones are fortunate enough to possess. She is very popular and has many younger men hanging around but she won't consider any of them. The girl must be serious in thinking she is in love with my husband or she would go out once in a while. No matter what she did, I guess my husband would go back to her.

Should I bring the issue into the open and suffer the consequences, or should I remain silent, hoping that he will break off with her eventually?

Mrs. Laik R.

Dear Mrs. R:

*In the first place, nagging your husband will never endear you to him and creating an issue of your husband's problem will most likely turn him against you permanently.*

*I would judge that your husband must care a great deal for you and his children and the home you have made together or he would have asked for his freedom. Since he has not done this and since you believe him to be in love, he must be enduring several kinds of emotional purgatory.*

*If he were physically ill, you would be proud to nurse him back to normal health. What has happened to him may well be a type of emotional ailment. After eighteen years of marriage, you may have grown indifferent toward him, careless of your appearance and complacent in many things. It is surely your duty to him, to yourself, to your children, and to that poor girl who may be going through torment herself, to approach this problem with tact, kindness and energy.*

*In the first place, you should take stock of yourself to see that you are as attractive as you can possibly make yourself. Then you should study your home and the habits of your home life to be certain that both are the type which cater to a husband's comfort.*

*You should make a great effort to interest your husband in the activities of the children. He should be kept amused by their social doings, their scholastic achievements and the domestic unfolding of their personalities.*

*This sort of thing is never easy, but then, very few things in life are.*

*The more quickly you set to work and the more quiet courage you bring to bear on this situation, the sooner it will be mended.*

Claudette Colbert.

DEAR MISS COLBERT:

I am twenty-two and have been married eight months to a man twenty-eight. He has a little daughter seven years old.

I hadn't been married before and didn't know as much about marriage as he did. The thing I'm writing to ask you is, do you think it is right for a man to leave his wife at home every night and never take her anywhere?

He plays golf until it gets dark (after work) or he bowls or plays pool when it

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**Hair with that  
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"Golden Look!"**

• Hair that's gloriously golden, that frames your face with a soft, sunny radiance...what an irresistible appeal it has to men!

So don't ever let darkened, streaked or over-bleached hair spoil your precious blonde beauty! Use Marchand's Golden Hair Wash to give your hair that lustrous, "golden look"!

Perfected by hair-beauty experts, the new improved Marchand's Golden Hair Wash now is easier than ever to apply! It comes complete in itself for use at home. Best of all, with Marchand's, you yourself can control the exact degree of lightness you desire.

Use Marchand's Golden Hair Wash to make blonde hair blonder or to give dark or red hair more lightness—more brightness! It's not a dye! Not an expensive "treatment." Use Marchand's, too, for lightening hair on arms and legs...At all drug counters.



Made by the Makers of Marchand's "Make-Up" Hair Rinse

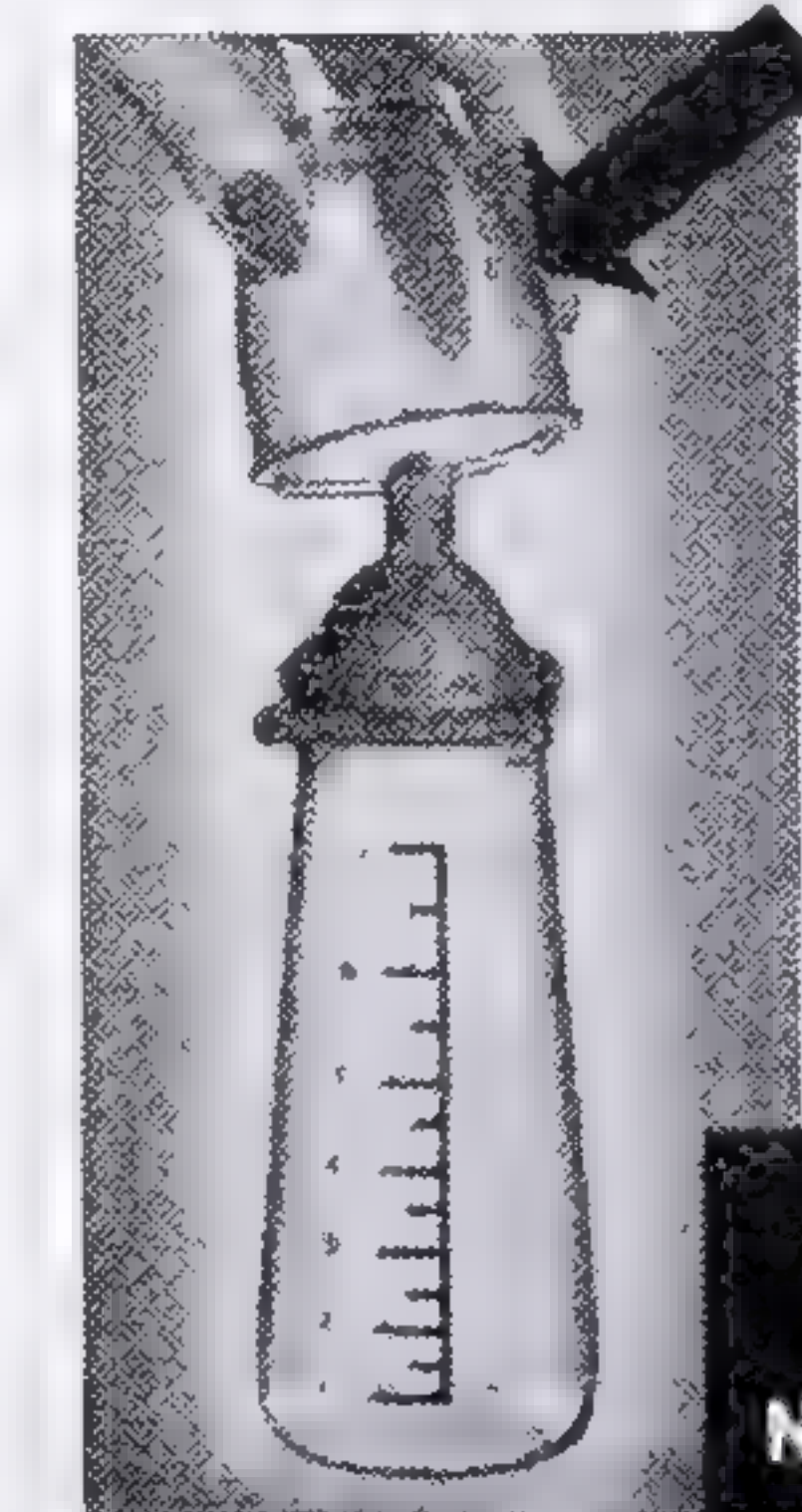


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**HYGEIA "STERI-SEAL" CAP**—Another important improvement. Prepare formula and fill bottles for day's feeding. Then attach Hygeia "Steri-Seal" Cap (see arrow in picture) and nipples and formula are kept germ-proof until feeding time.

Ask your druggist for Hygeia equipment today.

**HELP WIN THE WAR** by conserving rubber. Use a separate nipple for each feeding. Clean immediately after use. Avoid excessive boiling.



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NURSING BOTTLES & NIPPLES



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tells the Month



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May—the month when gardens burst into bloom. Whether or not you are gardening you will want your hands petal-smooth, soft and pliable. Use Sofskin, the rich, velvety cream to make useful hands lovelier. Takes only a moment to apply. Be convinced. Ask for the Sofskin courtesy application at your beauty salon or cosmetic counter.

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**GENTLY LOOSEN BLACKHEADS**  
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Don't give in to unlovely skin! Try famous Nadinola Cream, used and praised by thousands of lovely women. Nadinola is a 4-way treatment cream that acts to lighten and brighten dark, dull skin—clear up externally caused pimples—fade freckles—loosen and remove blackheads. Used as directed, its special medicated ingredients help to clear and freshen your skin—make it creamy-white, satin-smooth. Start today to improve your complexion—buy Nadinola Cream! Just one treatment-size jar usually works wonders and costs only 55¢—with money-back guarantee—trial size 10¢. Also—

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Send me free and postpaid your new deluxe edition Beauty Booklet, richly printed in full color, with actual photographs and sworn proof of the wonderful results from just one jar of Nadinola.  
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City..... State.....

gets cold. I like to dance, but he has taken me to only one dance since we have been married. He just refuses to take me where I want to go; he says I'm needed to look after his daughter. We can't leave her alone and we can't find anyone to look after her.

I love him very much and love his little girl just as if she were my very own, but I'm very unhappy because he leaves us at home alone so much of the time. I've talked to him about it, but I'm afraid I didn't use the right way. There must be some way of getting a husband to do right by his wife, isn't there?

I'd appreciate your telling me the secret.  
Angela O.

Dear Mrs. O:

It would be only natural, in a case such as yours, for a wife to spend a good deal of the time she has with her husband pointing out his shortcomings and trying to persuade him to do what she wants him to do.

Unfortunately, too much conversation sometimes defeats its own purpose.

Instead of calling your desires to your husband's attention, why don't you busy yourself in making your home as attractive as possible? Be sure that meals are good, hot and on time. Even when your husband is late, if you manage to have something palatable for him to eat he will surely appreciate this thoughtfulness.

Invite his friends to your home, then don't try to be the life of the party. Remain very much in the background and let your husband play host.

If he is the right sort of man, upon seeing how sincerely you are striving to please him, he will surely return the compliment.

Claudette Colbert.

DEAR MISS COLBERT:

I am a high-school senior of eighteen. At the present time I am a Nurse's Aide; knowing exactly what the work is, I want to go on with my studies and become a registered nurse.

My mother says I am old enough to know my own mind and that I may live my life as I see fit, but she thinks it is foolish for a girl to go through three years of hard work if she doesn't intend to devote her life to humanity.

I am in love with a man who is twenty-three. He has been in the service for two years and we miss each other something terrible. You may think this is funny, but I met W. when I was only fourteen and immediately fell in love. I tried to convince myself that it wasn't the real thing, just a crush, but the same feeling for W. has continued even though I have gone with a good many other boys just to convince myself. Going with other boys

**EXCUSE IT, PLEASE!**

We're very sorry if Photoplay is late arriving at your newsstand. It's due to wartime transportation difficulties, of course.

But be sure you will be able to buy that June issue—

**Reserve Your Copy Now!**

HE likes  
LOVELY HAIR



Marie McDonald

One of Hollywood's Most Promising New Stars

keep it lovely for Him!

When your "Johnny" comes marching home, look your prettiest for his sake! And remember, your favorite hair-do can now have the added loveliness this old American beauty secret gives to any coiffure—hair so gorgeously soft and radiant that he will gasp with delight the next time he sees you!

Just try Glover's modern 3-Way Medicinal Treatment and see how it can keep your hair lovelier for Victory Day. Use any ONE of these famous Glover's preparations separately, or ALL THREE in one complete treatment! Learn the secret of Marie McDonald and many other glamorous Hollywood stars—use Glover's Mange Medicine—Glo-Ver Beauty Shampoo—and Glover's Imperial Hair Dress. Ask for all three at your neighborhood Drug store—or mail the coupon today!

You will receive the Complete Trial Application pictured below. Each product in a hermetically-sealed bottle, packed in special carton, with complete instructions and useful FREE booklet, "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair."

**GLOVER'S**

with massage for Dandruff, Annoying SCALP and Excessive FALLING HAIR.



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping  
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1—Apply Glover's Mange Medicine, with massage, for Dandruff, Annoying Scalp and Excessive Falling Hair. Feel the exhilarating effect, instantly!  
2—Wash hair with Glo-Ver Beauty Shampoo in hard or soft water. Leaves hair soft, lustrous, manageable—and the delicate scent lingers!  
3—Try Glover's Imperial Hair Dress for scalp and hair. Non-alcoholic and Antiseptic! For "Finger-tip" application at home.

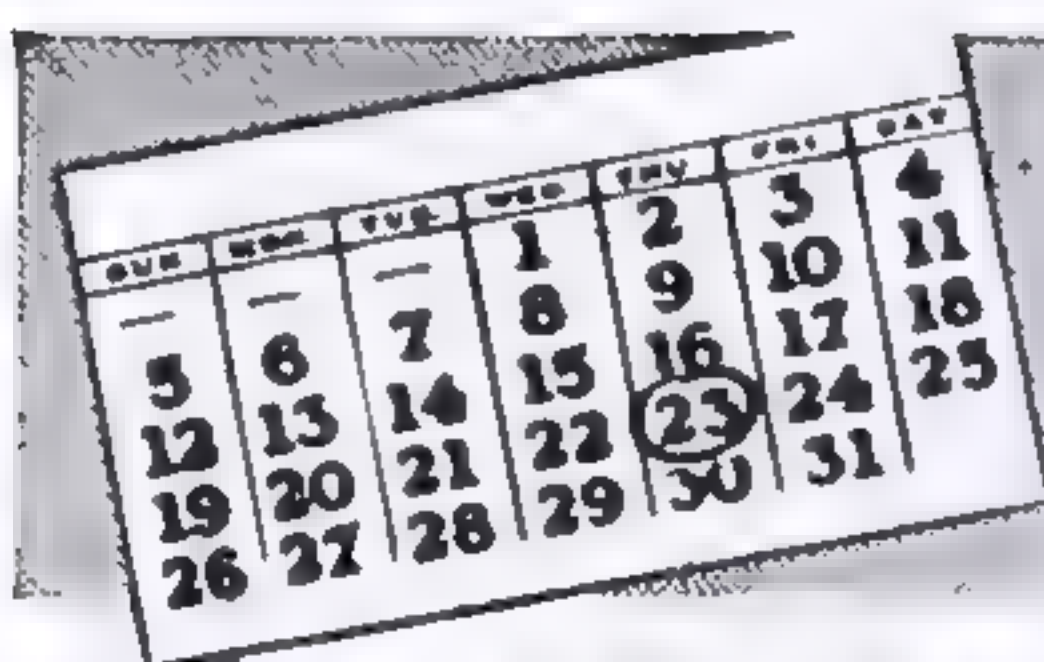
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GLOVER'S, 101 West 31st St., Dept. 555, New York 1, N. Y.  
Send "Complete Trial Application" package containing Glover's Mange Medicine, Glo-Ver Beauty Shampoo and Glover's Imperial Hair Dress, in hermetically-sealed bottles, with informative booklet. I enclose 25¢.

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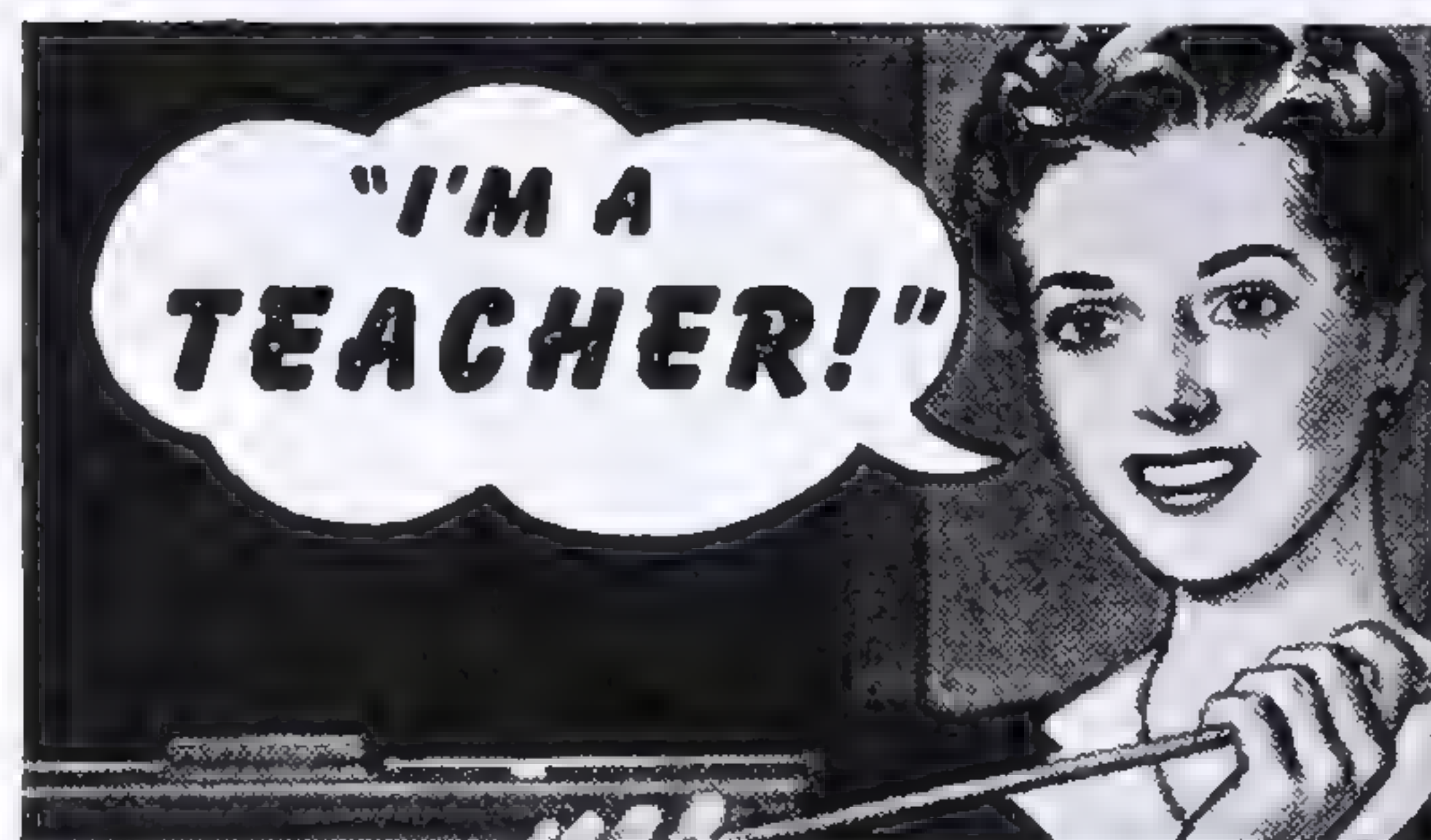
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**TODAY THE  
DAY?**

# AMAZING NEW SANITARY PROTECTION FOR EVERY WOMAN!



**"I'M A  
TEACHER!"**

"I can't leave the classroom to make frequent changes. So how I appreciate SAN-NAP-PAK! It's so soft and absorbent, and stays fresh longer."



**"I'M A  
TYPIST!"**

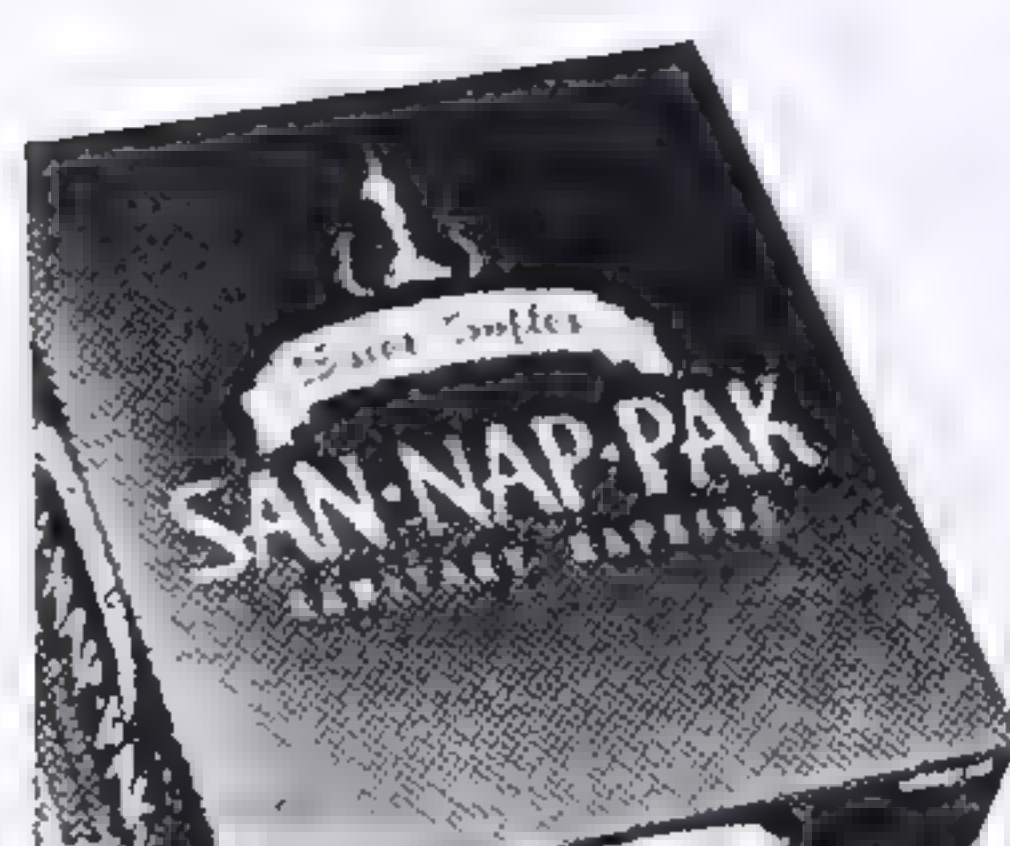
"I used to be so uncomfortable when I wore a napkin! But SAN-NAP-PAKS are wonderfully soft and comfortable—and they stay soft as you wear them!"



**"I'M A  
DANCER!"**

"When I'm out on the stage, it's wonderful to know I'm safe! SAN-NAP-PAK's 'Layer of Protection' guards against embarrassing accidents."

**NEVER BEFORE SUCH  
COMFORT—SUCH SECURITY!**



Switch to SAN-NAP-PAK—and laugh at the calendar! SAN-NAP-PAK gives you extra comfort and convenience—extra protection and peace of mind—at no extra cost! Sleek, tapered design—no tell-tale bulges. Get a package today.

**JUST SAY "Sanapak"**

Try Countess Lydia Grey—the facial tissue with the "dooskin" finish! Real luxury—yet costs less than other brands!



was W.'s suggestion for me. He says he loves me, but that I'm young and that I should meet many boys and men before I marry so that I'll be satisfied with him. So there's the point. I don't want to marry until I'm twenty-one, and if I go into training this spring I'll finish when I'm twenty-one. Do you think it would be foolish to enter when I know that I'm going to marry?

Rose M.

Dear Miss M:

It is my honest belief that you should go ahead with your plans for nurse's training. After all, this would really amount to a two years' contribution to the war effort and the fact that you are working, in effect, side by side with your fiancé who is in the Army will only serve to strengthen the bond between you.

Nurse's training is definitely a factor which contributes to a happy marriage because it fits you to give your family every advantage of intelligent care in years to come. Furthermore, it allows you to view humanity under all conditions and so to broaden your understanding of your fellow man.

Your mother's belief that this study would be a waste of time probably stems from the old-fashioned idea that if a girl was going to marry, she need have no specialized talent. This notion is rapidly being overcome.

Every girl should be trained; every girl should be given as much education as possible. Considering the unpredictability of life, such education is insurance on the future. Even though no economic need for a girl's talent should ever arise, psychologists believe that the first six years of a child's life are so important that the best trained mothers are likely to develop the most useful future citizens.

Claudette Colbert.

DEAR MISS COLBERT:

I am a boy of thirteen, but I am much older mentally. They do say that "children" think that they carry the world on their shoulders, but I would like to have you read all this before you think I am getting too serious.

Last summer my father and I were visiting my aunt when we received a letter from my mother saying she was leaving us.

When I first opened the letter my heart must have skipped ten beats. Even though I have been closest to my mother all my life, my first impulse was to live with my father. My mother wanted me to live with her, of course, but something is holding me back. Maybe because she is so religious. I have nothing against religion if it is something good and clean, but the kind of religion she has isn't like that. It makes her tight-lipped and thin-nosed and her tongue is a needle that sticks people.

But my father isn't so good either. He is really greedy—that is the reason my mother is leaving him—and he is selfish. Just the other day he bought me a pair of gloves that I needed and when I asked how much they cost so I could learn about how expensive I am to him, all he would say was, "Plenty. They cost plenty."

He keeps money in a certain place because he doesn't trust banks. Well, I had a notion to take some of it and run away, but that doesn't seem quite right. I don't like to be disrespectful and I hope you don't think I'm fresh, but really I don't care anything about either of my parents.

What can a person in my place do to get a little bit of happiness?

Jorge T.

**PAZO WILL RELIEVE  
THOSE PAINFUL SIMPLE PILES**



Don't just suffer the agonizing pain, torture, itching of simple piles. Remember, for over thirty years amazing PAZO ointment has given prompt, comforting relief to millions. It gives you soothing, welcome palliative relief.

**How PAZO Ointment Works**

1. Soothes inflamed areas—relieves pain and itching. 2. Lubricates hardened, dried parts—helps prevent cracking and soreness. 3. Tends to reduce swelling and check bleeding. 4. Provides a quick and easy method of application.

**Special Pile Pipe for Easy Application**

PAZO ointment has a specially designed, perforated Pile Pipe, making application simple and thorough. (Some persons, and many doctors, prefer to use suppositories, so PAZO is also made in suppository form.)

**Get Relief with PAZO Ointment!**

Ask your doctor about wonderful PAZO ointment and the soothing, blessed relief it gives for simple piles. Get PAZO ointment from your druggist today!

The Grove Laboratories, Inc., St. Louis, Mo.

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Don't allow Hospitalization expense to ruin your life savings. Insure NOW... BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE! In case of unexpected sickness or accident you may go to any Hospital in the U. S. or Canada, under any Doctor's care. Your expenses will be paid in strict accordance with Policy provisions. Individual or entire family eligible (to age 70). The Company is under the supervision of the Insurance Department. No agent will call.

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**POLICY PAYS**

Hospital Expenses for Accident up to

**\$540.00**

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Please send me, without obligation, details about your "3¢ A Day Hospitalization Insurance Plan".

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TRY **"BC"**  
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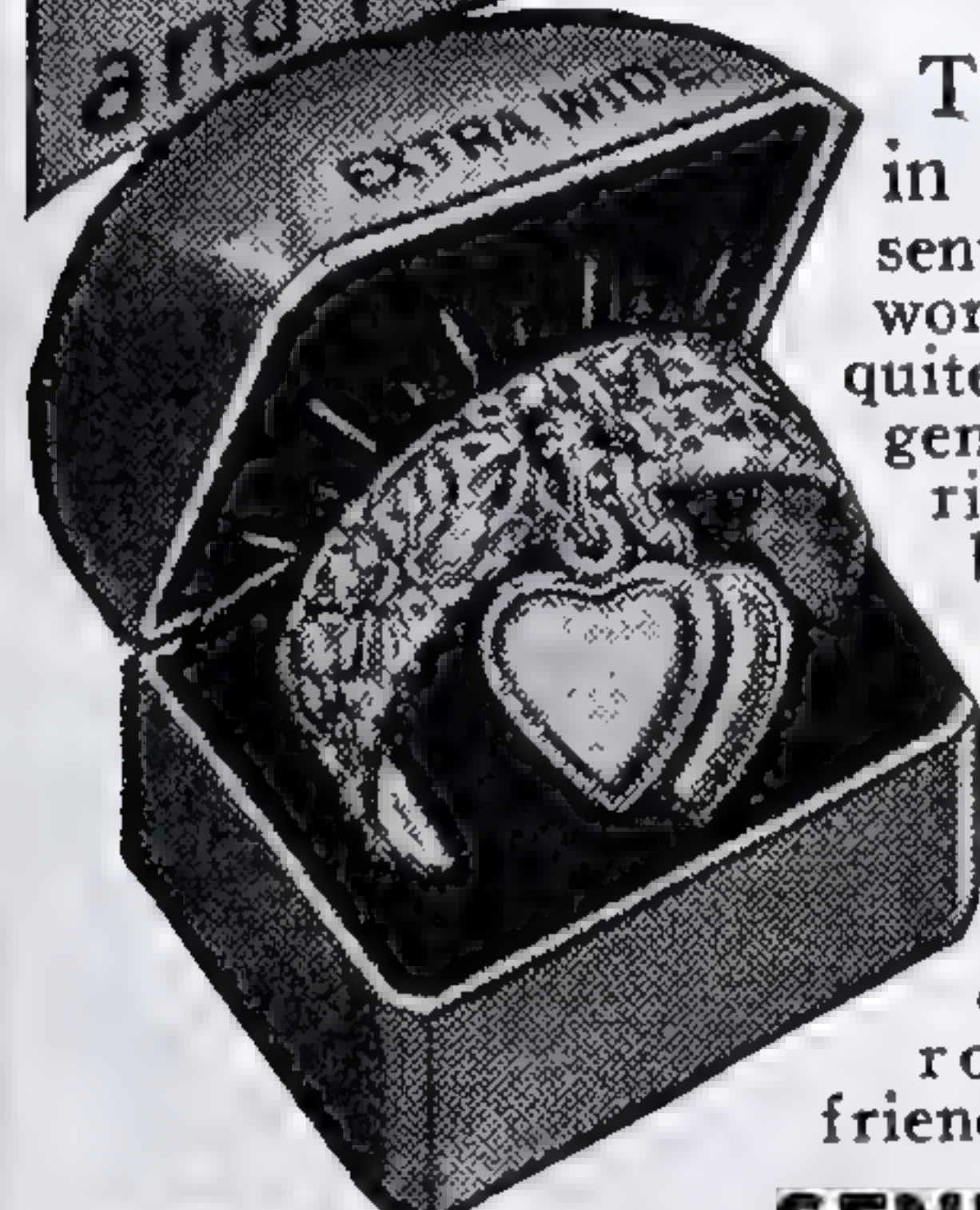
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**TRUE-LOVE RING**  
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**Sterling Silver**



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**SEND NO MONEY**

Just send name, address and ring size. Your package sent immediately and you pay postman only \$1.95 plus a few cents mailing cost and tax, on arrival. Wear 10 days on money back guarantee. Supply limited. Send today.

**\$1.95**  
**TEN**  
**DAYS**  
**TRIAL**

**EMPIRE DIAMOND CO.** Dept. 42-A  
Jefferson, Iowa

Dear Jorge:

Of course, it is extremely difficult for a person as young as you—even though you are exceptionally advanced—to understand the problems of a mother and father. Perhaps it is not religion that has made your mother rigid, but the many trials of her daily life. Perhaps your father's niggardliness about money matters is caused by his eagerness to achieve some sort of security for himself and for you. He may be saving his money for your education and he may have retained a distrust of banks as a result of some unfortunate experience.

Your chance of present contentment lies in your ability to accept things as they are and not to brood over them. As you grow older you will find that nearly everyone has at least one serious fault; a wise person learns to look for the virtues of those around him.

You should keep busy as much as possible so that you won't dwell upon the condition of your home life. You are old enough to join the Boy Scouts, an organization which I'm sure you would enjoy. You should also get an after-school job somewhere so that you could buy some of the things your father finds expensive. In that way you would be gaining self-respect while learning the value of money.

The answer to most woes of the heart is keeping busy with one's head.

Claudette Colbert.

DEAR MISS COLBERT:

I am eighteen years old. About two months ago I left home to live alone because my mother and I have never been able to get along. I have a good job and live in a pleasant room. I am in touch with Mother every day by telephone and sometimes we have dinner together.

Now for my problem: I have many friends and I have dated as much as most girls—but I am not at all like the girls I know. I'm ill at ease in a crowd and terribly sensitive about my five feet eight and one-half inches of height and my thinness.

I sing and play the piano and I write poetry. I don't dance, therefore never go to parties. I am moody and always have been. I do know one thing for certain, and that is that I am entirely too young to be such a singular personality. Isn't there something you could write to me that would start me on the right track toward my goal—to be within reasonable limits the same as everyone else?

Rosemary T.

Dear Miss T:

Why do you want to be "the same as everyone else?" The most interesting and exciting persons in the world are those who are—at least in one or two characteristics—totally different from run-of-the-mill individuals.

In your own circle of friends I will wager that the ones you find most attractive are those who are just a bit different.

To be more specific about your own case, you shouldn't be ashamed of your height. The motion-picture industry is filled with girls who are taller than you. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is currently very proud of its "Glamazons," none of whom is under six feet tall. If you feel that you are too thin for your height, go to any physician who will give you a caloric-rich diet which should prove effective.

As for being ill at ease in company, simply forget how you feel and concentrate on others in the room—the surest way to attain a sense of poise.

Above all, don't brood over your case.

Claudette Colbert.

THE END

**Your Gift**  
OF THE **GOD**  
BOOK OF  
**INSPIRES HIM**

IN BATTLE  
IT'S HIS  
GOOD LUCK  
CHARM

ON QUIET  
DAYS HIS  
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The Engraved, Gold Plated 20-Gauge  
**STEEL FRONT COVER**  
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**HEART SHIELD**  
**NEW TESTAMENT**  
and the Heart-Shield  
**CATHOLIC PRAYER BOOK**

● Throughout the world—in the ARMY, AIR CORPS, NAVY, MARINES—increasing tens of thousands of valiant American boys proudly cherish their gift—the HEART-SHIELD New Testament or HEART-SHIELD Catholic Prayer Book.

● The gold-plated, 20-gauge steel front cover was repeatedly subjected to target tests and in every case deflected 45-caliber bullets, shot at an angle. It may also deflect bayonet or shrapnel, and may even save his life . . .

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The \$3.95 edition has leather binding with Gold edge.

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and MAIL COUPON NOW!

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Please send me the following as indicated:

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| NEW TESTAMENT             | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
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# New "Make-Up" for the Hair

gives exciting effects  
...youthful color tones



YOUR HAIR IS, quite literally, what you make it. So make it *look alive*! Give it a chance to express itself, to become a crown of radiant beauty...young, glamorous, color-bright!

It's really amazing what miracles of loveliness you can perform with Marchand's marvelous new "Make-Up" Hair Rinse. Delicately tinted in 12 enchanting shades, Marchand's Rinse enables you to obtain a variety of interesting effects.

With it, you can enrich and enliven your true hair color to accent its *natural* beauty. Or you can give your hair a "warmer" or "cooler" tone, whichever is more becoming. Even more amazing, you can blend little gray streaks so that they become practically unnoticeable!

Not a bleach—not a permanent dye—Marchand's Hair Rinse goes on and washes off as easily as your facial make-up. It removes all trace of soap film from your hair. And it's *absolutely harmless*! Try it today!



Made by the Makers of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash

The Dennison Handy Helper says:  
You can be a hostess, too  
USO has need of you

AND DECORATE WITH  
**Dennison**  
CREPE PAPER

At Stationery Departments Everywhere



## Speak for Yourself

(Continued from page 4) had to play opposite a guy who has had so much unfavorable publicity. Unfavorable in the light of the male population, at least! Men in the Army are really disgusted when they find out that the nation's girls have gone swooning over some guy that wasn't even good enough for Uncle Sam—heck fire, I thought anything could get into uniform! I did!

I probably see as many movies, if not more, as any one person in Hollywood—barring none! I believe that I am the one real G.I. who can, with authority, say that no matter what has been said before, we do like to see movie stories about the war. Tops with us were "Corvette K-225," "Destroyer," "The Fallen Sparrow," "So Proudly We Hail," "The Man From Down Under," "Hostages," "Destination Tokyo," "Wake Island," "The Invaders," "Northern Pursuit," "Sahara," "The Long Voyage Home," "Wings Up" (Gable short), "Cry 'Havoc'," "A Guy Named Joe," "Air Force," "This Is The Army," "Jack London," "China," "The Moon Is Down," "Bomber's Moon," "Flying Fortress," and even "Stage Door Canteen," which jerked many a G.I. tear.

Pvt. Howard L. Lasseter,  
Patterson Field, Fairfield, O.

**\$1.00 PRIZE**  
Crooner Deluxe

THE other night I determined to find out for myself what all the fuss was about regarding Frank Sinatra. I saw "Higher And Higher" at the camp theater. There were no women present so the score was against him.

I was surprised to find none of the booing which the boys indulged in when Frank came on in the "Coming Attractions" at a movie house in town. I suspect the boys put on a show in front of the girls, for this all-male audience applauded Sinatra's singing.

I came to sneer but found myself impressed. He looks like a kid of eighteen, shy and awkward, but pleasant and friendly. I don't think he is just a fad. Some of the handsomest stars have flashed to oblivion like meteors, but men like Wallace Beery stay in the front line because of something warm and personable which always wins an audience.

Frank Sinatra has that quality. Here is one male honest enough to admit Sinatra has style and personality. Good luck to you, Frank, in your movie career.

Pvt. Saul Schur,  
Fort Ontario, N. Y.

**\$1.00 PRIZE**  
Girls Please Note

WHILE reading a well-worn copy of Photoplay (Aug., 1943) I came upon an article entitled "Uniform Date-iquette," by Miss Sheridan and Miss Gwynne, dealing with the "problem" of dating service men.

While I think that their interest in the service man and his problems is most admirable, I hardly think that they should be passing out any advice on the subject. My reasons for this statement, I'm sure, would be obvious to the average service man.

However, that is not all. Where did this so-called problem start? Before we got into the war such a problem was never heard of. Now, in place of dating just plain men, we have two groups, the service man and the civilian. Why? Why can't we be just plain men? Men that, regardless of the fact that we wear uniforms, know

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If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

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what we want or expect of our women. Furthermore, I think that the women we date can do very nicely without the help of these "training courses."

Incidentally, due to circumstances beyond my control, I haven't dated a girl for quite some time but, if and when I ever do again, I sincerely hope it will not be one of those "ideal dates."

Lloyd J. Prisch, Ph.M. 3/c, U.S.N.,  
c/o Fleet Post Office,  
San Francisco, Calif.

**\$1.00 PRIZE**  
Godspeed to Tyrone

WHENEVER we give parties someone always brings up the matter of movies and the stars. Some say that stars and their families are not religious or good people. This, I say, is not true. I used to live in Westwood where many of the stars have their homes. I attended church each Sunday and I almost always saw some movie stars there. May I say I have never seen a more devoted pair than Tyrone Power and his lovely wife Annabella. The quietness and reserve they showed during services was something to see. Never did I see Annabella dress loudly or gaudily or snub anyone. Tyrone Power, too, is so terribly devoted to his church.

May I also say Loretta Young, so very beautiful, saying her prayers with the rest of the people, was a lovely sight to see. These are not the only ones I have seen but just three who are top rank in their profession. And to Tyrone Power I wish "Godspeed and blessing" wherever he may go.

Mrs. Gilman A. Bramstedt,  
Coronado, Calif.

**\$1.00 PRIZE**  
Weidler Fan

I THOUGHT you might be interested in the experiences I had while trying to get the autograph of the star of "The Youngest Profession."

Miss Virginia Weidler was playing at a theater here in Pittsburgh. After the show, I went to the stage door to get her autograph. But about a hundred other Weidler fans had come, too.

Now, in the alley opposite the stage door there is another door leading to an office building on another street. I went around the corner to the entrance to the building. After waiting there a while, I went back to the stage door to see what was happening.

To my surprise, Miss W. had come out the stage door and was signing for her many admirers. Just as I got as close to her as I could, she said she wouldn't sign any more, because she had had no lunch and it was getting rather close to the time for the next show.

I left immediately for my post outside the office building. I had been there only a few minutes when she came up the street. She was with her mother and a man (a manager or something). They started to cross the street. Just then a friend of mine came up and, together, we followed her across the street and saw her go into a restaurant.

While she was eating we found a side door, and decided she would come out this way. Sure enough, a half-hour later, we saw her leave by the side door. I made a dive for the passage and lost my friend in the rush for, to my surprise, they had seen us go into the passage. Making a quick decision, I turned around and ran as fast as I could up the street and around the corner to where she would come out. When I turned the corner, there she was in front of me, and at last I got her auto-

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ered one of screen and radio's most glamorous personalities. Judith Allen tells you ALL in her book—she holds nothing back. Space does not permit us to give you more than a glimpse of what is in Miss Allen's book. Here are a few of the things she reveals to you: What to do for your complexion, pimples, blackheads, whiteheads, freckles. Dry skin, oily skin. How to make your hair your crowning glory. What to do about dandruff, what hair style will make you more glamorous. What to do for brittle nails. How to have lovely hands. Make-up. How to improve on Nature. What you should do if your eyes are too large, too small, too close together, too far apart. If you are underweight, overweight. How to use perfume and scents to change your personality. How to be interesting and fascinating to men. These are but a few of the many helpful ideas picked at random from Judith Allen's book. The book is really priceless to every girl—to every woman—who wants to be charmingly beautiful. You get it FREE with your order of LeCharme Medicated Cream.

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graph. It was worth all that, too!  
Miss Marylou Lappe,  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

## HONORABLE MENTION

A SHORT time ago I had the pleasure of seeing Twentieth Century-Fox's great musical, "The Gang's All Here."

The scenery was the most gorgeous spectacle I have ever seen in a picture of this kind. Alice Faye was as beautiful as ever and Carmen Miranda gave her songs the usual Miranda touch which makes them twice as good. I thoroughly enjoyed the antics of Carmen and Edward Everett Horton and nearly split my sides laughing at Charlotte Greenwood.

Gilbert Steele,  
Queens Village, N. Y.

AS a Canadian, I, too, am conscious of the swell job Hollywood is doing to build morale. But when your Clark Gables and Ty Powers marched away to war, I wondered who would replace the ideals in millions of lonely girls' hearts.

Fortunately, movieland has come to the rescue. A few weeks ago, I witnessed Warners' "Air Force," a truly superb film. Hollywood has painted a realistic picture of the type of men who must be fighting for America. And thanks for James Brown and John Ridgley, who have proved that they have plenty on the ball to worry the glamour boys.

Mari Buckley,  
Toronto, Canada

THE music in "Phantom Of The Opera" was so well presented, it made me wonder when we will get full-length opera on the screen.

The picture's tremendous success at the box office proved that good music is not above the heads of the masses. If a picture with so much opera could go over with the public, why not an entire opera filmed in Technicolor?

If we can't get to the Metropolitan why can't Hollywood bring the Metropolitan to us? Such stars as Rise Stevens, Grace Moore, Lily Pons, Lawrence Tibbett, as well as Nelson Eddy, have screen names along with opera reputations and they would insure box-office returns.

Jo Mottola,  
Hempstead, N. Y.

THERE was a time when we thought of Mickey Mouse as just a comedian. Surely we all recall the cheers and stamping of feet at the little neighborhood theater when he strutted upon the screen. His creator had one motive—to entertain.

War changed that goal. Walt Disney has proved that animated cartoons have a definite place in education. He has gone even beyond that and has used Mickey Mouse as an opening wedge to develop good will between the Americas.

It makes me wonder if I wasn't born too soon. I have every confidence that my year-old son will relish his studies. I believe in the near future our schools will employ this unique and stimulating method of imparting knowledge.

Mrs. Constance Jensvold,  
Minneapolis 9, Minn.

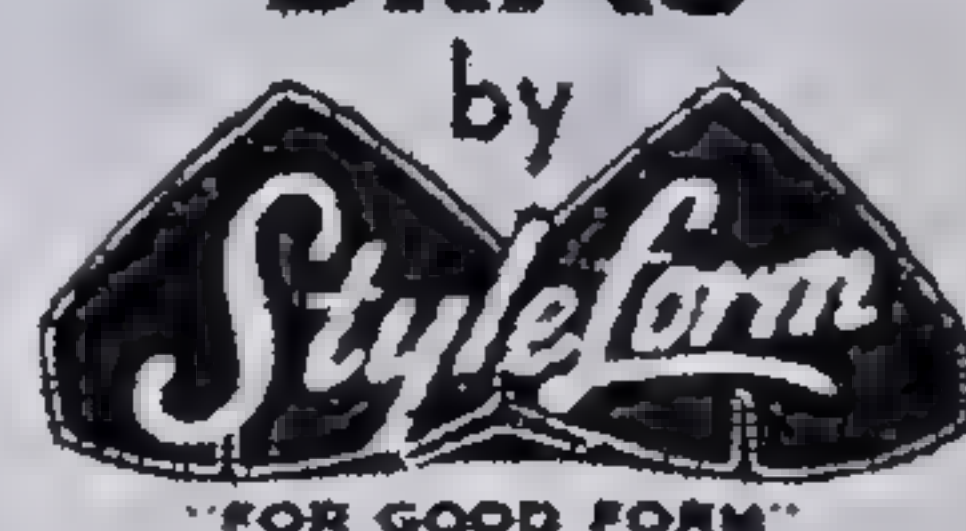
EVERY Negro, including myself, wonders why the Negro actors and actresses don't get a chance to go overseas and entertain the Negro troops. They are doing an equal job, same as all the other soldiers, sailors and Marines of the U. S. A. Lena Horne and Rochester Anderson are more popular than ever and they could help build morale.

Annette Brodie,  
Chicago, Ill.



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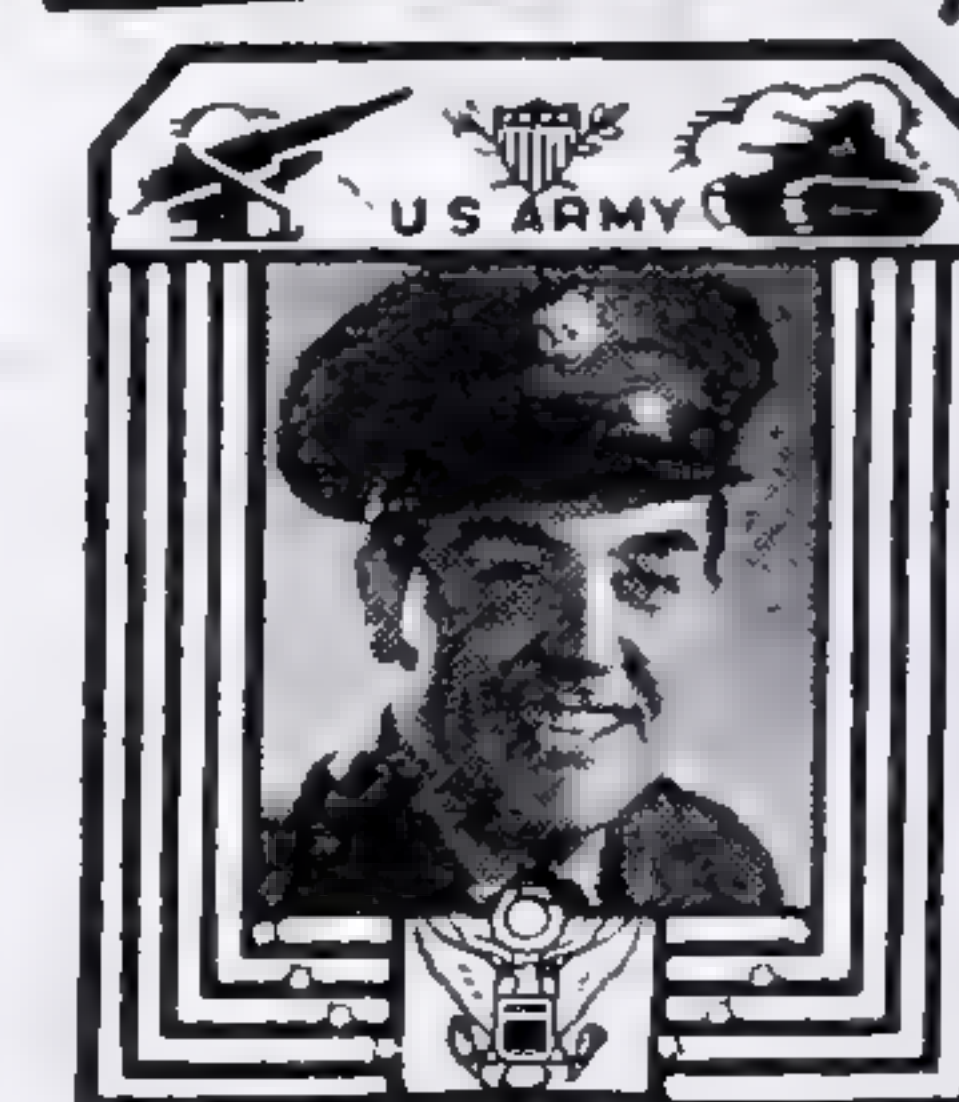
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Look Your Loveliest... safeguard romance... don't let superfluous hair blight your love and cause others to whisper behind your back! Amazing hair remover, made of pure vegetable ingredients, takes out unsightly, superfluous hair in a jiffy—without chemicals or heat—and makes your skin clean, smooth, velvety—so you can wear the filmiest gown, the scantiest bathing suit, the sheerest stockings... or no stockings at all! You apply ADIEU cold, right from the jar, in few seconds all the unsightly hair is out, not off!

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## Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 23)

are pleasing but puzzling. One has a feeling that without Nelson Eddy the whole thing would have collapsed like an air bubble. His arresting presence (and the star was never better photographed) and his magnificent voice keep the whole business intact. The attempts to translate literally a farcical musical to the screen gives it a peculiar high-schoolish quality it seems to us.

Charles Coburn as Governor Peter Stuyvesant, we felt, has been more happily cast in the past and Constance Dowling's trying hair-do left us completely baffled. But the idea behind the tale was fun, the music swell and Eddy's personality strong enough to keep it going.

Your Reviewer Says: Well, it's different, anyway.

## ✓✓ Going My Way (Paramount)

**P**ROBABLY the last thing you'd expect to see in a Bing Crosby movie is Bing in the role of a priest, but that's exactly what you get in this charming, heart-warming picture. As the young priest who loves baseball and song-writing, Bing gives a sincere, meaningful performance that tops all his previous work.

He's sent to the run-down parish of Barry Fitzgerald to help straighten out its affairs, during the course of which he succeeds in turning the local gang of bad boys into a choir, helps runaway Jean Heather, manages to sell one of his songs and pays off the church debt.

Rise Stevens as an old schoolmate of Bing's who has become an opera star sings divinely and aids Bing in rehabilitating the parish.

Barry Fitzgerald is the old priest who's set in his ways and who, at first, resents Bing's progressive ideas. His portrayal of the stubborn, lovable Father Fitzgibbon who has wanted for forty-five years to manage to get back to Ireland to see his mother again is an endearing one and a masterpiece of fine acting. You'll love the scenes in which Bing and his friend Frank McHugh, priest in a neighboring parish, try to teach Fitzgerald how to play golf.

James Brown provides the love interest with Jean Heather and Stanley Clemens is the strong-arm leader of the boys' group.

Your Reviewer Says: Fare for a delightful evening.

## Men On Her Mind (P.R.C.)

**T**HREE men, a middle-aged millionaire, a wealthy young playboy and a songwriter, are all in love with Mary Beth Hughes and, on the night of her great triumph as a radio star, they all appear with proposals of marriage. The reasons for her final choice, which seemed perfectly simple and logical to us, are explained in long flashback sequences (entirely without meaning) of her childhood in an orphanage.

Edward Norris, Ted North and Alan Edwards as the three suitors are fair. The songs only so-so.

Your Reviewer Says: A lightweight.

## The Hour Before The Dawn (Paramount)

**I**N SPITE of several melodramatic incidents, this is notable for its complete lack of excitement and for its dullness.



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PIMPLES GET  
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JUST DO THIS...

Use Poslam, as thousands do, it's a concentrated ointment that starts to work right away, no long waiting for results. Apply Poslam Ointment to-night—wash face with pure Poslam Soap—the price is small—the relief great! All druggists. FREE: Ointment sample, write to Poslam, Dept. 5W, 254 W. 54 St., New York 19, N. Y.

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If you would have his lips part from yours on a "when may I see you again" note . . . don't leave silly looking lipstick smears on him. Play safe—use lipstick that stays on you! The new Don Juan Lipstick gives you enticing, smooth-looking lips for hours and hours.

Check these 4 beauty extras:

1. **DON JUAN LIPSTICK STAYS ON** when you eat, drink, kiss, if used as directed.
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De luxe size \$1. Refills 60c. Junior size 25c. Tax extra. Matching powder, rouge. Trial sizes at 10c stores. Available in Canada, too.

**Don Juan**  
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STAYS ON!

LIPS LOOK LOVELIER—LONGER

Franchot Tone deadpans his way through his role of an English conscientious objector who turns to farm work rather than bearing arms. He falls in love with and marries Veronica Lake, a refugee, and later discovers that she's a German spy who has married him in order to stay in England and keep on with her spying. Mr. Tone becomes gentlemanly outraged and ups and kills her; and then, having lost his distaste for fighting joins the R.A.F.

Poor Veronica has a thankless role, if there ever was one, and is none too satisfactory in the part. Binnie Barnes is good as always as the former actress married to Tone's brother, John Sutton. But not even the cast's brave striving can make this little opus good entertainment.

Your Reviewer Says: Phew!

## ✓✓ Cover Girl (Columbia)

It's gay, gorgeous and "glamatic"—meaning dramatic for glamorous. Rita Hayworth has never looked lovelier than she does in this Technicolor honey and as for Gene Kelly—we say three cheers for a star in musical comedy who can act as if he really meant it in his love scenes!

You won't be too surprised at the story; you've seen parts of it before. But it's pieced together engagingly to relate the hopes and fears of a beautiful Brooklyn night-club dancer who yearns to become a cover girl. Through a fluke she wins the cover contest of a fashionable magazine published by a member of the Four Hundred, Otto Kruger, who was once in love with her grandmother. The attendant publicity carries her away from her true love, Brooklyn night-club owner Gene Kelly, and into the arms of Lee Bowman, Broadway producer. But then, you aren't too worried, are you?

Herewith special mention for Otto Kruger, Eve Arden, who provides the sophisticated cracks, and Phil Silvers who furnishes the corn. Plus definitely something for the boys in the parade of lush cover

Have you seen

"The Purple Heart," that powerful picture that tells the story of what happened to our fliers who fell into the hands of the Japanese after the Tokyo raid?

Or are you one of those who says, "Why should I get myself wrought up over things I can't control?"

But you can control some of them. How?

Buy that extra War Bond. Your Bond will fight beside the boys on the beachheads of Italy and the Pacific. Start it fighting now!

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So take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets tonight to pep up bile flow and insure gentle yet thorough bowel movements. Olive Tablets being purely vegetable, are wonderful! Used successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards for relieving patients with constipation and sluggish bile flow. Test Olive Tablets tonight! Follow label directions.

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Your Reviewer Says: We wouldn't give one stamp for all of it.

## Hot Rhythm (Monogram)

THIS one's a cute little budget musical with Dona Drake and Robert Lowery.

The story has Lowery and Sidney Miller, commercial song writers, cutting a record of Miss Drake singing, in order to land her a job with an orchestra. Unfortunately, however, they steal the music from a broadcast of Jerry Cooper and his band. Irene Ryan is the wacky secretary who takes credit for the recording, when she is mistaken for the "mysterious voice," after the record accidentally gets released. All sorts of complications arise, which afford ample opportunity for the comedy of Tim Ryan, studio boss, and Irene, but all ends well. Five new musical numbers are introduced by various members of the cast.

Your Reviewer Says: Relax through this one.

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One of the gravest situations facing us today is the alarming increase in venereal diseases. It can strike each and every one of us—the innocent as well as the guilty. War always creates social disruption. But the Army has done a splendid job of controlling the problem within its ranks. It's we civilians who are now in the greatest danger . . . because we have no enforced check-up system. There is one great hope in these days when the subject is no longer merely a matter of morals but of vital personal and public safety—VD can be cured. Local clinics and U. S. Public Health centers will give free treatments to those who cannot pay. These cure the patient in from five days to six weeks, depending upon the kind of disease. The time may well come when all of us earnest citizens will have a blood check-up just as we see our dentists—twice a year.

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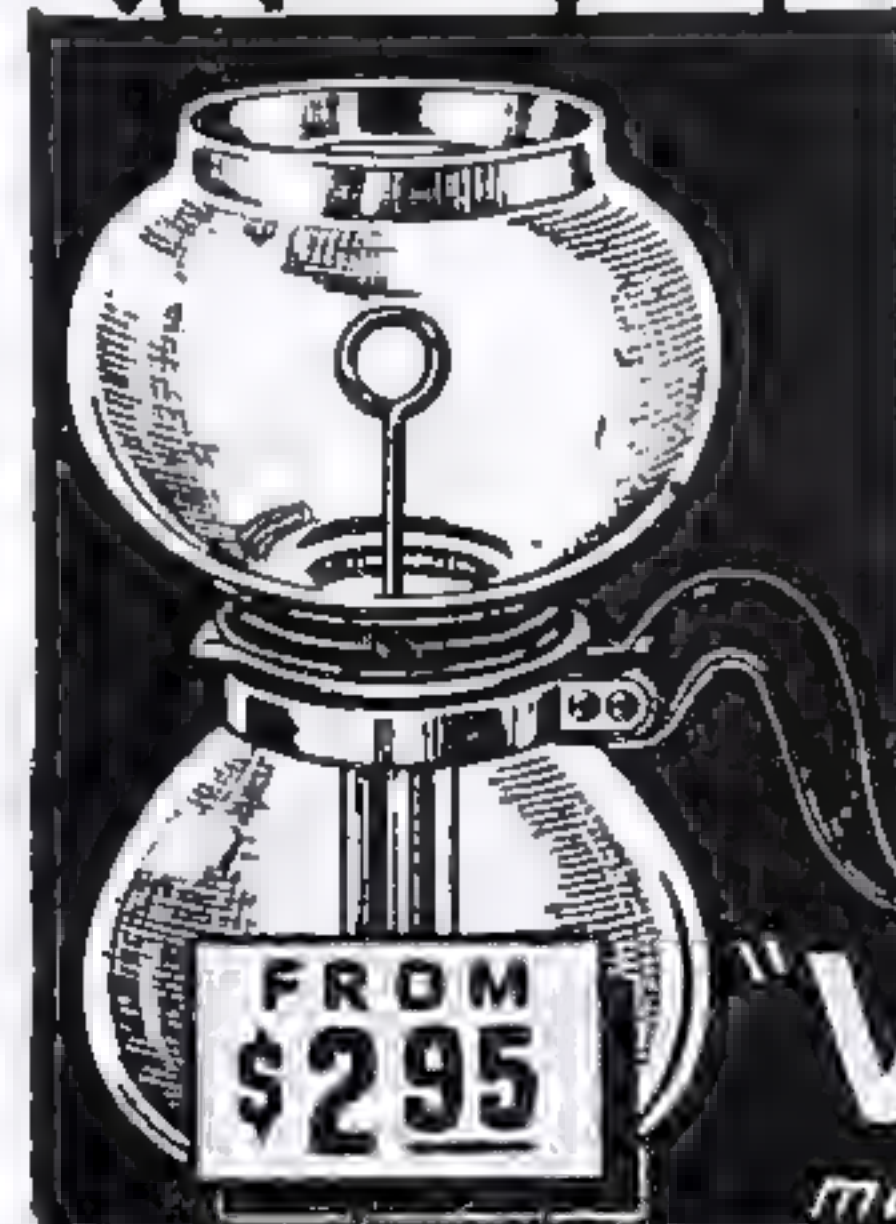
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## Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 24)

✓**CRY "HAVOC"**—M-G-M: This story, again, pictures the horror that was Bataan under siege. To the hospital, managed by Fay Bainter and Margaret Sullivan, come volunteer nurses, including Ann Sothorn, Joan Blondell, Marsha Hunt, Frances Gifford and Diana Lewis. Each girl does her very best, with Diana Lewis especially outstanding. (Feb.)

✓**DESERT SONG, THE**—Warners: Prewar Nazis get all mixed up in the melodious, tuneful and romantic Romberg musical of yesterday. Dennis Morgan is the American piano player in Morocco who's completely unsuspected by French Colonel Bruce Cabot of being the Red Shadow who leads the Riffs in their struggle for freedom. Irene Manning is the French singer in a local cafe. (March.)

✓✓**DESTINATION TOKYO**—Warners: This picture of a submarine and its men is one of the best of the war films. Cary Grant plays the captain whose mission is to maneuver his sub inside Tokyo Bay in order to land three men on the shore. Dane Clark impresses as the Greek-American, John Garfield is splendid and newcomers William Prince and Bob Hutton will go right to the top. (March.)

**FALCON AND THE COEDS, THE**—RKO: A professor in a co-ed school has been murdered, so Tom Conway sallies forth to solve the mystery. He solves it to his own satisfaction, but not to the audience's, who are given no reasons for his solution. Rita Corday is a student prophetess, Patti Brill sings, Isabel Jewell and George Givot are teachers, and Ed Gargan a dumb cop. (Feb.)

**FALSE COLORS**—U.A.-Sherman: One of the better *Hopalong Cassidy* pictures, this plunges *Hoppy* (Bill Boyd) and his partner, Andy Clyde, into plenty of action when he investigates the murder of a friend who had been heir to a ranch which stands as a key property in the water-rights district. *Hopalong* lands in jail before he cleans up the mess, but clean it up he does. (Feb.)

✓**FIGHTING SEABEES, THE**—Republic: A rip-roaring job on how our valiant Seabees came into being as a fighting branch of the Navy, with John Wayne as a hotheaded, hard-fisted engineer who learns his lesson from well-disciplined naval officer Dennis O'Keefe. Both men give likeable performances. (April.)

✓✓**GANG'S ALL HERE, THE**—20th Century-Fox: Beautiful to look at, lovely to listen to, but so fragile in story is this lavish production. Soldier James Ellison leaves behind two sweethearts, Alice Faye and Sheila Ryan, and eventually the two girls find out about each other. Alice looks lovely and sings beautifully. (Feb.)

✓**GANGWAY FOR TOMORROW**—RKO: Novel and unique is this story of a car-pool driver who tells his wife imaginary tales of his defense-plant passengers, but in reality the facts told in flashback are quite different. Margo was a French secret agent, Robert Ryan a careless race driver, and John Carradine a loafer. The events in each life are stirringly told and suspenseful. (Feb.)

✓**GHOST SHIP, THE**—RKO: Richard Dix goes mad in this, but his plunge into mental derangement is slow, thus allowing the suspense and drama to mount high. Russell Wade, a young officer aboard the ship, suspects Dix when a crew member is killed, reports his suspicions at the first port, then finds himself once again aboard the captain's ship where things really get going. (March.)

✓✓**GUNG HO!**—Universal: A fitting, dramatic tribute to the Marines is this story of Carlson's raiders of Makin Island. The story opens with the call for volunteers, shows their terrific combat training and finally the actual landing and battle for the island. Randolph Scott is the perfect choice for their leader. (March.)

✓✓**GUY NAMED JOE, A**—M-G-M: Fantasy, comedy, romance and drama, with Spencer Tracy as *Joe*, a fighter pilot killed in action who returns to earth to aid in the training of young pilots. Complications arise when Tracy learns that Van Johnson is falling in love with Irene Dunne, the girl he loved on earth. Tracy is magnificent and Barry Nelson and Lionel Barrymore are outstanding. (March.)

✓**HANDS ACROSS THE BORDER**—Republic: A swell out-West feature is this intimate story of how horses are trained for cavalry use. Roy Rogers is a roving cowhand who persuades Ruth Terry, late of Broadway, not to sell her ranch and aids her in putting it on a paying basis. "Big Boy" Williams is swell as Rogers' pal. (March.)

✓✓**HAPPY LAND**—20th Century-Fox: This story of a small-town druggist, played superbly by Don Ameche who cannot reconcile himself to the loss of his boy in the war, comes as a message of peace and comfort. Frances Dee is Don's wife, Harry Carey his father who returns to him, and Richard Crane plays the son. Ann Rutherford is the girl he left behind. (April)

✓**HEAVENLY BODY, THE**—M-G-M: Astronomer William Powell discovers to his horror that his lovely wife, Hedy Lamarr, has taken up astrology and believes her astrologer, Fay Bainter, so thoroughly that she's ready to renounce Powell for James Craig, the new love promised by the stars. Since Craig is all

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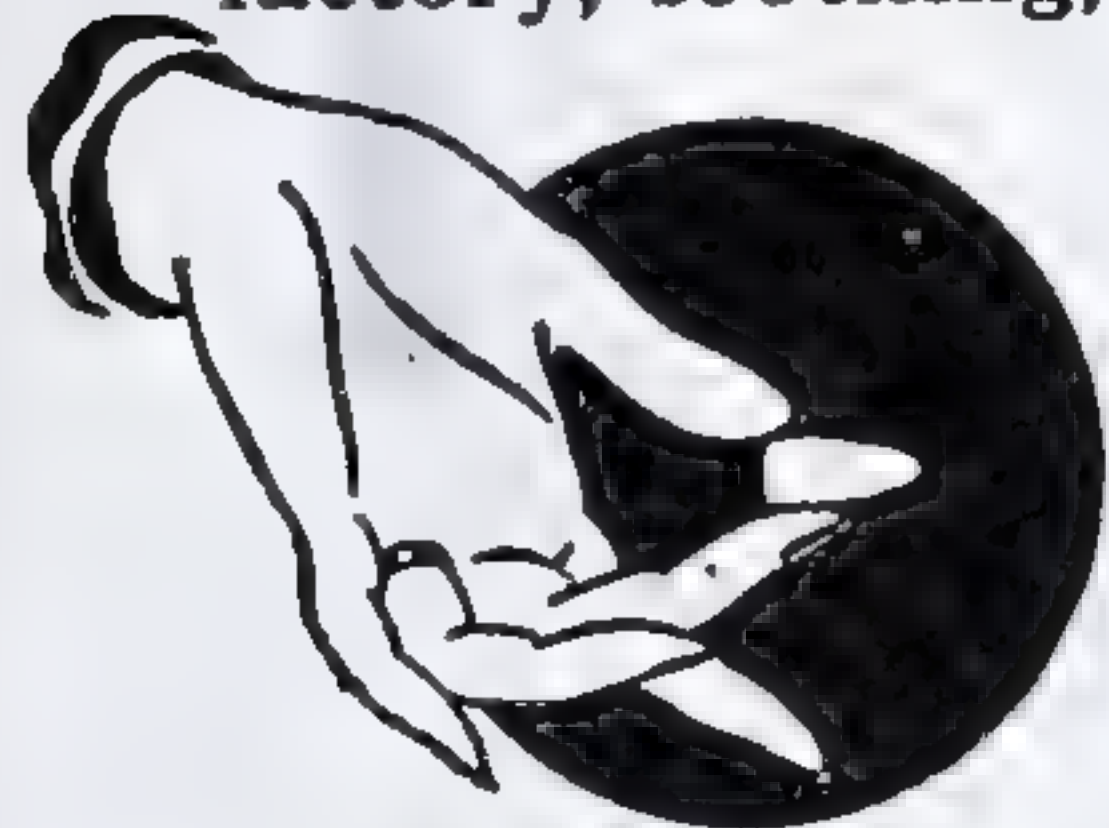


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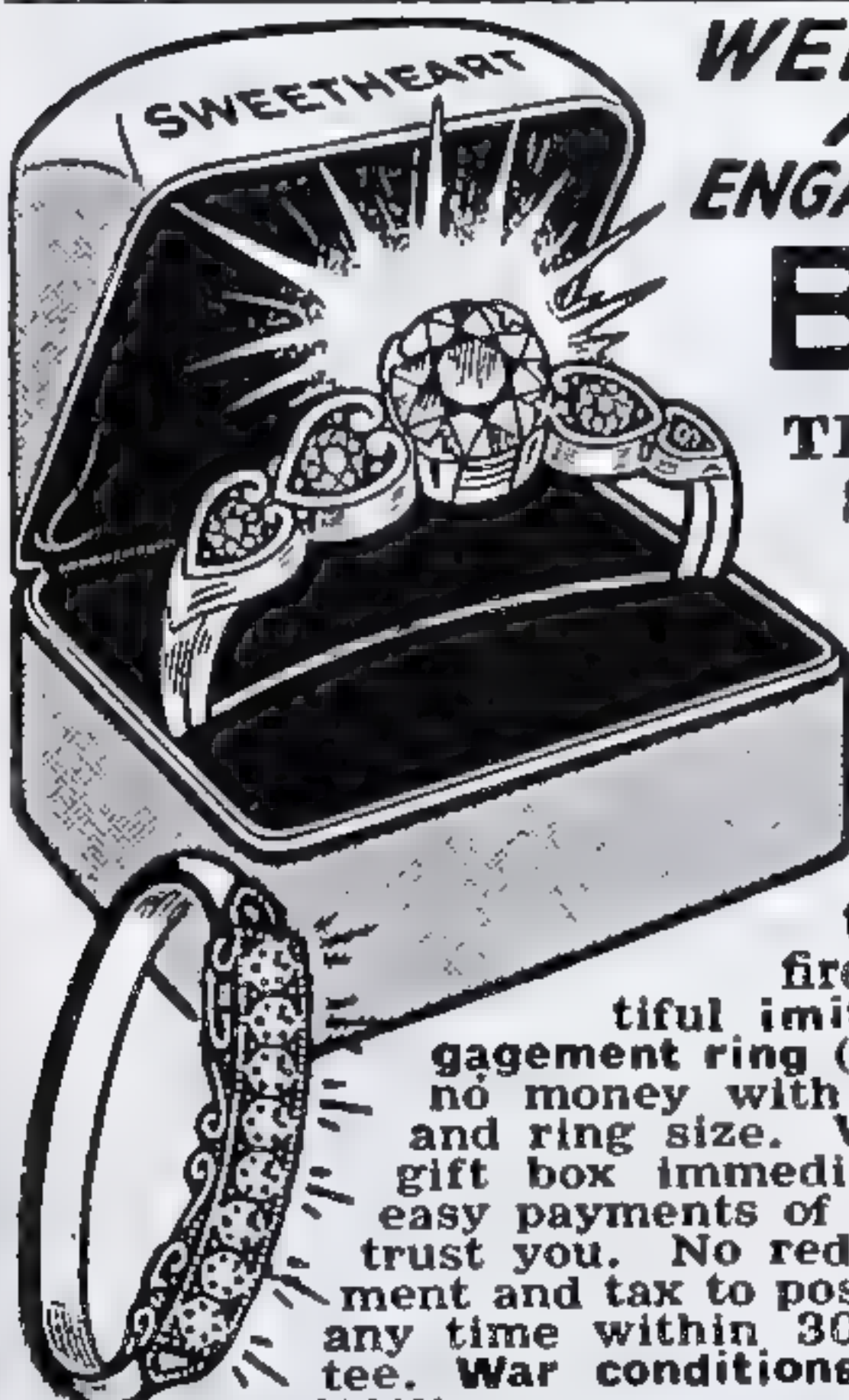
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for this idea, Powell has an awful time keeping Hedy away from him. (March.)

**HENRY ALDRICH—BOY SCOUT**—Paramount: Jimmy Lydon as Henry transforms the spoiled son of a friend of his father's into a human being by exposing him to the Boy Scouts and their Good Deed a Day slogan. Charles Smith is good, as usual, as Dizzy, Henry's pal.

**HENRY ALDRICH HAUNTS A HOUSE**—Paramount: Henry drinks some strange elixir cooked up by a local scientist and under its influence he imagines he murdered the high-school principal. Jimmy Lydon is a pretty good Henry. (Feb.)

**HIGHER AND HIGHER**—RKO: Frank Sinatra's first picture is far from a classic, but he saves the day by his complete naturalness and by some very good songs. The story has Jack Haley, the butler of impoverished Leon Errol, cooking up the idea of having scullery maid Michele Morgan pose as Errol's debutante daughter, so she can trap a rich man and all the servants can be paid. (March.)

**HIS BUTLER'S SISTER**—Universal: Charm is the keynote, laughter the motive, and entertainment the result. Deanna Durbin has never been better as the housemaid, who falls in love with her employer, Franchot Tone, and they make a delightful twosome. Pat O'Brien as the butler, Deanna's brother, is a dead-pan riot. It's a story with good humor and freshness. (Feb.)

**IT HAPPENED TOMORROW**—Pressburger-U.A.: Dick Powell has never given a better performance than as the reporter who through the supernatural powers of a departed friend is able to predict tomorrow's news today. The success and havoc it brings into his life provides sheer entertainment, and the love story between Dick and Linda Darnell is especially tender and real. With Jack Oakie. (April.)

**JACK LONDON**—United Artists: The gusty, lusty Jack London becomes a rather stodgy character in this biographical tale with Michael O'Shea playing the title role. The story begins with his refusal to work in a sweat shop; from there he goes to sea on a whaling expedition, joins the Klondike gold rush meets *Charmian*, played by Susan Hayward, and becomes a war correspondent. (Feb.)

**JANE EYRE**—20th Century-Fox: The best love story to be told from the screen since "Love Affair" has Orson Welles as the headstrong, impetuous Rochester. Welles is wonderful. Joan Fontaine as the timid, retiring governess to his child, Margaret O'Brien, is the perfect foil for him. Peggy Ann Garner as the child Jane, Edith Barrett as the housekeeper and Henry Daniel are all excellent. (Dec.)

**JIVE JUNCTION**—P.R.C.: Neatly written, directed and acted is this story of a high-school band leader who has the idea of launching a junior canteen for the entertainment of service men. Dickie Moore is very good as the musician, but Gerra Young, a fifteen-year-old youngster who makes her singing debut, is the hit of the show. (Feb.)

**LADY IN THE DARK**—Paramount: Technicolor triumph with the story taking second place to the rainbow riot of sets, clothes and accessories. Ginger Rogers is the editor of a swank fashion magazine who goes to a psychiatrist to solve her dreams and moods of depression. The solving carries her off into dream fantasies which are arrestingly lovely. With Ray Milland, Jon Hall and Mischa Auer. (April.)

**LADY, LET'S DANCE!**—Monogram: The story is ridiculous, but blonde newcomer Belita skates divinely, acts delightfully and looks well while doing both. The ice comics, Frick and Frack, handsome James Ellison, musical Henry Busse and Walter Catlett share the story with her but it's Belita whose talent you'll enjoy. (April.)

**LIFEBOAT**—20th Century-Fox: An exciting story which takes place entirely amid the cramped quarters of a lifeboat, with Tallulah Bankhead giving a magnificent performance as the hard-boiled writer and photographer. John Hodiak, tycoon Henry Hull, William Bendix, Canada Lee, Mary Anderson and Hume Cronyn are among its occupants, along with Nazi Walter Slezak who tries to take command. (April.)

**LODGER, THE**—20th Century-Fox: Sheer, unadulterated horror with Laird Cregar as *Jack The Ripper* who terrorized London many years ago. His passion for killing finally turns to Merle Oberon, niece of the family with whom he has come to lodge. Miss Oberon, George Sanders, Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Sara Allgood are excellent and Cregar is a mountain of cold terror. (April.)

**MADAME CURIE**—M-G-M: A picture of exceptional spiritual beauty is this true life story. Greer Garson brings great authority to her role of the Polish girl who marries the renowned scientist, Walter Pidgeon, who gives the finest performance of his career. After years of physical and mental labor, heartaches and disappointments, the pair finally discover the secret of radium. (Feb.)

**MINESWEEPER**—Paramount: Richard Arlen, an Annapolis graduate who has run out on duty when gambling debts catch up with him, enlists on a mine sweeper and proves himself a hero. Guinn "Big Boy" Williams is very good, and Jean Parker, Frank Fenton and Russell Hayden aid in the telling of the story. (Feb.)

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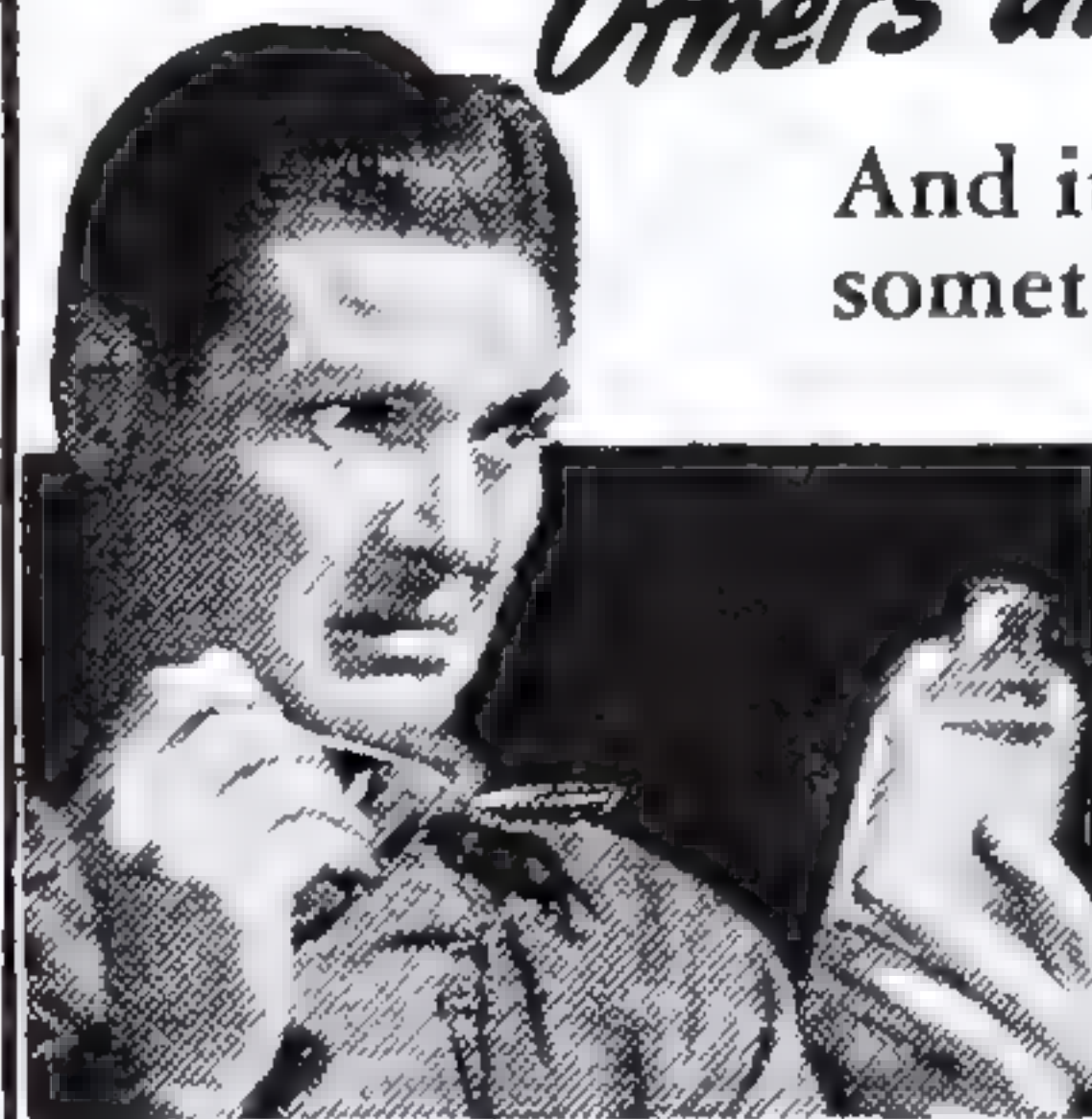
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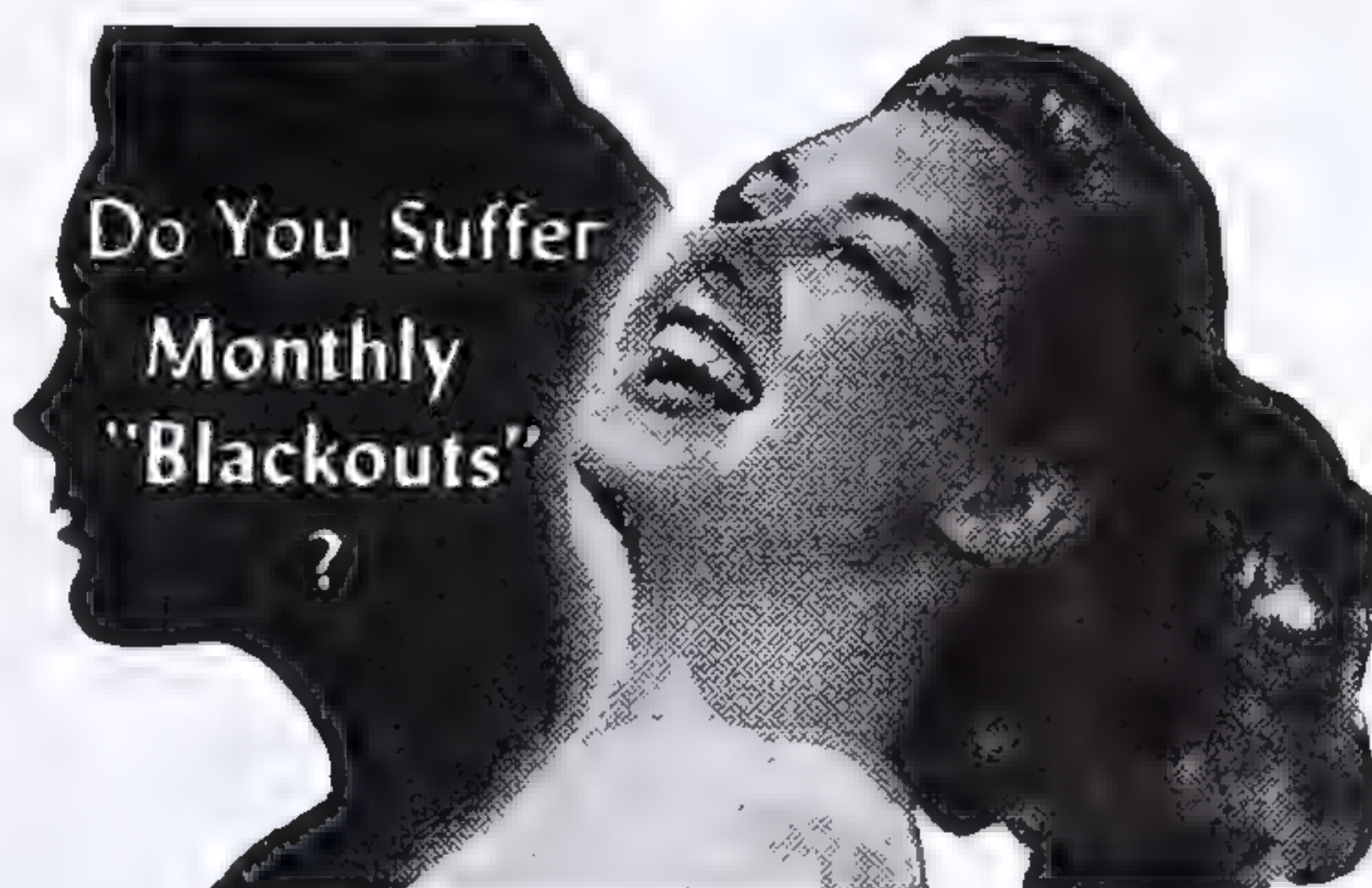
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Star Beauty Aid. Rap-I-Dol's sparkling, highlighted color will match your hair and give you a NATURAL looking appearance! Rap-I-Dol is quickly applied—can't rub off—will not affect your "permanent"!

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✓**NONE SHALL ESCAPE**—Columbia: The first cry for post-war retribution and swift punishment for our enemies, and it's a strong cry coming from the little peoples of the world. Henry Travers is the kindly Polish priest who tells of the cruelties of the Nazis on trial; Marsha Hunt is wonderful in her testimonial scenes; and Alexander Knox, as the Nazi who is permitted to speak, registers strongly. (April.)

✓**WOLD ACQUAINTANCE**—Warner Brothers: Women will love every minute of this love story that involves much self-sacrifice on the part of Bette Davis, who gives understanding and strength to her role of the writer who remains loyal to her weaker, selfish, petty friend, Miriam Hopkins. John Loder is Miriam's husband whom Bette loves, and the cast includes Gig Young and Dolores Moran. (Feb.)

**O, MY DARLING CLEMENTINE**—Republic: A show troupe barges into a town where the women folk are dead set against them and buy the city hall in which to put on their show. Frank Albertson heads the traveling troupe, Lorna Gray is the mayor's daughter; Roy Acuff's Smoky Mountain Boys, the Tennessee Ramblers and Isabel Randolph are the performers. (March.)

**PISTOL PACKIN' MAMA**—Republic: Ruth Terry, owner of a Las Vegas gambling casino, treks East to settle matters with a bunch of Eastern thugs who try to take over the casino. Robert Livingston is the lad who loses his heart to Ruth, Wally Vernon is supposed to be comical and Ruth puts over a song with a zing. (March.)

✓**PHANTOM LADY**—Universal: The life of Alan Curtis depends upon locating one strange woman whom he took to the theater the night his wife was murdered, as this woman alone can provide him with an alibi. But when Ella Raines, his secretary, Thomas Gomez, police inspector, and Franchot Tone, his friend, try to find her, all avenues that lead to her detection seem to be blocked. (April.)

**RATIONING**—M-G-M: Wally Beery, proprietor of a smalltown store, goes to Washington to try to get in the Army, but instead is promised an important post at home, which turns out to be head of the meat division of the rationing board in his district. With Marjorie Main to heckle and torment him. (April.)

**RIDERS OF THE DEADLINE**—United Artists: Hopalong Cassidy, played for the fiftieth time by William Boyd, pretends to grow weary of lawfulness and forsakes the Rangers to join up with the gangsters in order to ferret out the head man and instigator of all the cussedness. With Boyd as usual are his pals Andy Clyde and Jimmy Rogers. (April.)

**SHERLOCK HOLMES AND THE SPIDER WOMAN**—Universal: Basil Rathbone as Holmes and Nigel Bruce as Watson are here again, solving the case of the many suicides by setting a trap for the woman responsible for the self-destruction urge. Huge spiders and Hitler's face lend a creepy, crawling air to the affair and Gale Sondergaard stalks around too. (April.)

**SHE'S FOR ME**—Universal: Young lawyer David Bruce sends for Grace McDonald, a night-club singer and dancer, to vamp his pal George Dolenz, flip tax expert of the firm, away from Lois Collier, the boss's niece. Of course, Bruce ends up with Gracie, whose singing and dancing you'll enjoy. (March.)

✓✓**SONG OF BERNADETTE, THE**—20th Century-Fox: This is the moving and spiritual story of Bernadette, the peasant girl who glimpsed a holy vision in the village of Lourdes, and the miracles that resulted from that vision. Jennifer Jones as Bernadette gives a beautifully sincere and completely moving performance. Charles Bickford is outstanding. (March.)

✓✓**SONG OF RUSSIA**—M-G-M: The thrilling music of Peter Tchaikovsky provides a magnificent background for the love story of an American musical conductor, Robert Taylor, caught in the German invasion of Russia, and Susan Peters, the Russian peasant girl he married. Theirs is a beautiful story, well told, well acted and well mounted. Robert Benchley is Taylor's manager. (April.)

**SO'S YOUR UNCLE**—Universal: Actor Donald Woods impersonates an old man to avoid his creditors, is knocked down by Elyse Knox's car and taken to her home. There he meets Billie Burke, who becomes matrimonially inclined. The picture has a lot of fun. (Feb.)

✓✓**STANDING ROOM ONLY**—Paramount: Secretary Paulette Goddard and her boss Fred MacMurray solve the housing situation in Washington, where they've gone on business, by becoming maid and butler to Roland Young. From then on it's a panic, especially since Fred doesn't know he's supposed to be the butler. Edward Arnold, Anne Revere, and Clarence Kolb are all mixed up in it too. (April.)

✓✓✓**SULLIVANS, THE**—20th Century-Fox: The true story of the five Sullivan boys who went down on the ill-fated U.S.S. *Juneau* is told simply, honestly and with so much heart-warming appeal that it becomes a great American classic. Thomas Mitchell and Serena Boyle as their parents are superb and each of the five boys who play the brothers are excellent. Their story will live in your hearts. (April.)

**SULTAN'S DAUGHTER, THE**—Monogram: Charlie Butterworth is a Sultan and Ann Corio his daughter who owns valuable oil property coveted by the Nazis. One thing leads to another in this little number; Tim Ryan does his best; and Irene Ryan acts funny. (April.)

# REDUCE

Why burden yourself with unnecessary fat when you can reduce easily, safely? You can, you know. In her famous 128-page book. *No More Alibis*, Sylvia of Hollywood tells you just how to go about it. Tells you how you can treat yourself to a slender, graceful figure that will be the envy of your friends. Learn the secret of how the stage and screen stars keep their lovely figure. Don't envy glamor—be glamorous! Wear striking colors, today's slender fashions by all means.



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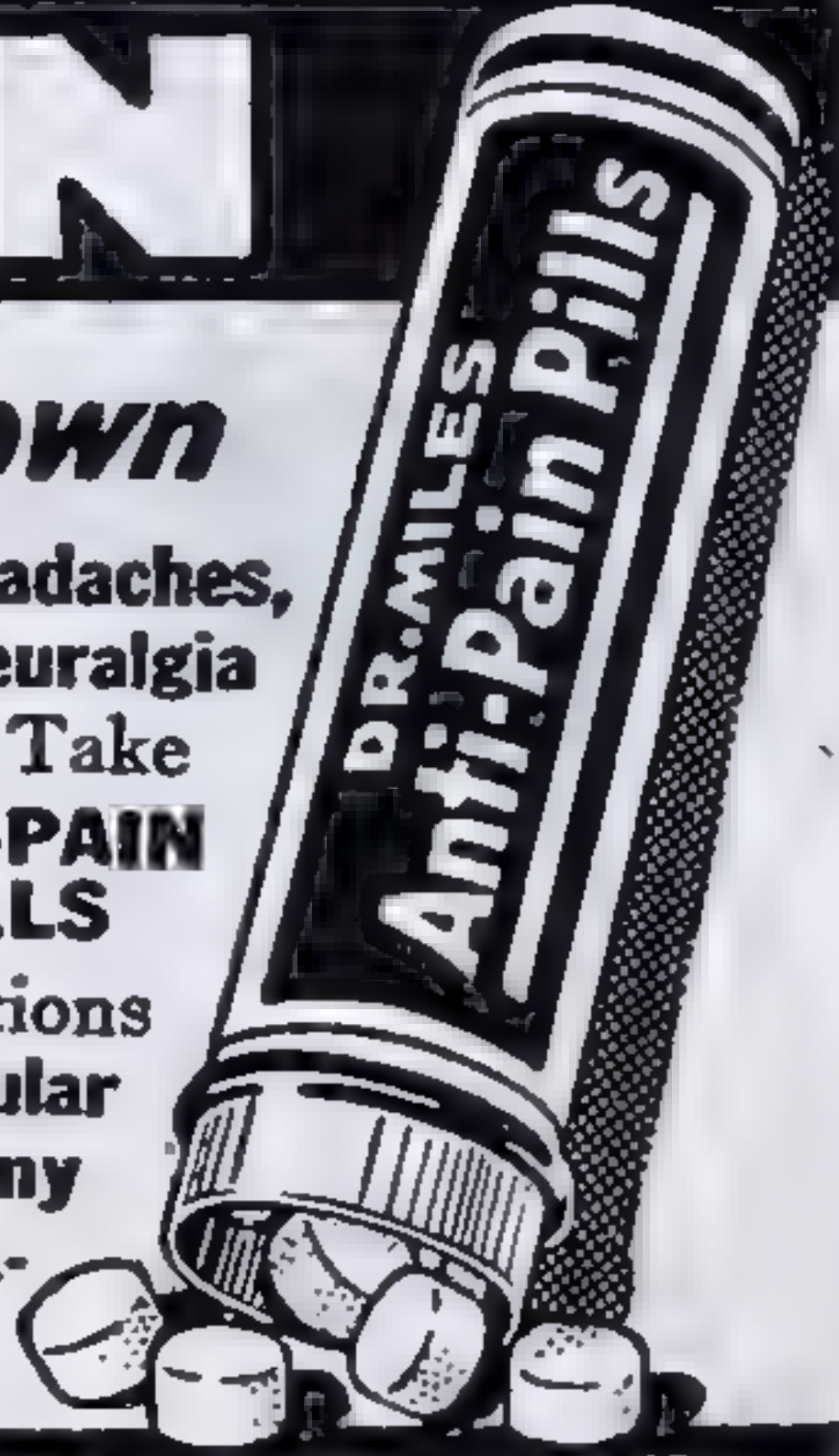
# PAIN

**Pulls You Down**

**DO** you sometimes have Headaches, Muscular Pains, Simple Neuralgia or Functional Monthly Pains? Take

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for quick relief. Read directions and use only as directed. **Regular package 25c. Large Economy package \$1.00.** Miles Laboratories, Inc. Elkhart, Indiana.



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Get a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme this evening—use as directed before going to bed—look for big improvement in the morning. In a few days surface blemishes, muddiness, freckles, even pimples of outward origin should be gone. A clearer, whiter, smoother looking skin. Sold on money back guarantee at all drug, department and 5c-10c stores or send 50c, plus Federal Tax, to Golden Peacock Co., Inc., Dept. MWG-7 Paris, Tenn., for regular 50c jar, postpaid.

**Golden Peacock BLEACH CREME**

30 Million Jars Already Used









## Casts of Current Pictures

**ACTION IN ARABIA**—RKO: Gordon, George Sanders; Yvonne, Virginia Bruce; Mounirah, Lenore Aubert; Dancesco, Gene Lockhart; Reed, Robert Armstrong; Latimer, Alan Napier; Leroux, Andre Charlot; Abd-Al-Raschid, H. B. Warner; Chalmers, Robert Anderson; Chakka, Marcel Dalio; Ebn Kareem, Jamil Hasson.

**BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY, THE**—Bogaus U. A.: Micaela (the "Perichole"), Lynn Bari; Manuel and Esteban, Francis Lederer; Uncle Pio, Akim Tamiroff; The Marquesa, Nazimova; The Viceroy, Louis Calhern; The Abbess, Blanch Yurka; Brother Juniper, Donald Woods; Don Gonzalo, Barton Hepburn; Pepita, Joan Loring; Dona Mercedes, Emma Dunn; Maita, Abner Biberman; Servant to Pio, Minerva Urecal; and Antonio Triana and his dancers.

**BUFFALO BILL**—Twentieth Century-Fox: Buffalo Bill, Joel McCrea; Louisa Cody, Maureen O'Hara; Dawn Starlight, Linda Darnell; Ned Buntline, Thomas Mitchell; Sergeant Chips, Edgar Buchanan; Yellow Hand, Anthony Quinn; Senator Frederici, Moroni Olsen; Murdo Carvell, Frank Fenton; General Blazier, Matt Briggs; Mr. Vanderveer, George Lessey; Sherman, Frank Orth; Trooper Clancy, George Chandler; Tall Bull, Chief Many Treaties; Medicine Man, Nick Thompson; Crazy Horse, Chief Thundercloud; President Theodore Roosevelt, Sidney Blackmer; Doctor, Edwin Stanley; President Hayes, John Dillson; Queen Victoria, Evelyn Beresford; Barber, William Haade; Bellboy, Merrill Rodin; Old Indian Woman, Talzumbie Dupea.

**CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK**—Universal: Donald Corrigan, Donald O'Connor; Peggy, Peggy Ryan; Glory I (Senior), Helen Broderick; Glory II (Junior), Helen Vinson; Glory III, Ann Blyth; Millie, Minna Gombell; Quentin, Arthur Treacher; Jud Corrigan, Patric Knowles; McHugh, Walter Catlett; Wright, Ernest Truex; Manning, Sam Hinds; Frost, Irving Bacon.

**COVER GIRL**—Columbia: Rusty Parker, Rita Hayworth; Danny McGuire, Gene Kelly; Noel Wheaton, Lee Bowman; Genius, Phil Silvers; Jinx, Jinx Falkenburg; Maurine Martin, Leslie Brooks; Cornelia Jackson, Eve Arden; John Coudair, Otto Kruger; John Coudair (as a young man), Jess Barker; Anita, Anita Colby; Chef, Curt Bois; Joe, Ed. Brophy; Tony Pastor, Thurston Hall; and The Cover Girls.

**CURSE OF THE CAT PEOPLE**—RKO: Irena, Simone Simon; Oliver Reed, Kent Smith; Alice Reed, Jane Randolph; Amy Reed, Ann Carter; Julia Farren, Julia Dean; Miss Callahan, Eve March; Barbara Farren, Elizabeth Russell; Edward, Sir Lancelot.

**GOING MY WAY**—Paramount: Father Chuck O'Malley, Bing Crosby; Jenny Linden, Rise Stevens; Father Fitzgibbon, Barry Fitzgerald; Ted Haines, Jr., James Brown; Carol James, Jean Heather; Mrs. Carmody, Eily Malyon; Father O'Dowd, Frank McHugh; Tony Scapone, Stanley Clements.

**HOT RHYTHM**—Monogram: Jimmy, Robert Lowery; O'Hara, Tim Ryan; Polly, Irene Ryan; Mary, Dona Drake; Sammy, Sidney Miller; Strohbach, Robert Kent; Whiffle, Harry Langdon; Taylor, Jerry Cooper; Brown, Lloyd Ingraham; Jackson, Cyril Ring; Receptionist, Joan Curtis; Cafe Owner, Paul Porcasi.

**HOOR BEFORE THE DAWN, THE**—Paramount: Jim Hetherton, Franchot Tone; Dora Bruchman, Veronica Lake; May Hetherton, Binnie Barnes; Roger Hetherton, John Sutton; General Hetherton, Henry Stephenson; Sir Leslie Buchanan, Philip Merivale; Capt. Atterley, Leslie Dennison; Kurt Van Der Brueghel, Nils Asther; Tommy Hetherton, David Leland.

**IMPOSTOR, THE**—Universal: Clement, Jean Gabin; Lieutenant Varenne, Richard Whorf; Bouteau, Allyn Joslyn; Yvonne, Ellen Drew; Hafner, Peter Van Eyck; Colonel De Boivin, Ralph Morgan; Cochery, Eddie Quillen; Monge, John Qualen; LaFarge, Dennis Moore; Clauzel, Milburn Stone; Mortemart, John Philliber; Menessier, Charles McGraw; Matowa, Otho Gaines; Free French Corporal, John Forrest; Priest, Fritz Leiber; Sergeant Clerk, Ian Wolfe; Adjutant, William Davidson; Prosecutor, Frank Wilcox; Officer, Warren Ashe; Soldier, Peter Cookson; Toba, Leigh Whipper; Ekona, Ernest Whitman; Captain, Graddon Rhodes; Prosecutor, George Irving.

**IN OUR TIME**—Warners: Jennifer Whittredge, Ida Lupino; Count Stephen Orvid, Paul Henreid; Janina Orvid, Nancy Coleman; Mrs. Bromley, Mary Boland; Count Pavel Orvid, Victor Francen; Zofya Orvid, Nazimova; Uncle Leopold, Michael Chekhov; Antique Dealer, Marek Windheim; Bujanski, Ivan Triesault; Wladek, John Bleiffer; Wanda, Lotte Palfe; Father Josef, Wolfgang Zilser; Richard Ordynski, Pyotr.

**KNICKERBOCKER HOLIDAY**—Brown-U. A.: Brom Broeck, Nelson Eddy; Peter Stuyvesant, Charles Coburn; Tina Tienhoven, Constance Dowling; Tienhoven, Ernest Cossart; Ulda Tienhoven, Shelley Winter; Tenpin, Johnny "Scat" Davis; Roosevelt, Otto Kruger; Tammany, Richard Hale; Poffenburgh, Fritz Feld; Town Crier, Chester Conklin; and Carmen Amaya and her Company.

**MEN ON HER MIND**—PRC: Lily Durrell, Mary Beth Hughes; Jeffrey Wingate, Edward Norris; Jim Lacey, Ted North; Roland Palmer, Alan Edwards; Verdi, Luis Alberni; Eloise Palmer, Kay Linaker; Mayme Munson, Claire Rochelle; Joe Monroe, Lyle Latell; Mrs. Goodwin, Claire McDowell; Grace Tuttle, Eva Hamill; Miss Wiggins, Isabell La Mal; Frank Tuttle, Lane Chandler.

**MILLION DOLLAR KID**—Monogram: Muggs, Leo Gorcey; Glimpy, Huntz Hall; Lefty, Gabriel Dell; Skinny, Billy Benedict; Louise, Louise Currie; Captain, Noah Beery, Sr.; Maisie, Iris Adrian; Cortland, Herbert Heyes; Spevin, Robert Greig; Roy, Johnny Duncan; Andre Dupree, Stanley Brown; Mrs. Glimpy, Patsy Moran; Mrs. McGinnis, Mary Gordon; Herbie, Al Stone; Danny, Dave Durand; Pinkie, Bud Gorman; Stinkie, Jimmy Strand; Spike, Pat Costello.

**PASSAGE TO MARSEILLE**—Warners: Maitrac, Humphrey Bogart; Captain Freycinet, Claude Rains; Paula, Michele Morgan; Renault, Philip Dorn; Major Duval, Sydney Greenstreet; Marius, Peter Lorre; Petit, George Tobias; Garou, Helmut Dantine; Manning, John Loder; Captain Malo, Victor Francen; Grandpere, Vladimir Sokoloff; Chief Engineer, Edward Ciannelli; Singer, Corinna Mura; First Mate, Konstantin Shayne; Lieut. Hastings, Stephen Richards; Lieut. Lenoir, Charles La Torr; Jourdain, Hans Conried; Second Mate, Monte Blue; Mess Boy, Billy Roy; Bijou, Frederick Brunn; Second Engineer, Louis Mercier.

**PURPLE HEART, THE**—Twentieth Century-Fox (Zanuck): Captain Harvey Ross, Dana Andrews; Lieutenant Angelo Canelli, Richard Conte; Sergeant Howard Clinton, Farley Granger; Sergeant Jan Skvoznik, Kevin O'Shea; Lieutenant Peter Vincent, Donald Barry; Mrs. Ross, Trudy Marshall; Lieutenant Wayne Greenbaum, Sam Levene; Lieutenant Kenneth Bayforth, Charles Russell; Sergeant Martin Stoner, John Craven; Johana Hartwig, Tala Birell; General Ito Mitsubi, Richard Loo; Mitsuru Toyama, Peter Chong; Peter Voroshevski, Gregory Gaye; Karl Keppel, Torben Meyer; Ludwig Kruger, Kurt Katch; Manuel Siva, Martin Garralaga; Karl Schleswig, Erwin Kalser; Boris Evenik, Igor Dolgaruki; Francisco De Los Santos, Nestor Paiva; Paul Ludovescu, Alex Papana; Yuen Chiu Ling, H. T. Tsaiing; Moy Ling, Benson Fong; Admiral Kentara Yamaguchi, Key Chang; Itsuaki Sakai, Allen Jung; Police Captain, Wing Foo; Court Clerk, Paul Fung; Procurator, Joseph Kim; Court Stenographer, Luke Chan; Toma Nagota, Beal Wong; Hank Morrison, Marshall Thompson.

(Continued on page 120)

## "Never mind wrapping it — our Army needs the paper!"

That's the idea, Mrs. Jones.

That's the spirit.

Folks all over the U. S. A. must join with their local storekeepers in a real all-American all-out drive to conserve paper by using less of this essential war material.

Every single piece of paper and paperboard (cardboard, boxboard) you manage to do without means just that much more ammunition for our invasion forces.

Ammunition? Yes, and weapons and food and precious medical supplies and blood plasma. For, as Major General E. B. Gregory, Quartermaster General of the Army, says: "The packing and packaging of Quartermaster Corps supplies for shipment to men on the fighting fronts is fully as important as

producing the supplies themselves." And practically every one of the 700,000 different items conveyed to our boys is wrapped for protection in paper or paperboard or both!

No wonder the war need for paper grows daily. No wonder current paper production cannot meet this steadily mounting demand unless you and every other man and woman join Mrs. Jones in using less paper! The simple directions at bottom of this page tell you just how to do this—at the store, in your office and at home.

This and the other magazines, although using only 5 per cent of the paper supply, are saving 450 million pounds of paper this year—to release it for vital war needs.

**AT THE STORE.** Unless it's absolutely necessary for their protection, don't ask to have things wrapped. Never ask to have boxed or bottled goods wrapped. Carry your own shopping bag or market basket to help save the storekeeper's precious paper bags.

**AT THE OFFICE.** Help your company devise methods to reduce the amount of paper, stationery, etc., used in carrying on its business. If you're employed by a package goods manufacturer, help him figure out ways to save on vital paperboard.

**AT HOME.** Make paper stretch! Use smaller sheets of writing and wrapping paper; conserve paper towels, facial tissues. Share the printed word; give this magazine to a neighbor. Never burn used paper; prepare it for your local committee on paper salvage.



This advertisement, contributed to the war effort by this magazine, was prepared by the War Advertising Council in cooperation with the War Production Board and the Office of War Information.



HERE'S WARNERS' DANDY STORY OF BROADWAY'S YANKEE DOODLE GAL!



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**SHERIDAN**

DENNIS  
**MORGAN**

JACK  
**CARSON**

IRENE  
**MANNING**



SHERIDANDY!!  
singing, dancing  
as wonderful  
NORA BAYES!

# SHINE ON HARVEST MOON

A NEW HIGH IN THE ENTERTAINMENT SKY!



ALL THESE  
ALL-TIME FAVORITES!

'LOOKS LIKE A BIG NIGHT TONIGHT'  
'APPLE BLOSSOM TIME IN NORMANDY'  
'TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME'  
'BREEZIN' ALONG WITH THE BREEZE'  
'OH! YOU BEAUTIFUL DOLL'



with S. Z. SAKALL • Directed by David Butler

Screen Play by Sam Hellman, Richard Weil, Francis Swann and James Kern • Based on Original Story by Richard Weil

JACK L. WARNER, Executive Producer,  
Produced by WILLIAM JACOBS

They're all  
playing now—  
don't dare miss a  
single wonderful one!

HUMPHREY BOGART in 'PASSAGE TO MARSEILLE'  
IDA LUPINO and PAUL HENREID in 'IN OUR TIME'  
'THE DESERT SONG' in TECHNICOLOR  
CARY GRANT and  
JOHN GARFIELD in 'DESTINATION TOKYO'



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bathing

with  
**Bathasweet**

**I BATHASWEET**

Your bath should be a luxurious experience. Three things will make it just that:

- 1 *Before* bathing, add Bathasweet to your tub. Softens and perfumes the bath; gives it greater cleansing power; soothes nerves.
- 2 *While* bathing, use Bathasweet Soap. It gives a rich, billowy, creamy lather such as you don't get from ordinary soaps.
- 3 *After* the bath, use Bathasweet Talc Mitt. It's the final touch of refreshment and daintiness.

Also recommended are Bathasweet Foam Bath and Bathasweet Shower Mitt.

**2 BATHASWEET SOAP**

**3 BATHASWEET Talc Mitt**

Your choice of these delightful Fragrances:—  
Garden Bouquet; Forest Pine; Spring Morning

# Help "flake off" your faded aging coarse textured 'TOP-SKIN'

Also Marvelous for  
Enlarged Pore Openings  
and to Loosen Blackheads

Day in and out—a "deflaking" process is constantly taking place in your skin. This "deflaking" process is practically invisible but very necessary if your under-skin is to reveal itself in all its clear, enchanting freshness.

And here's why Edna Wallace Hopper's White Clay Pack is famous for helping clear away this "top-skin" debris.

## A Real Short Cut To Beauty

Just spread Edna Wallace Hopper's White Clay Pack over your face and throat. Wash off when dry. (Takes only

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This treatment is a remarkable quick beauty pick up. It helps you look your dazzling best on short notice. See how it whisks away that tired look, and gives your skin a glow—a fascinating beauty that is positively devastating!

Used weekly—Hopper's Clay Pack helps you maintain a heavenly smooth, clear, "top-skin" beauty thruout the years. At all cosmetic counters.



Edna Wallace **HOPPER'S WHITE CLAY PACK**

SEE HERE, PRIVATE HARGROVE — M-G-M: *Private Hargrove*, Robert Walker; *Carol Holliday*, Donna Reed; *Private Mulvehill*, Keenan Wynn; *Mr. Holliday*, Robert Benchley; *Brodie S. Griffith*, Ray Collins; *First Sergeant Cramp*, Chill Wills; *Bob*, Bob Crosby; *Mrs. Holliday*, Marta Linden; *Uncle George*, Grant Mitchell; *Private Esty*, George Offerman, Jr.; *General Dillon*, Edward Fielding; *Sergeant Heldon*, Donald Curtis; *Private Burk*, Wm. "Bill" Phillips; *Captain Manville*, Douglas Fowley.

VOODOO MAN, THE—Monogram: *Dr. Marlowe*, Bela Lugosi; *Job*, John Carradine; *Nicholas*, George Zucco; *Ralph*, Michael Ames; *Betty*, Wanda McKay; *Mrs. Marlowe*, Ellen Hall; *Sally*, Louise Currie; *Sheriff*, Henry Hall; *Deputy*, Dan White; *Grego*, Pat McKee; *Grace*, Terry Walker; *Zombies*, Ethelreda Leopold, Claire James, Dorothy Bailer.

WEEKEND PASS — Universal: *Babs*, Martha O'Driscoll; *Johnny*, Noah Beery Jr.; *Comm. Bradley*, George Barbier; *Ray*, Dennis Moore; *Kendall*, Pierre Watkins; *Charlie*, John James; *Hilda*, Lotte Stein; *Sheriff*, Irving Bacon; *Constable*, Andrew Tombes; *Dancer*, Mayris Chaney; and The Bombardiers; Delta Rhythm Boys; Leo Diamond Quintet.

YOU CAN'T RATION LOVE—Paramount: *Betty*, Betty Rhodes; *John*, Johnnie Johnston; *Pete*, Bill Edwards; *Marian*, Marjorie Weaver; *Bubbles*, Marie Wilson; *Kewpie*, Johnnie "Scat" Davis; *Miss Hawks*, Mabel Paige; *Madge*, Jean Wallace; *Pickels*, Roland Dupree; *Christine*, Christine Forsythe; *Band*, D'Artega and his 20 girl orchestra.

## The Fashions Shown on Pages 64 and 65 Are Available in the Following Stores

I and V (Dark Blue Sheer and Two-piece Border Print)

Baltimore, Md.—Gaxton Company  
Buffalo, N. Y.—J. N. Adam & Company  
Chicago, Ill.—Carson Pirie Scott & Company  
Cleveland, Ohio—Higbee Company  
Minneapolis, Minn.—Dayton Company  
Newark, N. J.—L. Bamberger & Company  
Philadelphia, Pa.—Strawbridge & Clothier  
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Gimbel Brothers  
Richmond, Va.—Miller & Rhoads, Inc.  
St. Louis, Mo.—Stix, Baer & Fuller Company

## II (Slack Suit, Shorts, Shirt)

Albany, N. Y.—W. M. Whitney & Company  
Ann Arbor, Mich.—Goodyear's  
Columbus, Ohio—The Union Company  
Dayton, Ohio—Johnston Shelton Company  
Hartford, Conn.—Worth's, Inc.  
New York, N. Y.—B. Altman & Company  
Oklahoma City, Okla.—Pettee  
St. Paul, Minn.—Emporium of St. Paul, Inc.  
Washington, D. C.—Frank R. Jelleff, Inc.  
Wilmington, Del.—Arthur's Apparel Shop, Inc.

## III (Shirtwaist Dress with Crewel Embroidery)

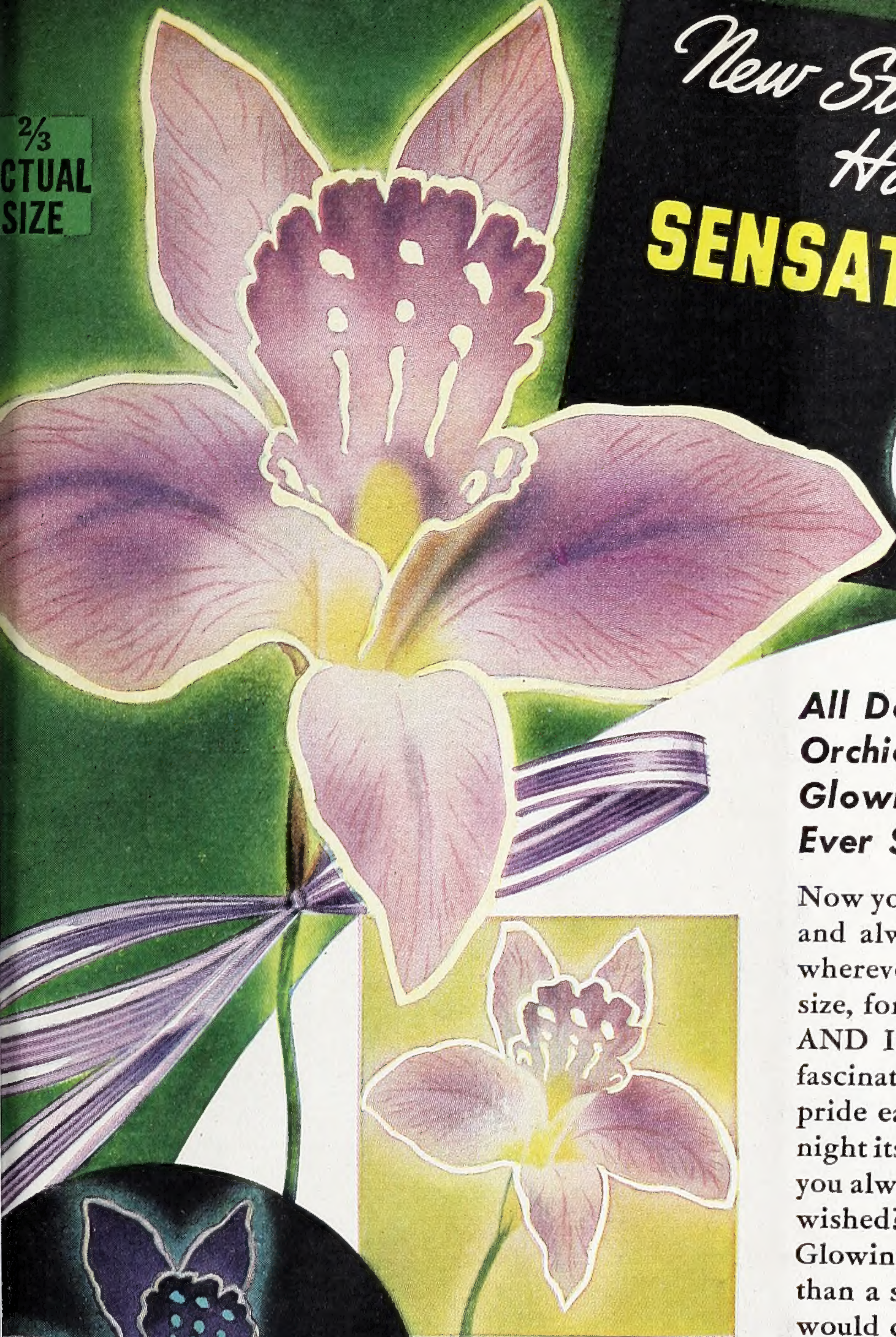
Chicago, Ill.—Marshall Field & Company  
Dallas, Texas—A. Harris & Company  
Dayton, Ohio—Johnston Shelton Company  
Houston, Texas—Sakowitz Brothers  
Jacksonville, Fla.—Furchgott, Inc.  
Louisville, Ken.—H. P. Selman & Company  
New York, N. Y.—Franklin Simon & Company  
Norfolk, Va.—Rice's Fashion Corner, Inc.  
Portland, Ore.—Meier & Frank Company

## IV (Pinafore—Sun Dress)

Chicago, Ill.—Carson Pirie Scott & Company  
Detroit, Mich.—D. J. Healy Shops  
Newark, N. J.—Kresge Department Store  
Philadelphia, Pa.—Strawbridge & Clothier  
Salt Lake City, Utah—Clara Clawson  
Springfield, Mass.—Muriel's



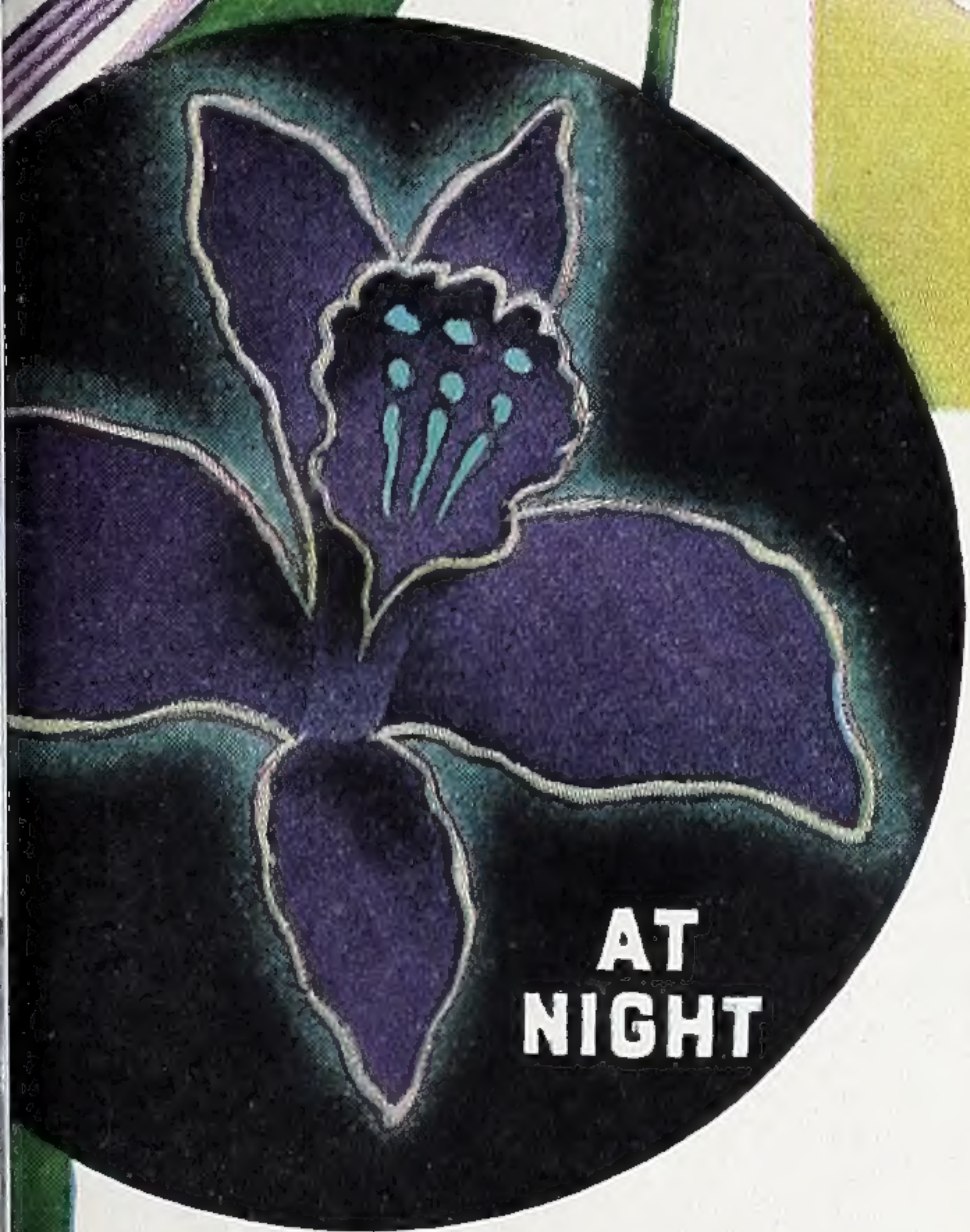
2/3  
ACTUAL  
SIZE



*New Strange Glamour for Your  
Hair, Dress or Coat*  
**SENSATIONAL NEW ORCHID...**  
**GLOWS IN THE DARK**

**All Day a Lovely, Life-like  
Orchid—At Night a Shimmering "Butterfly Jewel,"  
Glowing With Beauty—Most Alluring Effects You've  
Ever Seen—Makes Your Every Costume Gorgeous**

Now you, too, may have true "Orchid Glamour" everywhere you go, and always! This gorgeous simulated Orchid creates a sensation wherever seen . . . it's so life-like, so exactly like the delicate color, size, form and even feel of the most magnificent, costliest orchid. **AND IT ACTUALLY GLOWS IN THE DARK**—Glow with a fascinating, enticing beauty almost unbelievable. You'll tingle with pride each time you place it in your hair, or on dress or coat—At night its magic, soft glow will give glamour to any costume. Haven't you always longed to possess expensive, exotic orchids anytime you wished? All women do. And now you can have this sensational Glowing Orchid that will give you *perpetual* pleasure, for far less than a single, lowest-priced, cut orchid of the commonest species would cost you!



**WEAR IT—THRILL TO ITS BREATH-TAKING BEAUTY AT OUR RISK—NOW!**

This amazing new Glowing Orchid looks and feels so much like the costliest orchid that many are completely fooled. You know that few women in the world can afford the gigantic, exotic cut orchids as often as they wish—fabulous fortunes have been paid for a single specimen! But for this gorgeous, life-like replica you do not have to pay \$10.00—nor \$5.00—

nor even \$2.00! Under our special offer to introduce quickly, you actually pay only \$1.00! Think what this means! You don't risk one penny. We will send you your Glowing Orchid to see and feel, wear and enjoy—and if you are not amazed and delighted, if your friends don't envy you your splendid possession, you need only return it to us.

**SEND NO MONEY—Merely Mail Coupon**

All you need do is to pay the postman \$1.00 plus postage, when your Glowing Orchid arrives. See for yourself how lovely it is. Place in your hair, or on any costume. See it take on an exciting, strangely beautiful glow in the dark. Then, if you can bear to part with it, you can mail it right back to us, and your money will be refunded quick as the mails can carry it. That's a generous, fair offer, isn't it? Act on it today—this very minute while this is before you. Fill out and mail coupon NOW!

By sending coupon at once you will share in one of the most astounding generous offers ever made in this or any other magazine. To introduce this gorgeous new orchid that glows in the dark, we make the unheard-of offer of one for only \$1.00—3 for \$2.50!

**INTRODUCTORY OFFER** MAIL COUPON NOW

CHARMS & CAIN, Dept. A-7, 407 S. Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Ill.

Yes, rush me my Glowing Orchid! On arrival I will pay my postman only \$1.00 plus postage with the positive understanding that if I am not delighted, I will return it to you within 7 days and you will immediately refund me the purchase price.

If you want us to send you 3 Glowing Orchids for \$2.50, check here ( ).

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....




**Others Gasp with  
Wonder as it  
Glow in the Dark**

Few men or women can resist the exciting allure of your Glowing Orchid when, as dusk deepens into dark, it comes to life with soft light that some say is almost ethereal. It is not dazzling, not cheaply shining, but a beautiful glow. You can't imagine it until you actually see it in your hair or on dress or coat. Then see how lovely! And hear the gasps of wonder and admiring remarks of friends.

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